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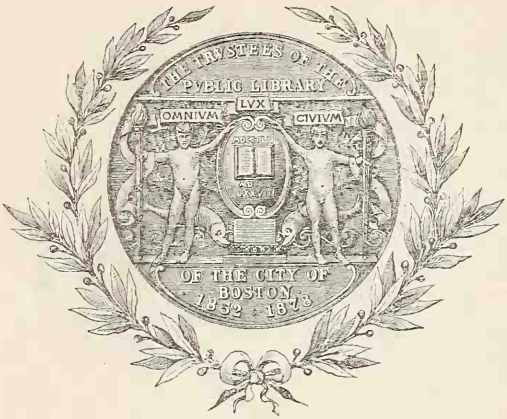

BEACH FAMILY REMINISCENCES AND ANNALS

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BEACH FAMILY REMINISCENCES AND ANNALS

BY DAVID NELSON BEACH

MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT
THE JOURNAL PRESS, 1931

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Foreword

THESE pages were dictated by David Nelson Beach at the request of his children during the summer of 1926.

The author died before he could finish or revise the work. Save for a few minor corrections, the words remain as they fell from his lips.

The appendix supplements the rich memories of the author's childhood. There is a characterization of Mr. Beach's mother, Mary Angeline Walkley Beach, written, at the family's request, by his brother, Harlan Page Beach. There are two prose and three poetical descriptions written by their mother. Some "Reminiscences" by Stephen Walkley, Jr., her brother and Mr. Beach's favorite uncle, throw still further light on the life in Southington, Connecticut. This group of material gives a vivid and intimate picture of home life a century ago.

Autobiographical material is always inadequate in giving an estimate of a man's spirit and influence. The appendix, therefore, includes two tributes to Mr. Beach's life and character. Both were delivered at a Memorial Service in All Souls' Church, Bangor, Maine, on Sunday, November 14, 1926. Dr. Moulton succeeded Mr. Beach as President of Bangor Theological Seminary after being his intimate associate there for sixteen years. Dr. Moore has been the Beaches' minister in Bangor since 1905.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I.	The Glen (South Orange, New Jersey)	9
II.	Seven Forefathers	19
III.	Enrichments of Our Home Life	29
IV.	Bennington and the Tichenor-Lymans	31
V.	Southington and the Clark-Walkleys	37
VI.	Our Foreign Missionary Tradition	40
VII.	Our Father's Family	44
VIII.	Our Mother's Family	57
IX.	A Progressive Farmer	67
X.	The David J. Beach House	75
XI.	In and Around the House	79
XII.	How a Year Went in the Glen	88
XIII.	Childhood and Maturing Years	96
XIV.	Newspaper Work	103
XV.	Westerly	122
XVI.	Wakefield	129
XVII.	Prospect Street Church, Cambridge	139
XVIII.	Minneapolis and Denver	158
XIX.	The Transition Year	170
XX.	Bangor	175

APPENDIX

Mother — *By Reverend Harlan Page Beach, D.D.* .. 183
The Home at South End — *By Mary A. W. Beach* .. 192
Three Poems — *By Mary A. W. Beach* 196
Sabbaths in Southington — *By Mary A. W. Beach* .. 203
Reminiscences and Traditions — *By Stephen Walkley, Jr.* 207
Dr. Beach's Service to Bangor Theological Seminary *By President Warren J. Moulton, D.D., LL.D.* .. 230
David Nelson Beach, The Churchman — *By Reverend Charles A. Moore, D.D.* 237
Biographical Summary 242

D. N. B.

Far in the north loom lonely, giant trees.
    Above the lesser growth of later days
    They stand aloof, alone, gaunt in the rays
Of sunset, gnarled, incarnate majesties.

The winds of winter buffet them in vain;
    They have grown strong in many a summer sun;
    The other trees, storm-bent, in ripples run
While they await the stars after the rain.

Like such a mighty forest king he rears
    His head above the murmurs of the crowd;
    His voice awakes the woods to echoes loud
With words of truth, ennobled by the years.

Deep run his roots into the common sod
And high he lifts his spirit to his God.

D. N. B., Jr.

January 14, 1926.

Beach Family Reminiscences and Annals

I.

THE GLEN.

OUT of the center of South Orange, New Jersey, a little west of south, runs Valley Street. After about a mile it intersects Parker Avenue. Should one get off a street car at that point and express to an inhabitant his satisfaction at being again in the Glen, he would probably look into eyes either rather doubtful of his mental competence or derisive of his taste in landscape. For now it is no Glen. The passion for levelling rolling country by grading; the zeal to disuse "white coal" by abolishing dams of the river; especially the wide and massive ballasting of the great Lackawanna Railroad which long ago replaced the beloved Morris and Essex of our childhood, then relatively a country lane; and, added to all, the disposition to sell consecutive fifty-foot front lots and put on them cheap buildings, have been principal causes for the changes that have come.

But for four generations of Beaches, from father to son, and for us, the children of the fourth of those generations, this was a Glen, and was of extraordinary beauty. I have seen on Valley Street, perhaps three hundred feet north of Parker Avenue, an artist sitting at his easel under a great spreading elm or huge towering sycamore ("button ball") sketching with greatest avidity the moss roofed blacksmith shop, the great well-sweep of that shop and the more general background of like charm toward the south. If I mistake not, this was not a single instance of that sort of thing.

The bases for the beauty of this Glen were, first, the East Branch of the Rahway River which parallels Valley Street, drawing rather nearer to it from the west as one approaches Parker Avenue. Next to that was the First or Orange

Mountain, paralleling the Palisades of the Hudson, marked by the same geological type, trap thrust up through red sandstone, while the First Mountain itself has the goodness to end abruptly some three miles farther south, beyond which abrupt and picturesque ending rolling away toward the southwest, could be seen the distant and lovely hills known locally, for what reason I know not, as Turkey Mountains.

But this First Mountain had, analogously to the foot hills in the Rockies, something of a break in its slope toward the east, along which north and south break ran a highway, while in turn between that highway and the river was a somewhat abrupt lower ridge. Thus, toward the west were ridge and mountains, with the nearer mountain's picturesque termination; while on our eastern side of the river rose gradually a second very considerable and somewhat abrupt ridge, which made our sky line to the east.

To complete the perfection of scene, only a few feet north of Parker Avenue the river was dammed and a picturesque bridge crossed the stream just below the apron of the dam. The water thus impounded was led by a skillfully engineered raceway for perhaps a third of a mile along the roadway. At that point it turned to the left to skirt the farther side of an abrupt hill, and thence proceeded to turn the great wheel of what in our times was a paper mill, but which had earlier been a woolen mill, and I know not what more.

This raceway left the pond perhaps fifty feet to the west of the dam, and it also was crossed by a less conspicuous bridge, after running below which there had been provided a small pond with only slightly sloping banks, through which wagons could be driven for wetting their "felloes" and for watering their horses. To this small pond as well were brought, particularly in the summer time, the appreciable herds of cattle which were found in the neighborhood. My father put a stop to that, as far as his own livestock was concerned, by a far easier and more effective method of which more later.

It was the larger pond which gave an indescribable grace to the whole landscape. There would be low water and high, but the stream was sufficient always to leave a good amount of water in both pond and raceway, while in freshets huge volumes of water would pour thunderingly over the dam, and the substantial bridge just below it, with its heavy timber railing, was a glorious spot from which to behold the rush of the waters and to listen to the almost awful roar which they made. To the north in this pond was a bit of island with huge trees upon it, and beyond this, still moving north, the pond stretched for a considerable distance until, turning to the left, it passed under the railroad bridge and thence extended far to the north, partly pond, partly islands, the islands wooded, and it a veritable voyage of discovery to pass beneath the bridge in a boat and pick one's way through the rambling and often partly divided courses of the pond.

The pond at its deepest was of no great depth, not much of it over the head of a reasonably tall man, but it was the center of no end of pleasure for children and for grown-ups as well. There in summer one would swim. There in winter one would skate. There, likewise, one would fish, or at night "bob" for eels, while as regards boating, the boating was superlative. I remember well an advocate of abolishing that pond — and he was a kinsman! — telling me of the haste and delight with which he saw to it, so soon as the law would permit, that the dam was destroyed and the stream turned to its natural volume, while I listened to his words as if to sacrilege.

I should add that the dam, which was thus destroyed, was not the original one. Below the bridge was a considerable stretch of land used as a pasture through which the stream wandered at will and perhaps five hundred feet farther south than the bridge stood the remains of a somewhat extended earlier dam that now existed only as a series of hillocks. One wondered about the builders of that ancient dam, and to what purpose its power had been then applied, builders and purpose passed forever from memory. In the

rambling stream passing through this area was excellent fishing, whether by line, snare or fish spear.

In my childhood, Valley Street did not intersect Parker Avenue as now, but ended abruptly at its farther side. Perhaps thirty feet west of the Crowell House on that side of Parker Avenue was a second house, closer, however, to the Avenue, of an almost "lean-to" construction, the Broadbent House as it was at that time called from the name of its occupant. Broadbent was, if I remember rightly, of English origin. There was in that house a loom for making "rag carpets." It was interesting to go into his weaving room and note the balls of "carpet rags" and the skill with which he arranged his warp and with which, throwing his shuttle back and forth, he would fabricate admirable specimens of that ancient and excellent type of floor covering.

How then had Valley Street proceeded toward the south? It didn't proceed. Parker Avenue, the rather, crossed the first bridge and then the second and smaller bridge when, turning south, it bordered the raceway for a considerable distance, until the latter turned to the left to be engineered around the abrupt hill while the road proceeded to the right of the hill. To the right of the road just beyond this pond stood the old Stone House. This was an ancient structure and at the front of it was a platform constructed of masonry and earth, at which trains of the Morris and Essex Railroad stopped in the earlier days. This house, with its squared brown stone facing was at one time the home of our father's second brother, Daniel. His wife had been a Miss Durand, sister of Asher B. Durand, an eminent artist, friend of the poet, William Cullen Bryant, and at one time president of the National Academy. She, our beloved "Aunt Betsey," was a genius, full of rhyme and sentiment but equally full of sound and practical common sense, while her husband, of whom more later, was an uncommonly skilled mechanic and machinist.

The river, after about an additional mile from our pond had another water privilege, "Pearson's Pond." This pond was more distinctly artificial in its construction than ours.

The water was impounded for a considerable distance by the natural slope of the land for its east bank, and for its west bank, farther along, by a high and massive embankment. Out of it ran, for a short distance, another raceway, and then came the grist mill, which carried the surname just mentioned. At that time the miller was our Uncle Lewis, who had married the oldest sister of my father, Abby Susannah Beach, known to us as Aunt Susan. This grist mill was a sight of itself. Hither were coming from time to time loads of grain which would be bought by our uncle, or ground in lots for the persons who brought them. There were at this mill three or four sets of stones. The sharpening of these stones from time to time, the hoisting of them for the purpose and the whole operation was a fascinating sight. The mill was a two or three story building. It had machinery for producing fine flour and various grades of meal. On the upper floor were part of this machinery, and grain as well as flour and meal in store. Besides this, there was in the mill a hoisting apparatus, with a considerable platform which would serve the several floors. Compared with a modern elevator this was as ancient as Noah's Ark, but it was ingenious and effective, too effective in the case of our cousin David F. Beach, son of Aaron, then living with us and making a farewell visit at Uncle Lewis's before leaving to take a position in Indianapolis. As this elevator brought him and an attendant down, by some mishap it struck the bottom with such force as to break one of his legs, which had to be made good before he could undertake his journey.

The water of the raceway, in running the mill, poured on to a huge water wheel of the "breast" type. The wheel was wide, and of great diameter. The water was caught in a series of horizontal buckets around its circumference, and there was something awesome, not to say awful, about the rush of waters upon and under the great wheel. When occasionally the great wheel needed repairing or rebuilding, and expert millwrights came to do it, it was wonderful to witness the process.

Between our pond and our uncle's pond was a paper mill. Various grades of wrapping paper were manufactured in it. Huge loads of rags were coming toward it and huge loads of paper going from it, driving invariably by the house.

Returning, however, to the Glen. It had, notwithstanding immeasurable solitude, much to fascinate and interest, much that added a human touch to its natural beauty. In our early days Valley Street did not intersect Parker Avenue but ended at its further side. Since, therefore, in proceeding south one followed the old road, across the bridge, leaving the raceway and passing the stone house, and since this involved a considerable detour, in due time Valley Street was extended beyond Parker Avenue, across the west side of the Crowell farm and across land otherwise owned until it joined the old road almost by a straight line.

Our school district was just to the south of the school district which South Orange constituted, and our school house was about a mile toward the south and not far from Uncle Lewis's pond and mill, and in going to school we did not make a detour over the river and back again, but went "cross lots" through the Crowell farm and the land beyond it until we came to the old road.

In point of fact, Valley Street was a new road. It does not appear on the older maps. Marks of its newness existed in my childhood. Along Valley Street going to the north were a series of risings and fallings of the land, toward South Orange. An instance of it occurred perhaps one thousand feet to the north of Parker Avenue, and on our own farm. We were in a glacial moraine. On a part of our farm west of Valley Street was a Y shaped "kame" or hillock running northwest, with a branch to the left and a branch to the right. The branch to the left consisted of one of these hillocks, and one may see, in the grading that has been done at the left, some remains of this hill.

All in all, from Parker Avenue to South Orange there was a picturesqueness to that street which it has entirely lost.

About halfway to the village at the left was our little cemetery — "grave yard." This cemetery was only half its present size, but it was remarkably kept up, and it was a lovely spot to turn to. Among the first interments in it were my grandfather's and that of a little granddaughter of his, Olive Beach. Just beyond this nearer graveyard was a stretch of woods, a kind of terror in the night to a child having occasion to traverse it after dark.

I should add that while Valley Street early became the name of this new roadway, Parker Avenue was modern as the name. I was eight years old when the Republican Party was formed. Fremont and Dayton in 1856, the Republican candidates, were ingloriously defeated, but 1860 changed that condition. The area which our school district covered was reactionary to a degree. We were taunted as "nigger lovers," and "Black Republicans," and our clan fell under that reproach which soon ceased to be such. Now it happened in my school days that an elderly kinsman, Ashbel Brown, became "progressive," so to say, that is, did not vote the Republican ticket but was a propagandist of the contrary faith. About that time New Jersey had a distinguished Democratic governor by the name of Parker. Through this Brown's influence Governor Parker's name got attached to the roadway into which Valley Street originally came.

The Valley Road to the south more and more, as time went on, took the place of Prospect Street nearer the top of the Eastern Ridge, which was the old road north and south between our area and South Orange itself.

To all this there should be added — solitude.

Beginning toward the south, at the "Stone House," Uncle Daniel, and going north, there was Uncle James Crowell, brother of my father's mother, Huldah Crowell Beach, and his son John D. Crowell with his family; then the carpenter shop of them both near by; then a small house for rent, I suppose by them, then the bridge; then just above it at the northwest corner of Valley Street and Parker Avenue, the great barn of my father's; then in the northeast corner of

the same, the David J. and J. Wickliff Beach house, our old home, and in the southeast corner the Aaron and I. Newton Crowell house, with the Broadbent house, soon torn down, to the west of it, and as yet no extension of Valley Street to the south; and, after that, going "up the hill," along Parker Avenue, on the left the Gillam house, formerly the David and Juniah Beach house, father and son; beyond that the old Kitchenor place, known in our time as the Betsey Hand house, her maiden name having been Kitchenor; then at the right, on the ridge, opposite Prospect Street which there ended, the Bond house and the Albert J. Beach house; just beyond that, going east, the Charles H. Beach house, that of his eldest son, Albert J. Beach, built when he himself married; then on the left the Aaron C. Brown house; and farther on the left the Smith-Taylor house, and nothing further until beyond the top of the ridge where there were some scattered houses.

Excepting the Charles H. Beach house, built much later, and the Broadbent house, early torn down, this made ten houses within a distance of well on toward a mile, excepting that there were on Valley Street, after about one thousand feet northward from Parker Avenue toward South Orange a slow beginning of the erection of houses along that relatively new road.

There was thus then relative solitude. It was hardly silence. Farming operations went on. The blacksmith shop of the Beaches, the carpenter shop of the James and John Crowells, and at the proper season the grinding of apples for cider on the Crowell place, gave forth their sounds. Also there was the laughter and play of little children. There were manly sports of the young people, shared in from time to time by the married ones. There was, in short, life and a plenty of it, but there was the mountain, there was the great eastern hill, there was the river. Westerly was the landscape off toward Turkey Mountain. The whole Glen seemed ensphered within the sky above, the river beneath and the scene of natural beauty that always enthralled one.

I wish it were possible for me to bring before the minds of our children and of their children all the charm and beauty of our Glen. The forest had mainly disappeared. There was a stretch of wood on Valley Street to which I referred. South of Parker Avenue, somewhat to the west of Valley Street, were considerable stretches of woodland, and there was an abundance of trees. They were around the pond. They were along the roadways. The apple ridges of our farm and of the Crowell farm added the grace of their blossoms and of their foliage and their fruit to it all. To the east was this ridge. Over it would rise the sun, and when the sun was going, the great full moon. North and south the beauty of farm and wooded pond, and especially when the foliage disappeared, to the southwest, in the winter time, with the sun down toward Turkey Mountains running very low, there was an indescribable splendor about the old home. On the other hand, the sun running north, would be looking down upon us at its setting, almost abreast of our old home. And in my eighth year, I should say, for weeks there hung over Orange Mountain almost abreast, in indescribable magnificence, the great comet of 1858. This unusual visitant out of the depths of space into our solar system, such a splendor of our nights, somehow gave even a child a sense of the magnitude of space and the glory of our star-lit nights.

Another element in it all was the fact that though we knew nothing about "The Ice Age in North America," we knew perfectly well that about nine or ten miles south of us, in the neighborhood of Westfield and Plainfield, where we sometimes drove for cattle, our New Jersey soil changed. In point of fact, we were close to the edge of the terminal moraine of the great glacial period, and our farm itself was an illustration of the artistry of the ice-age. The last time, at this writing, when I visited the old place, in the very heart of our farm were immense physical operations for the building of a two million dollar high school, as not much earlier, near our latest home on that farm, had been built a huge school building for grammar grades. But a striking thing about this latest excavation was the revelation of the

kind of soil out of which our father wrung a living for us children and for the home. Red sandstone, vast pebbles spreading widely over a considerable area of that farm, brought out by the great steam shovel, so that the old landmarks were shortly obliterated, were manifestations of the great rolling and devastating wash of the earlier period of that old glacialism. One looked almost with awe and with reverence at the power that capped North America with ice and at the power of man that under God had redeemed it into a very garden of the Lord.

Our mother, daughter of Stephen Walkley of South End, Southington, Connecticut, had an analogous privilege in that the immediate neighborhood of South End is almost a museum, geologically, of conditions in the area of Connecticut, while her father's farm, and the Clark farm, on which her father's sister, Anna Walkley Clark, was mistress, were almost in the shadow of the famous Hanging Hills and Meriden Cliffs, or East Mountain.

Our mother was always under the spell of these mountains and of the scenery just below them to the west, and farther to the west, of the ridge, Wolcott Mountain. She had a poetical nature. Her children and children's children know not what they owe to her, and it is a privilege to me to know that both my father and my mother were born with and grew up amidst these two natural splendors of our earth. I have seen on four continents many beautiful spots, but our Glen and that slope west of the Meriden Hills are certainly amongst the choicest that I have known of in my travels. I bless God that it was so.

II.

SEVEN FOREFATHERS.

(1) My brother Harlan and I are of the eighth generation, father to son, of Beaches, of each of whom we know something. The first of them was Thomas, who took the oath of fidelity to the New Haven Colony in 1652. He settled at Milford, a little to the west of New Haven. On a memorial bridge at Milford his name appears among the early Milford men.

He married Sarah, daughter of Deacon Richard Platt, of Milford. Their children were: Sarah, born seemingly at New Haven, March 1, 1654; born in Milford, John, October 19, 1655; Mary, 1657; Samuel, 1660, and Zophar, 1662; Thomas dying in that year. His widow, Sarah, married Miles Merwin and died in 1670.

Of Thomas little is known by me except the above facts. Suffice it to say he was an immigrant in the group that were such for conscience's sake, and would seem to be entitled to such respect and almost reverence as pertains in general to that group of early colonists. Our Joe has browsed in the New Haven records of the time and finds, I believe, that he was fined as a militiaman for imperfect condition of his musket. One regrets that, but may well remember that he was nearer the Cromwellian wars than we are.

(2) His son, Zophar, was among the early settlers of Newark. Newark and Orange were migrated to for conscience's sake by men of Milford and its neighborhood, who were dissatisfied with the so-called "half-way covenant." Only by church connection might one vote in those days. This "half-way covenant" somewhat modified in detail this religious requirement about voting. Some Milford people took exception to this "half-way covenant" with its modified regulation, and sent explorers who went down Long

Island Sound, across New York Bay, into Newark Bay and up the left tributary of that bay, the Passaic River, to the neighborhood of the present Newark and Orange, and returning, reported that area as suitable for settlement. Curiously enough the geology of that neighborhood and of New Haven and Milford are very similar, trap coming up through red sandstone. The ridge of Orange Mountain, the salt marshes east of Newark, not unlike those near New Haven and Milford, the abruptnesses like Orange Mountain and Snake Hill rising amidst the Newark marshes, reminding them of East and West Rock, New Haven, and of the Meriden Cliffs, perhaps gave them a sense of hominess that appealed to them.

In my youth, there lived at Newark, a Mr. Conger, active in the New Jersey Historical Society, an antiquarian of distinction, and a contributor of invaluable genealogical material to publications of that society. He was well known to our family, and possibly a distant kinsman. In my student days, I had an interesting visit with him in his home, and he showed me a deed that bore the signature of Zophar. I made a tracing of it, and that tracing is pasted at the fourth page in a youthful note book of mine, entitled, "Genealogical Items." The name of Beach was spelled both Beach and Beech, preferably the former. Zophar, however, spells it with two e's. The hand is clear and strong.

On that same page 4, are these words:

"From similarity of hand there is good reason to believe that he made out the deed — a plain, clear hand. — He was born at Milford, Connecticut, May, 1662. He came to Newark at about twenty-one years of age, is occasionally mentioned in the town records of Newark, and he died probably at Newark, 1709-1715. The deed is in the possession of the Roberts family at Newark."

If he came to Newark at "about 21 years of age," he would have migrated in about 1683, his birth being in 1662.

(3) It was through one of his sons, Samuel, that our line issues. I have a certified copy of Samuel's will, Province

of New Jersey, heavy parchment, the will dated March 1, 1750 (alias 1751), certified copy dated September 18, 1753. This will disposed of considerable property, and Samuel's oldest son, David, is appointed the executor of it, and is the recipient of an appreciable portion of the property. Of Samuel, himself, one knows little. The language and spirit of the will was admirable.

(4) Not so was it with David. His shop stood on Parker Avenue. It was perhaps a thousand feet on the left as one goes up that avenue off Valley Street. It was just beyond the Gillam-David-and-Juniah-Beach house, except that it was very close to the road. On a day in the autumn of 1759, he stood at his forge in that shop, and someone came to him and said that such and such a person on such and such a road had the smallpox, and his family in a panic had deserted him. He brought his hammer down on his anvil with a mighty ring, and said, "I will go and take care of that man if I die for it." He took off his apron, proceeded to the house, made every arrangement, including his will, in order to take care of that man, and did die for it.

It was at the time of the scourge of virulent smallpox in New Jersey in 1759, which took off, amongst others, Jonathan Edwards, lately of Northampton, and less than a year president of Princeton College. There was no vaccination or inoculation for smallpox, nor intelligent knowledge of how to treat it. David knew, as the preparation of his will shows, that in effect he was going to his death. His age was 35.

The early settlers from Connecticut came not only to Newark and Orange, but also to a community some four or five miles to the southeast of the site of our old home. The neighborhood was called, from its settlers, Connecticut Farms. It has now another name, but it is wonderful to visit it. In those New Jersey operations of the Revolutionary War, which included the battle of Springfield, Connecticut Farms also suffered, and its church building was burned to the ground. There is an interesting commem-

orative tablet at the meeting house which is now a successor to the one which was burned.

Apparently it was in the direction of Connecticut Farms that the religious life of our old home centered. David was buried in the burying ground of that church. In my youth I have seen the stone at his grave. It was marked David Beach and indicated his death in 1759 at the age of 35. Within a few years I have searched that church yard carefully, but in vain, and my cousin, Daniel Beach, son to my father's brother, Albert J. Beach, now lives in that neighborhood, and he cannot find it. The stone, a small red sandstone, and much weather-worn, has, doubtless, disappeared in the natural course of things.

It was this David who has caused the name of David to appear and reappear in our line since, a wholly fit memorial.

(5) Juniah. We have the Samuel Beach will. We have no direct document respecting Samuel's son, David of the smallpox epidemic. With his son Juniah, however, we come to ample documentary material, namely his great Account Book and his so-called "Company Account." His blacksmith account book, parchment bound, and having its earliest entry in January, 1775, and continuing into the early eighteen hundreds, is full of interesting implications. Tradition has it, that as a skilled blacksmith, he was sent out of the Revolutionary Army to make bayonets. On ancient hand-made paper of the same size as his account book is a stitched together independent series of accounts called "Company Account." This contains a large number of Essex County names. It is entered here: "To so and so for a bayonet;" "so and so, 2 bayonets," or "repairing hilt on sword," and the like. There is further tradition that when Washington was campaigning in this neighborhood, Juniah repaired the General's watch. I have not counted the names in his "Company Account," but it would be fair to suppose that he must have made more or less than 200 bayonets. One or more bayonets, supposedly of his make, were in evidence in the old home of my childhood. It was private arming in those days.

Revolutionary action was close to our area. The well at the east of the David J. Beach - J. Wickliff Beach home, a well that went with a house earlier on the latter's site, was used for hiding valuables when the British were near. Springfield, the center of a minor Revolutionary battle, was some three miles to the south of our neighborhood. The wife of the minister of that church was shot by a British soldier through a window as she was nursing her baby. Connecticut Farms, as I have indicated, at the same time lost its meeting house as well. That at Springfield, with its shingled sides, still stands, a veritable shrine.

The Fabian strategy of Washington toward the enemy at that time involved no little use of Orange Mountain, as well as the neighborhood further on toward Morristown. There is a tradition that from a sightly crest of this mountain the women of our neighborhood, who had fled into the mountain and had carried with them fabrics of various colors, organized a ruse to mislead the enemy in this way; arraying themselves in these bright colors and forming a line that marched from the woods, and returned into the woods, but which was really a continuous circle, they would expose themselves to the view of the enemy in a way to give the impression that they were Colonial troops. As detained from the army, Juniah would naturally be of the company, and it has been pleasant for me to think that he may have had a hand in so effective a demonstration.

My uncle Lewis Pierson, mentioned earlier, had a sister, Phoebe, who married a Daniel Squire. The joint Pierson and Squire lot is in the Valley Street cemetery, surrounded by an iron fence, and the names and dates are there. She was known to us as Aunt Phoebe Squire, being aunt, in fact, to our cousins, the Pierson children. She related that in her girlhood, a man called at their house to see her father, who preceded his son Lewis as miller of the mill which in due time became Uncle Lewis's. When his caller had left, her father asked her if she knew who that man was and she replied that she did not. Her father said, "That was Mr. Juniah Beach," and she repeated her child-

hood impression that he was a fine appearing and handsome man. I suppose that the active muscular life and all that went with it had given him superior physical development and that the child was struck by it.

(6) The oldest son of Juniah Beach was named David for Juniah's heroic father. There was a David Beach in Newark and their mail would get confused. In order to avoid this, David attached the initial J. to his name, I suppose for his father, as his father's name had that initial, so that he was known as David J. Beach. Properly he was David Beach. As his private brand went, he was David J. Beach, "D. J. B." appearing on some of his tools, and the J. appearing on his tombstone. It was he who was father to my father, my grandfather and great-grandfather to our children.

He died in the early part of September, 1848, less than two months before I was born. As I have said his was one of the earliest interments in the Valley Street cemetery.

The will of Samuel Beach includes his blacksmith tools to his son David, so we have in our line, Samuel, David, Juniah, and David J., all blacksmiths.

There is a romance associated with the intersection of Valley Street and Parker Avenue. In the southeast corner of that cross-roads was the home of Aaron Crowell. He was a soldier of the Revolution. He was a devout man. His church life and that of his family was with the First Church of Orange. His interment is in the old Orange cemetery. He and Juniah Beach lived on opposite sides of Parker Avenue, and each had a family of children. His son Job married Juniah Beach's daughter Caroline, and Juniah Beach's son David married Aaron Crowell's daughter Huldah. It was a case of swapping sisters. The children of these two marriages were then twice first cousins. One of Job's sons was named Newton, and one of David's sons was Wickliff. They lived across the street one from the other, and the children of the two families respectively called the parents of the other family uncle and aunt.

I bring to my mind two or three incidents connected with my grandfather David. Seemingly the Crowell household was more devoutly religious than the Beach household. There was constant family worship in the Aaron Crowell house. According to our Auntie Lyman, David loved to go down to Aaron Crowell's house so as to be present at the family worship, to enjoy the reading of the scriptures and the devotions. I like that little touch, particularly as David was not a professing Christian. Auntie Lyman also said that her father, getting an earlier start on Sunday morning than usual, would dress in his best and take the long walk to Connecticut Farms in order to be at church there. She inferred that his father, Juniah, was interred in Connecticut Farms burying ground. No stone of his father appears to have been set. It is the feeling of Joe, who has paid special attention to this matter, that the death of Juniah's father at 35 set back the finances of the family not a little. Very likely under these conditions, no stone ever was set, but Auntie Lyman's strong impression was that Juniah, as well as his father, David, were interred there.

There are one or two non-religious traditions about him, one of them a playful one. I suppose it was when he was well on in life. He would occasionally lose something and remark that if he found it he would put it where the dogs couldn't bite it. And seemingly there was a very pleasant relation between him and his children, so that when he would be hunting for something lost, they would remark to him that probably it was where the dogs couldn't bite it. I relish that little touch.

Another of them concerns that same pond to which I have referred, a tree on that pond, perhaps on the island of which I spoke, and a hawk. Grandfather's blacksmith shop on the west side of Valley Street looked over to the pond. He espied a huge hawk on a tree there. He got his musket — I suppose a flint lock. It missed fire, and he called to someone in the shop to heat a small iron rod. It took but a moment and it was brought to him. With it he touched off his musket and brought down the hawk.

(7) Regarding my father, Joseph Wickliff Beach, he was born March 25, 1822, and died December 20, 1891, taken off by bronchial pneumonia brought on by sudden exposure on a terribly cold winter morning into which he went for duties in the barn before he knew how cold it was.

He married May 20, 1847, Mary Angeline Walkley, sister of Lucy Ann Walkley, who had been married to my father's eldest brother, Aaron Crowell Beach. To them were born:

November 30, 1848, David Nelson; January 7, 1852, Lucy Newell; April 4, 1854, Harlan Page; June 2, 1858, Anna Samantha.

About these names. My father had the old homestead and his father and mother made their home with him, and his father had died less than two months before I was born. Naturally I got the name David. Naturally, too, in those days they would put in a middle name. Nelson was the name of my mother's oldest brother, the first child of her parents. Her father was greatly interested in historic and biographic matters. The marriage of her father was in 1811. Nelson is the first son and was born March 22, 1812. That was only seven years after Trafalgar in 1805. He named his first boy Nelson. He named his second boy Alden for John Alden. Of those who grew up his third boy was named for his father Jonathan, which father Jonathan, in the quasi-naval service of the Revolution, lay long in British jails, until through the influence of Franklin, after the close of the Revolution, he and others were released, a near Enoch Arden story, but apparently not one. His fourth boy that grew up was named for himself, Stephen Walkley.

Now Nelson Walkley struck out for himself. He settled in the south at Mobile, Alabama. He had studied medicine and had extraordinary success in handling southern diseases such as yellow fever and cholera. He was an outstanding man and greatly beloved by his family. If this mother wanted to add to her father-in-law's name David a middle name, how natural to make it Nelson. Thus it is, and one speaks in no vain-glorious way, that my first name

commemorates a mighty heroism, and that my second name is in memory of an outstanding uncle who got his name from Trafalgar. Perhaps that has been the reason our youngest son became Junior, although in point of fact, it was his mother's insistence that he should carry my name that gave it to him. And I suppose the double circumstance of a certain heroic connection of the name, as well as filial regard, had caused the first son born to David Nelson, Junior, to take in turn his name.

My sister Lucy was named for the oldest sister of my mother, a name which was also in my mother's mother's family, and her second name was Newell, for the maiden name of my mother's mother.

Uncle George Lyman, who married that Auntie par excellence, Phebe Ann Beach, was greatly interested in names of eminent Christians, and it was his desire that the second boy should bear the name of Harlan Page, an outstanding officer of the American Tract Society.

In the case of the youngest of us brothers and sisters, Samantha was put into sister Anna's name because within less than a year before her birth my father's second sister, Samantha Beach Taylor, had passed away. It was a memorial to Aunt Samantha. I think that Anna was given her as a name because they liked the name, though it is true that mother's father, Stephen Walkley, had a sister Anna Clark, of whom he was very fond.

My brother Harlan and I, as I said at the outset, are in the eighth generation of Beaches, about each of whom we know something, and my children, Dorothea, John, Joe, David, are in the ninth generation, and their children, of whom there are now eleven, are in the tenth generation. As "fl'" meaning flourished, might be attached to the name of the first of the seven forefathers, and as presumably when he took the oath of fidelity in New Haven, in 1652, he was in his early maturity, so these eleven grandchildren,

God sparing them, should be in their early maturity in about 1950. Now the average life of a generation is said to be about thirty years. People, in fact, live twice or thrice thirty years, but thirty is deemed to be the average. Juniah when taking the oath was presumably at mid-maturity at that time. I am in Generation VIII, our children in Generation IX, and their children (our grand-children), in Generation X, and, in 1952, they should be in mid-maturity, if spared for a full life. Here, then, is a practical demonstration, spread over three hundred years in a single family, that thirty years are the average period of a generation. Moreover, three hundred years are almost one sixth of the Christian era to date.

As to residence it is — Thomas, New Haven and Milford; Zophar, Milford and Newark; Samuel, (?); David, Juniah, David J., J. Wickliff, The Glen. But where Number Three?

I infer that, with Zophar in Newark, Samuel, in the next generation, preferred a more distinctly country life, and presumably that he settled more in the direction of Connecticut Farms, since that was the place of interment of his son David, who was made an executor of his will. But it was an open general area; and, since David's shop and home were in the Glen, and Juniah's, after him, I conjecture that Samuel also had his home in the general neighborhood of the Glen. A search of titles of land might clear up this point.

III.

ENRICHMENTS OF OUR HOME LIFE.

Our plain farmer's life had a variety of enrichments. First of all there were back of us four generations of skilled mechanics, and among four of the sons of David J. Beach, one of them, Daniel, was not only a blacksmith, but a machinist, and he added to his father's plant, which itself included two forges, a small brass foundry for making mechanical bearings and a horse-driven power plant for driving lathes. Another son, Albert, was very skillful in blacksmithing and assisted more or less at the shop, while the other two sons, Aaron and our father, were each of them skillful in mechanical ways. Since Aaron became a minister, this manifested itself especially in our father, for the farm life which he conducted in a variety of directions, called for much of this, and in it he was highly efficient. Then a brother of Huldah Crowell Beach, our grandmother, namely James Crowell, was a very skillful carpenter and cabinet maker, and in his old age, in our childhood, his son, John Durand Crowell, succeeded him in the carpentering line, and their shop, just across the river from our side of the Glen, had not only an admirable outfit of tools, turning lathe, etc., but Uncle John, as we called him, made, for instance, a wonderfully strong and fine sled for coasting, which was an invaluable treasure in our own home.

I should add that the book case and desk with drawers, now in the parsonage at Belmont, Mass., and an excellent piece of cabinet work, I understood, were made by Uncle James, the father of Uncle John D. Crowell.

Added to this was the circumstance that the Aaron Crowell place, across Parker Avenue from our home, carried on for generations a cider mill for the making of vinegar, and, in fact, one of the local terms for our immediate neighborhood was, from this circumstance, Vinegar Hill. Uncle

Daniel invented and patented an admirable apple grinding machine, not comparable, indeed, with machines in later years, that have been devised, but an appliance much sought after in those days. He would be making up one or two of these mills year by year when his health was good.

These varied mechanical interests in our neighborhood were in themselves an all around enrichment of the lives of us children and added much to the zest of them.

However, the great enrichments of our lives lay in their associations, not only with the local history so closely connected with the American Revolution, but also in the social contacts that were made by members of our father's family.

Of the Revolutionary side I have already spoken to some extent. The absorbing side of this type of enrichment lay in what I may call Bennington and the Tichenor-Lymans, Southington and the Clark-Walkleys, and Our Foreign Missionary Tradition, and to these we now proceed.

IV.

BENNINGTON AND THE TICHENOR-LYMANS.

The Battle of Bennington, Vermont, August 16, 1777, was one of the "Decisive Battles of History," notwithstanding that relatively few men were engaged and it was incidental to the Burgoyne campaign, the fate of which it settled.

The wise and far-sighted policy of the enemy through this campaign was to descend through Canada, via Lake Champlain, and reaching the head waters of the Hudson, to descend by it to New York, thus cutting off New England. It was analogous to Sherman's March to the Sea, which practically determined, in no little degree, the fate of our Civil War. The strategy of Burgoyne's campaign was superlative. What they did not reckon on nor provide for was the wilderness. To get through the dense forests between Lake Champlain and Albany and to keep up adequate supplies proved impossible.

Bennington came into existence through some people losing their way in the woods. They were returning to New England from the French Wars. They were ascending the valley of the Hoosac. Into that river which flows west, there flows the Walloomsac, and this tributary they mistook for the Hoosac itself, and following it, came into the amphitheatre of mountains, in which, like a gem in a diadem, Bennington is set. These returning soldiers had an eye to territory and enrichment, and they determined to make a settlement in this newly discovered area. The settlement began in 1760. Men of high character were among the settlers. Parson Jedediah Dewey, an ancestor as I understand of Admiral Dewey of our Spanish War, was himself a magnet to draw weighty persons into the settlement, as well as a wise and consecrated religious leader for the area. In the seventeen years between the settle-

ment and the Battle, the place had become of large importance. The then Bennington was on a hill top. Later the water power in the valley and the incoming thither of a railroad caused the Bennington that is now most conspicuous to be the large community in the valley, but the hill, with its superlative, almost Colonial church, was then the dominating point. At its summit, on seeing the evils to come, the citizens of Bennington and its neighborhood accumulated a large amount of valuable supplies, both of a military and commissary type. Burgoyne, seriously in need of these supplies, detached Colonel Baum, with a considerable force, to seize them. Burgoyne was so confident of the result that he rode for a considerable distance on the way with Baum, directing him what sort of supplies to send to Albany and giving him other detailed orders. Baum never got to Bennington. When within the present boundaries of Vermont, foreseeing that he might be hard pressed, he seized the Cliffs on the further side of the Walloomsac at a point where it runs almost north and south, and fortified them like the Cliffs at Antilly. He had with him a skillful enough engineer to draft a plan of the battle, which plan is now historic. But the task of the men of Bennington, and of Colonel Stark of New Hampshire was to capture this Cliff and never let its small army proceed. Stark was greatly aided by Seth Warner of Bennington, who knew every tree and brook in the area, and he was able to assist Stark in the splendid strategy of the battle. Rain softened the terrain, and complicated the movement, but Stark's plan was, as he quaintly expressed it on the morning of the battle, to amuse the enemy by musketry at its front while two separate groups came in upon the enemy's rear, one from the northwest and the other from the southwest. The movement of these forces was so co-ordinated that, after a moment of musketry at the front, came the real battle. It was fiercely contested. The enemy was brave. Baum was mortally wounded. Captain Samuel Robinson, who watched with him the following night in which Baum died, could not say enough of the moral character and military competence of Colonel Baum.

When, however, the day ended, a large force of prisoners was brought the several miles from the battle field into Bennington, the invaluable supplies were untouched, and the terror of weeks that like a cloud had hung over the town was dissipated. All this was preliminary to the Battle of Saratoga in the autumn, fought by an enemy weakened from lack of supplies, and ending in an honorable surrender. One may see, in the Public Library at Boston, the roll of honor of Burgoyne and his officers, and the house still stood in Cambridge, during my pastorate there (1884-96), in which Burgoyne was held in honorable confinement until he could be transferred to England. The anniversary of the battle is kept in Bennington very much as April 19th, the anniversary of the Lexington Fight, and as June 17th, Bunker Hill Day, are kept.

Now into Bennington rode on the morning of August 16th, 1777, Isaac Tichenor of Newark, a graduate of Princeton College, and asked for a dinner at one of the inns. The women disdained him. Anyone who could be in the battle and was not, might have no dinner there. "Madam," he said, "I have ridden forty-five miles from Albany under Continental orders." They then made haste to do everything they could for him. Isaac Tichenor had the same experience about entering Bennington that those men who lost their way in the woods and first saw the area had. His heart went out to it. In due time he became a resident of it. For eleven years he was Governor of Vermont not all the same being, however, successive years. He was United States Senator from Vermont. He was on the Supreme Bench of Vermont. It was his sister, Susannah Tichenor of Newark, that Juniah Beach, the Revolutionary blacksmith, married. He was Uncle Isaac to David J. Beach and his brothers and sisters, the children of Juniah. Climb into the belfry of the First Church of Bennington and you will see, cast in the bell, the fact of its presentation by the Hon. Isaac Tichenor. Go into the burying ground of the First Presbyterian Church of Newark on the east side of Broad Street, a little south of Market Street, and at al-

most the center of that burying ground you will find the grave of Isaac Tichenor, nephew to Governor Isaac.

In two generations mothers of the line were the one Abigail and the other Susannah. When the first of the four daughters of David J. Beach came, she was named Abby Susannah for these mothers of the line, and she was our Aunt Susan, wife of Lewis Pierson, miller in the second generation as described earlier. Governor Isaac was left a widower comparatively early. His sister, Susannah, wife of Juniah Beach, had a daughter named Catherine, whom Governor Isaac invited to come to his home and whom he made virtually his daughter. Catherine married one of the Bennington Robinsons who died untimely. There is in existence a beautiful letter of Catherine, describing her thankfulness to God that she had the strength to nurse and care for him in his last illness.

After a considerable time Catherine Beach Robinson was married by George Lyman of Troy, New York. He was a Middlebury College man, but threatening tuberculosis interrupted his course. From this he made recovery. He was son to Dr. Micah Lyman. They were apothecaries. Upon the passing of Governor Isaac, Mrs. Lyman inherited his estate, and the Lyman family thus came into possession of it and made Bennington their residence.

Here history repeats itself. As Governor Isaac had brought his sister Susannah Beach's daughter Catherine to be mistress in his home, so his niece Catherine had her niece Phebe Ann Beach, sister of our father, with her for a considerable period in the latter's early girlhood, and the family became very fond of her. I think "Auntie," as we always called her, had not been quite well, and she was in Bennington in view of that situation. Her being there was in the later girlhood of the Lyman daughters, Mary, Kate and Elizabeth, and in the later boyhood of their brother, Micah Jones Lyman, always spoken of as Jones. These all married and the families of the daughters made Tichenor place, as the home was called, a summer rendezvous.

In 1856, their mother (Mrs. George Lyman), passed away. All of the children had scattered. There was the beautiful old home, with the great lawn at its front. For more than a year George Lyman existed as he could. Then he took counsel of his daughters. They said, "Get Phebe Ann if you can."

Upon the death some years before of Uncle Aaron Beach's wife, his sister, Phebe Ann, became mistress of his home for several years. After his very suitable marriage to Jane Talcott, daughter of the minister of Portland, Conn., Auntie returned to the old home and resumed teaching school, which she had done earlier. Her return was paradise for us, but it was short lived. A courteous and somewhat courtly gentleman began to make somewhat frequent visits in the old home. It was joy for us. He came bearing gifts, pocket knives, and what not. But when we found out what his errand was and that he had carried the day, we would have given back at several times their value all the gifts he had bestowed upon us children. I well remember their marriage. It was on August 27, 1857. It was an early morning marriage, and they made the Tichenor Place on that night, unless I greatly mistake.

Then history kept on repeating itself. There were no children of this marriage. The Tichenor place was very quiet most of the year, but full of children and grand-children in the summer time. Auntie invited one or another of her nephews and nieces to be with her for a time. I was one of them. From the autumn of '62, I was with them for a year, going to school. Then I was with them for a shorter time about a year later. My sister, Lucy, was there for a time. She was there only once. It was a wonderful place in which to be. I knew the men who knew the men who won Bennington Battle. Uncle Lyman, as we called him, was a capable story teller. He was a great grower of small fruit and berries. The place resounded with laughter at his stories, and with the serious discussions that belonged to the Civil War time.

Now the effect of all this upon our plain farmer family

in the Glen was the enrichment, to a marked degree, of our lives. We had in the house not only the old account books of the Revolutionary blacksmith, like documentary and other touches with our national history, but here was our family touch with one who knew Washington, who had been a Minute Man in his adopted city, and his home with its amplitude and its Revolutionary memorabilia was one with which I, in turn, had touch. I do not think in our modest father and mother there was any undue pride in these circumstances nor did the full meaning of them, as yet, dawn upon our minds, but the whole effect of them was an enlarging and enriching of our horizon. Across the street the I. N. Crowell family, contemporaneous with my father's and mother's family, had their oldest boy named Edward Lyman, the Lyman in recognition of the tie so close. Verily, "He setteth the solitary in families," had an explicit realization in respect to this particular line of which the title "Bennington and the Tichenor-Lymans" was one exemplification.

V.

SOUTHINGTON AND THE CLARK-WALKLEYS.

The first son, in fact the first child of David J. Beach and Huldah Crowell Beach was Aaron Crowell, born not much inside of the first year of that marriage. He had a massive frame. He was a blacksmith. I have heard him tell how, in swinging the sledge hammer, the inside of his fingers had become so square that the angle of a blacksmith's square just fitted the angles in his fingers. Also I have heard him tell with what ease he could get away with rum upon occasions for, and alas, drinking was almost universal in his youth among respectable people. But, even Uncle Aaron became suddenly converted, and he educated himself for the ministry, preparing for college at Bloomfield, and becoming a member of the class of 1835 at Yale. This was the era of Thomas Thacher, in time at the head of the Latin Department at Yale, and in time college head, still teaching, a very Father in God to the whole college. The alumni used to call him the "noblest Roman of them all." Uncle Aaron turned from his liberal arts course to his theological course in Yale Divinity School. It was in the great days of Dr. Taylor. Dr. Taylor was a progressive theologically, though within very conservative limits, and in about that general period started a seminary at East Windsor, now Hartford Seminary, and this with a view of keeping the proper theological balance in Connecticut, that mother of theologians.

Uncle Aaron had as a classmate Henry Clark of Southington. One might add, of the Clark Farm, South End, Southington. There was an affection between Henry Clark and Aaron Beach, who became a guest at the Clark farm, the mistress of which was sister of Stephen Walkley, also of South End, and Henry, of course, put his classmate, Aaron, in touch with the Stephen Walkley family. Aaron

made up to its second child, its first daughter, Lucy Ann Walkley. They were married. He became minister for many years at Wolcott.

Between Auntie Lyman, who was born in 1819, and our father, who was born in 1822, there was a very close tie, and our father was always very fond of his brother Aaron. Through this marriage and the long settlement at Wolcott, not far from Southington, it came about that our father, the youngest of the Beach boys, got to know Lucy Ann Walkley Beach's sister Mary, the third of the Walkley daughters. They were married May 20, 1847.

Short as the distance was between the Glen and Southington and Walkleys, visits between the two neighborhoods were rare. My first recollection of such a visit was at the Thanksgiving time before I became seven years old. Parson Jones of the First Church of Southington was an eminent minister, a member of the corporation of Yale College, and a wonderful expository preacher. I remember vividly his Thanksgiving sermon. "David steadfastly besought him, saying, 'let me return to Bethlehem, for there is a feast for all the family,'" was the text. I haven't the slightest idea of the line of thought, but his picture of the family festival I never forgot. As we came home there was a minor tragedy. For some reason, I know not whose fault it was, our train did not stop at the Stone House, but went on to Milburn, two or three miles farther, and it was well on in the evening when we arrived. Father left mother and me, walked to the Glen, hitched up the old carry-all and came and brought us. The fortitude and self-control which my father manifested in the like of such a mishap were among the memorable things in his life during my early childhood.

Now it came to pass through the Clark-Walkleys, and the Wolcott pastorate so close to Southington, and through our losing our "Auntie" to carry on her own life in the Wolcott parsonage, and the constant interchange of letters between the Glen, and Wolcott and South End as well, that we lived

in a way the life of each of these communities, and that life was inspiring.

Moreover, my mother had a great sense of natural beauty, she loved flowers and birds, she loved her old home almost under the Meriden Cliffs, and she so lived in them all and had such a gift of narration that we were forever hearing stories of the old home, of the old town, and of that old and beautiful life.

Add to this, too, that our home had as an outstanding element in its enrichment all this solitude, all these memories, personal and historic, our mother, a glorious story teller, so that our plain farm house and its homely ways were not lacking in the larger and enduring things out of Connecticut as well as out of Vermont.

VI.

OUR FOREIGN MISSIONARY TRADITION.

I shall want to speak more fully of the religious life of the old home, and only touch on it now to say that I doubt if in five consecutive years the morning worship immediately following breakfast was omitted in that home as many as five times unless it were due to such illness there as rendered it impracticable. And such praying, and such a consistent, beautiful Christian life as our father lived, and as our mother lived still lingers in our memories as inspiration and ground of eternal thankfulness to God.

Here come in the Lymans again. George Lyman was cousin to Miss Hannah Lyman of Montreal. Miss Hannah Lyman of Montreal conducted a successful school for girls. When Vassar College, the first of our women's colleges was set up, she was brought to Vassar to be its lady principal.

Hannah Lyman was sister to Henry Lyman. Henry Lyman was the "Martyr of Sumatra." Henry Lyman was a classmate of Asa Bullard, founder of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, founder of the Sabbath School Publication, the "Wellspring," a parishioner of ours at Cambridge, grandfather to Florence Wyman Currier, one of the "quartette," of Cambridge girls, so-called not because they were especially musical, but because they became life long friends — Ethel Appleton, Dorothea Beach, Marguerite Emerson and Florence Wyman. He was also classmate of Henry Ward Beecher. Henry Ward Beecher married Asa Bullard's sister, Eunice Bullard. There lived in Cambridge during my pastorate, a man of the same period at Amherst, and I think also a classmate of Beecher and Bullard, named Stephen Hanks, remotely related to Nancy Hanks, mother of President Lincoln. Stephen Hanks had much of Lincoln's physiognomy. He had not a little of Lincoln's homely wit. If anybody wanted to get a string

of good stories, all he had to do was to cultivate Asa Bullard and Stephen Hanks. And if one wanted to get the "true inwardness" of life at Amherst in the student days of these three men, one could get it with almost the distinctness and effectiveness of the kodak in landscape.

Now because Henry Lyman was thus indirectly connected in a family way with our family, and because that life of the "Martyr of Sumatra" was in the house, and because of another circumstance which I am about to mention also, there hung around our home a strongly missionary atmosphere. And in the morning prayer the missionary theme would come in how often!

As I have said, Isaac Newton Crowell, our neighbor across the street, and J. Wickliff Beach, our father, were twice over cousins, and Isaac Newton Crowell had married Louisa Freeman, sister to John Freeman, missionary to India. In those days our Congregational Missionary Society with the long name included, which was the intention of the long name, more than one denomination, and in particular included the Presbyterian. I remember as a child the scurrying in the farm house to get away from farm and home duties in order to attend the semi-annual session of the Board as it met in Dr. Stearns' church, namely the First Presbyterian Church of Newark. About 1870, the Presbyterians went by themselves and the Congregationalists by themselves, making an honorable adjustment of the missionary field, Persia and Syria going to the Presbyterians and Turkey going to the Congregationalists.

Now although the First Church of Newark and the First Church of Orange, with which latter church our church, founded in the youth of my father, was closely affiliated, as indeed it was a daughter of that church, Louisa Freeman Crowell and kin, the Freemans, were Presbyterians. John Freeman, brother of "Aunt Louisa" as we called her, was an outstanding missionary of this ancient period, and in my early boyhood there was an anxious and tearful time between the homes either side of the street for causes my childish mind could not grasp, — hurried conferences,

interchange of letters, and the rest. It was the time of the Sepoy Rebellion. Now John Freeman had married a cousin of my father's, Emma Beach, daughter of Aunt Mary Beach of Newark, and Emma Beach died in the early missionary life of John Freeman. At a suitable time there was a second marriage, an admirable one, and it was not my father's cousin Emma Beach Freeman, but this lady who was mistress of the missionary's home. The climax of it all was that John Freeman and his wife were lined up and shot in the Sepoy Rebellion. My brother Harlan has seen their monument in India.

Thus between Henry Lyman, the "Martyr of Sumatra," and John Freeman so closely in touch with Emma Beach Freeman, and with John Freeman's sister, Aunt Louisa Crowell, we had a plenty of missionary associations and these associations of a very intimate and moving character.

We had at our church a morning service on Sunday, Sunday School following, and then an afternoon service. Such evening services as there were, were musical, and to my immeasurable joy, on a moonlight night I was permitted to go to one of these same musical evening services. It was not held in the church. It was held in the old South Orange Academy that was later burned. The stencilled figures 1815, the year of Waterloo, showed in its weather vane. Now, to tell the truth, my especial delight in being permitted to accompany my mother to this service was the fact that I should see the lamps lighted. They served the purpose of making my little legs carry me up and down the rolling Valley Street, now graded into a level, past the Valley Street cemetery, "through the woods" just beyond it toward the village, and so on. Amidst our walk, mother's and mine, serious inquiry was put to me: "David, do you know to what we are going?" And I replied that we were going to the evening service, without making mention especially of the matter of seeing the lamps lighted. "No," I said, "it is the evening meeting we are going to." "What we are going to is the Monthly Concert. Do you know what the Monthly Concert is?" I did not, except

that it was connected with those lamps. Well, my mother went on to say that because there were so many people who knew nothing about the Saviour that those who did follow Him had agreed to give the first Sunday in each month to a concert of prayer for missions, to pray that all men might know about the Saviour.

It was natural, after all the influences along this line in our home, the family worship, the Monthly Concert, the missionary biographies — in due time there was a Life of John Freeman — that there should be fruit. I wanted to be a missionary, but was hindered, about which more later. By and by I knew why I was hindered, namely because my only brother, who was a born linguist, as I was not, wanted to be one, and he was far better fitted than I for that work, in addition to the fact that not both of us brothers, in view of family conditions, ought to be in foreign lands. Were the whole story of foreign missions told, I doubt not that in many instances it would be found that amongst our most eminent missionaries have been men and women with analogous home backgrounds.

VII.

OUR FATHER'S FAMILY.

In both our mother's and our father's families there were nine children, and in each of them one passed away when a little child, while the others came to full maturity. Not going, at present, into dates nor their order of sequence as a group, the four Beach brothers in the order of age were Aaron Crowell, Daniel, Albert Juniah and Joseph Wickliff, while the sisters in order of age were Abby Susannah, Samantha, Phebe Ann and Mary Matilda. All of the brothers survived at least to a reasonably long life. The youngest sister, Mary, passed away in her early womanhood, in December, 1851. I, only a little turned three, have definite recollections of her. I suppose she must have had a prolonged invalidism, but she undertook to teach me out of the Eighth Psalm the words, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy hands," etc. It is precious to me to know that she wished to give the first child of her beloved youngest brother some knowledge of the Scripture, and that she had the insight and tact to take a passage of this sort, so concrete and so beautiful in its suggestions, to teach what may have been not too apt a pupil. I remember that she passed and have some vague recollection of her lying ready for interment. From impressions that I derived about her from those who knew her best, I infer that she was a gentle, noble and true spirit untimely withdrawn from this earthly life into what I doubt not was her rich reward for the beauty of character and the fortitude with which she met her early passing. Dear Aunt Mary Matilda, shining yet in the brightness of the early dawning of memory now so long ago, but such an absolutely pure and beautiful recollection!

I have referred to Aunt Susan in describing the Glen, and in connection with my account of the great pond and

mill which were her husband's. She was a noble woman, of the strictest integrity, industrious, capable, highly competent, and in the later days coming faithfully to the old home, week by week, for a visit, and especially for the dear mother's sake, who so long survived her husband. When one went to her home he found it beautifully kept, everything admirably arranged, and managed, bereavement in the loss of a child or children nobly borne, and some eccentricities, though not unlovely, of genius which marked her husband, perfectly understood by her, and she a consummate foil for them.

As for her husband, Lewis Pierson, he had the marked business ability which his buying and selling of grain and conducting the considerable and successful general milling business involved. He had, certainly, an eye to business. He prospered. There was the "money bag" of the group, but he was likewise an earnest Christian, faithful to his church, going two miles to South Orange in all sorts of weather, and a person of very tender emotions, who held them, however, in excellent control, but which at times were unmistakable. He was easily swept by deep feelings. My father loved to tell about the first Sunday after the firing on Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor by the Confederates. That Sunday was a day of destiny in all the churches of the North, and ministers outdid themselves in multitudes of instances in their fiery defiance and stirring appeals to their congregations to stand by the country. But the ordeal was almost too much for Uncle Lewis, and he stopped half-way home to come into our house and his solicitude, his fear, his doubt if Lincoln had any adequate grasp of the situation and the like, and yet his religious fervor, and his unquestioned patriotic devotion made a tremendous blend. Later on in the Civil War, when father had occasion to go to his house, and was detained there for a time, perhaps because of something his sister wished to send to the old home, or for whatever reason, father loved to describe the "state of mind" of Uncle Lewis. He was for the time hopeless. Things were going to the bad. Lincoln did not know what to do next.

Father was a courteous man, and I am sure without perceptible discourtesy, he was able to extricate himself from the torrent of pessimism and, as he quaintly said—for he would always have a good substantial carry-all type of carriage—"went out and sat in the carriage." Whether Uncle Lewis continued his Jeremiah Lamentations to blank walls or whether others remained to listen, I never heard. But how characteristic of father was the way he made his escape.

And what a dear, dear Uncle Lewis he was. Few in our neighborhood included turkeys in their poultry, but Uncle Lewis did. One of the finest and best of them would find its way to the old homestead for one of those wonderful Thanksgiving celebrations which our mother's residence in New England had given her the tact and skill and spirit to make ever memorable for so many of the David J. Beach household as could be present.

Two children of that household came to maturity, a brother and sister. The sister, Harriet Beach Pierson, had some measure of mental limitation, although she was fine and beautiful in spirit. And the son, Hubert Lewis Pierson, Hubert because the parents liked the name, due I think to some character that they had read about, and Lewis for his father, had large business capacity, and in his later life, after a permature explosion had robbed him of his sight, nevertheless proceeded to make good in business directions, both in the grain market in New York, and in the conducting of his milling business as well.

It was typical of Uncle Lewis that he built him a house in one of the Grecian orders of architecture, with great pillars and Ionic capitals, and that he introduced from a hillside spring on his farm, not only running water for his house, but supplied with this water likewise a somewhat pretentious fountain, the admiration of the neighborhood. This estate of his he used to style Vaux Hall.

We all loved to go to Uncle Lewis's and Aunt Susan's, for the pleasantness of their establishment, for the excel-

lent viands set before us, and for the genuine interest in all the Beach clan which it was obvious that they felt, as well as for joy in their children. It was on one of these visits that Uncle Aaron's son, David F., making, as he supposed, his adieu on an afternoon, met with the accident which broke his leg and caused him to be an involuntary, but welcome guest at the house for a considerable period.

As for Aunt Samantha, she was one of four wives of wonderful Uncle Ira Taylor, postmaster of South Orange for many years, ruling elder of the First Presbyterian Church, for many years likewise a patriotic and devoted citizen, held in the highest esteem. On the morning on which Mr. Lincoln died, serving, though only in my seventeenth year, as librarian and caretaker for the reading room of our old South Orange Library Association, I had my first knowledge of the event by buying as usual for the reading room, the New York Herald, Times, World and Tribune, and on my opening the reading room, and cutting the papers, (for they all had to be cut in those days) I went out into the open square, and there stood Uncle Ira, with his serious and woeful face, crying like a child, which he made no bones of manifesting to passers by. He first married a Miss Emma Baldwin, their daughter, named for her, survived her mother's untimely death half on into middle life, competent, faithful and worthy.

It was at the David J. Beach homestead that the postmaster and ruling elder paid his next addresses, and Aunt Samantha was their happy object, and there were born to her and Uncle Ira, Lewis Pierson, Martha, Frances and Mary Crowell Taylor. Lewis, with no large academic training, but highly gifted, became not only store keeper, and postmaster, but surveyor, conveyancer, real estate man, administrator of estates, etc. In the annual Thanksgiving merrymaking at the old Beach homestead, Uncle Lewis was the parlor magic man, and to the amusement, if not terror, of us small fry in the great group of Beach cousins, he imparted some of the marked and memorable experiences of their early life.

Martha was a whole hearted girl, devoted to the clan, and in that visit to Connecticut, when I was seven years old, she became the temporary head, along with dear Grandma Huldah, during the absence. In fact, my brother Harlan, then a year and a half old, temporarily transferred his filial devotion from mother to Cousin Martha, not the most agreeable welcome home for mother after that return when the train skipped the Stone House Station and gave father, in the late evening, that two and a half mile walk to get horse and carriage for bringing her and me home.

Frances had not the best eyesight, and gave one the sense of relative frailty, but she was gentle and fine in spirit, a worthy daughter and much loved cousin.

As Cousin Hubert, and as second Cousin Edward Crowell, so also was Cousin Mary Taylor about a year older than I. Cousin Edward lived only across the street, whereas Cousin Hubert and Cousin Mary were each a mile away in opposite directions. A frequent marked event on Saturdays or the like, was for me to go to Uncle Lewis's and visit Cousin Hubert, or to Uncle Ira's and visit Cousin Mary, and now and then I would be permitted to stop a night or two there in a lengthened visitation. Happy, happy were those days, and interesting was it to mark the divine blessing asked at table, and the different but excellent ways of the respective households.

But Aunt Samantha was smitten with what proved a fatal illness, and death occured August 17, 1857, only ten days before the marriage of Aunt Phebe Ann to Uncle George Lyman.

In the First Presbyterian Church of South Orange was a comfortably to do, and unusually choice family by the name of Kilbourn. One of its daughters, Miss Esther, was in high regard in the church and in our family. She for example, and our Aunt Phoebe Ann were warm personal friends. Uncle Ira Taylor paid, therefore, his next addresses at the Kilbourn home, and in due time married Miss Esther, and to them were born, Aunt Esther surviv-

ing a few days thereafter, a son named Everitt Kilbourn Taylor. He is our cousin, Everitt Taylor, a Massachusetts Institute of Technology man, frequently at our Dana Street home in our Cambridge days, while he was at Tech, an artist of discrimination and excellent taste, and much esteemed by us all. He married Harriet Damon, of Concord, Mass., sister to our beloved Mary Damon, graduate of Wellesley and an accomplished physician of Minneapolis, a most helpful member of our household during the second year we resided there and much esteemed and beloved by all, but with her dear ones no longer.

Everitt and his wife lead a happy and highly useful life in the old Ira Taylor homestead on Irvington Ave., in South Orange. He has been a commissioner, for a somewhat extended period, to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and has been especially interested in the theological struggle which the Presbyterians have lately been having over substantially the same issues as we Congregationalists settled decades ago.

But to return to Ira Taylor. His family was so considerable, and Uncle Ira's home instinct was so strong, that he paid his next and closing addresses in the home of a family named Reeves, in the ancient church of Springfield, with its tragic Revolutionary associations. This family, too, was well known to our Beach and Taylor group, and its daughter, Harriet, presently became the fourth Mrs. Ira Taylor. There was in that home a tiny, and at the time rather frail little child, Everitt, and Harriet Reeves Taylor —for she like her family was profoundly religious— made her marriage vows and entered on the maternal headship of the home in the devoutest and most conscientious manner, while at the same time it was obvious that the romance was a genuine one. Happy was the child with such a mother, and happy were the years that this father and this latest mother spent together while the father survived, and in the period following it during which his widow was spared to her beloved Everitt and to the household.

Phebe was the name of one of Huldah Crowell Beach's

sisters. She married a Mr. Harrison, a minister of the Semitic school. He thought in his Old Testament. His learning was along the more ancient lines. He was especially a student of the Hebrew prophets. It was said reverently in the circle of our Glen, that Mr. Harrison, through his studies of the prophets, was convinced that we were in his time in the beginnings of some great and vital epoch. He was well read, but this saying, so reverently received, reminds me of a story of Colonel Hammond, an outstanding Chicago layman and business man of my early years. Just prior to the great Chicago fire of 1873, Colonel Hammond had arranged for an extended stay in Europe. With a large part of the city in ashes, the outstanding men of Chicago learned that Colonel Hammond was persisting in his European plans. A committee was appointed. They waited upon him. They laid before him at length the calamitous condition of the city. "But," said the Colonel,"I am going." "Why Colonel Hammond, in this emergency?" "Gentlemen," he replied, "I have lived many years in Chicago. There never was a time when there wasn't an emergency in it, but I am going."

To Phebe Crowell Harrison and her husband was born one daughter, Selina. There came to Orange an accomplished teacher, who made a mark for himself, and won Cousin Selina's affections, but his heart was with the soil. In what was then called New Providence, perhaps 15 miles north west from the Glen, and what is now called Gillette, Robert Cornish bought a large farm and proceeded to cultivate it with marked success, and reared a family of outstanding children who, mainly as teachers, have made and are making a distinguished mark. One of the episodes of a summer, year by year, would be apt to be a visit to Mr. Cornish's. We all called him "Mister" though he was our cousin. I suppose the reason for so doing was the instinctive respect that we farming and mechanical folk had for one who, as normally a school man and a teacher, had made for himself such a mark. If there were guests in our home from Connecticut or wherever, one of the treats given to them was apt to be a trip to "Mister" Cornish's. The wide undulating

area of his farm, its crops, his great peach orchard into which one would go, with the largest, most delicious and perfect, ripe peaches hanging over our heads, were the admiration of us all. But the greatest crop that he and Cousin Selina raised was a crop of boys and girls. When I was speaking earlier of the Tichenor-Lymans and the Clark-Walkleys, and other sources of enrichment for our family life, there might properly have been included the Cornish family.

Aunt Phebe, that is our father's aunt, was a great favorite in the Glen. She was wedded in our early years. And well do I remember the excitement and the rush into which the whole household was put when the elder members of our household, I think, however, not including dear Grandma Huldah, were preparing to go to "Cousin Phebe's wedding."

How natural, therefore, it was that one of Grandma Huldah's daughters should be named Phebe. To this was added Ann, for what reason I do not know. It is a quaint sounding name but there was nothing quaint about Auntie Lyman. By God's blessing she was spared to pass the ninetieth year mark. Tichenor Place, as I have intimated, was a kind of rendezvous for all her nephews and nieces, and in the transition after our children's mother's passing, it was a great privilege to Dorothea and David to spend much of a year in Bennington. Also it has happened to all of our children to have the privilege of being under that sacred and hospitable roof.

Auntie, herself, early became a teacher. She taught in our school district. As I have said, the widowing of her beloved brother Aaron led her to devote a considerable period in the practical headship of that home, in conjunction with her brother. His very suitable second marriage released her, and as I have said, she was returned to us, to our measureless joy, however, though all too short lived since she soon became Mrs. George Lyman. But what a household was the Place! Summers it was crowded with children and children's children. She thereby became, and that for years after her husband had passed on, an almost adored mis-

tress of a home, the hospitality and fine spirit of which were extraordinary. She became, inevitably, the foremost woman in character and influence in the old First Church of Bennington, and down to her latest year she held the affectionate loyalty of the nephews and nieces, grand-nephews and grand-nieces, nephews and nieces by marriage and the like. And I often speak of our Dorothea as the Auntie Lyman of her generation, and I bless God it was given to all our children to know the Tichenor Place and that saintly but most human and effective woman. None who knew her will ever escape her influence, and her influence was wholly for good, a woman of the highest ideals, most charming personality, and useful to an inestimable degree. What she was to her children and grand-children by marriage, as well as to those of her old home group, nobody can estimate. She certainly was one of the saints that are in the earth.

Turning, now, to the men of our father's family, I have already sufficiently, perhaps, referred to Uncle Aaron. After Wolcott he was foot free for a time, then he became for many years minister of Millington, in the town of East Haddam, along our Connecticut River. It was fine to see with what zeal our father, now and then, would leave the family in mother's care and go to see "Brother Aaron." His circumstances were never affluent. The brothers cooperated in various ways. At Wolcott, Aaron built him a house. Uncle Aaron had made such a sharp change from a very active physical life to a student's life, when athletics were in no degree at the fore, that he came to have a somewhat sensitive digestion. He was fond of a particular brand of corn meal, ground, not at Uncle Lewis', but in or near Camptown, which in due time got the more polite name Irvington, on the avenue toward which Everitt and Harriet Taylor made their home. This ground meal was known as "samp," a somewhat coarse meal which, I suppose, preserved all the vitamines. Now father desired to send him a sum of money, in connection with the new house he was building. I can't be sure, but I should judge it was $100 or

$200. How did he send it? He packed a sack, possibly 2 bushels in all, with "samp." He tightly rolled the bank notes to whatever the amount was, and slid it, properly wrapped, into the very middle of this bag of "samp," which went in due course to Wolcott. So primitive in my childhood were business methods, and especially for one not in a large town to avail himself of what banking facilities there were. In his later life my father was carrying an appreciable bank account, and when he passed, my mother learned how to make checks and the like, all of which I recite in the interest of imparting to our group of children, and especially its banking member, some impression of the primitive financial ways of my childhood.

My brother Harlan and I, returning in 1910 via Gibraltar and the Azores from our visits to the Holy Land, were made acquainted with some choice ladies from Hartford, at least one of whom was a teacher. They were from Haddam and knew Uncle Aaron the last year he and his household resided there. As we got to know these choice young people we were inquired of if we were related to the Rev. Aaron Beach. We explaind that we were, and it was one of the joys of a lifetime to have them testify to the love and admiration with which Uncle Aaron and his wife were held by these neighbors of theirs in Haddam.

The almost violence of the change of occupation and home of Uncle Aaron from a blacksmith to a preacher, and a certain stalwart element in his devotion to the religious life had made him somewhat austere, although with a tender heart, and to know that in his later life, after the buffetings as well as the joys of that life, he had become such a lowly minded, sweet Christian as these ladies implied was a wholly unsought testimony to the power of Christ and of Christ's gospel.

Uncle Daniel, the second of the David J. Beach sons, was a born mechanic, a blacksmith, set up as I have said, a small brass foundry, was an inventor of a highly effective apple grinding machine, devised a curious machine for the cutting of steel knives that were set into the surface of a

cylinder, which machine itself was not only ingenious, but brilliant in its performance, and besides he was a profoundly religious man, though the depleted health of his latest years abridged in no little degree his activities. He was, like Uncle Ira, a ruling elder in the First Presbyterian Church, and married the brilliant Mrs. ———— of Orange, who was widow of a wealthy man cut off in early life.

Shortly after my infancy the homeopathic cult struck our neighborhood. Heretofore the remedy had been nothing but calomel and extreme doses were consumed. To this cult fell the sainted Aunt Betsy Beach, Cousin Jane Crowell, wife of John D. already spoken of, and my mother. Presumably likewise there were others in the circle. A similar thing happened amongst my mother's kin in Plantsville, a part of Southington, at about the same time. The homeopathic book, the bottles of tiny pills, duly labeled, in the medicine chest, also tiny, the grave consulting between these women physicians after any developments, and the appearance from "Campton" (Irvington) of Dr. Pearce when the case became urgent, his white locks, his gold bowed spectacles, the gravity of his countenance and the solemnity with which he indicated whether it was "belladonna" or "nux vomica" or "ipecac," etc., are among delicious memories. Suffice it to say that under such a cult we children grew up, and all in all, judging from its fruits, the cult was not a bad one. With my marriage came the allopathic cult, that of my wife, but in the meantime allopathy and homeopathy were drawing together, each learning something worth while from the other.

Not only was Aunt Betsy an unlicensed doctor, but she was a poet and wrote very respectable verse. She likewise was in principle, though hardly in practice, an artist. Her being sister to William Cullen Bryant's friend, Asher B. Durand, one time president of the National Academy, gave her a kind of eminence about which she was very modest, but which appealed to her imagination. Her house-keeping was perfect. One will hardly in a lifetime

taste the superior of the butter she made and rounded out into great "rolls." When it came about that I was poet of my Yale class of 1872, and when, according to custom, the oration of the class orator, Bishop Lines of Newark, and the poem by an inhabitant of the Glen, appeared in a tasteful and handsome pamphlet, and was thus read by Aunt Betsy, her appreciation of and admiration of the poet's performance (though the circumstances of my being poet were almost dramatic, and I had to do reasonably well or almost literally perish) Aunt Betsy's admiration for and encomiums of the performance became one of the great uplifts and inspirations of my life. A touching aspect of the life at Stone House was not only that it was childless, but that the husband in his later years was in frail health, and Aunt Betsy had a brother who was in a harmless way a defective — Jabez Durand, or Jabey, as he was familiarly called. He had an artistic gift. He could do respectably well some wood carving, was kindly spirited, and would do faithfully a multitude of errands, but it was an illustration of the beauty of the Christian spirit, both of Uncle Daniel and of his brilliant wife that they were the soul of kindness to him and there stands his gravestone in the family lot, the last tribute to a faithful man who had hardly received as much as one talent.

About Uncle Daniel I have heard Auntie Lyman tell of some non-religious man of small learning of any sort, but of discrimination, who reverently spoke of the prayers of Uncle Daniel in church or prayer meeting, as something that he measurelessly loved as they "went up." He was a Christian of the first water, one of the saints, too, that are in the earth.

When one comes to Uncle Albert and compares him with other men of the family, one thinks of Jacob and Esau. He was a stolid worthy man who married the excellent Miss Julia Schoener of German extraction, who made a wonderful wife to him and mother to their considerable group of children. He was held in deep affection by all the nephews and nieces. Uncle Albert, however, for a period sowed to some extent to the flesh, and bore some marks of

it, but it was wonderful to note that in the great revivals of 1857-8 he turned to Christ, joined the church and in his way lived a worthy Christian life. They lived up "the hill" almost opposite the point where Prospect St. came into Parker Avenue. Adeline, Charles, George, Kate, Mary and Daniel were their children.

There was no very great difference in age between the oldest one, Charles, and our father, and they were intimate friends, and my father was going to see Charles, or more often Charles was coming to see my father in a way that illustrated in a choice manner the genuine friendship among farming people.

As for my father, I must speak of him at a later point, but let me say that if ever children had a righteous father, he was one of them. In our family lot in the Valley Street Cemetery the wont is to put on each tombstone a bit of Scripture. When the time came for my brother Harlan and me to select the passage for the stone at the head of father's and mother's graves, these were the texts we chose: for father, "I will behold thy face in righteouness"; and for mother, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness." These two inscriptions of Holy Writ cover the heart of the life of both of them, and it was interesting to find, though without any distinct thought of such a thing, that they were in the same verse of Scripture.

I have thus in a small way spoken of the children of David J. Beach and Huldah Crowell Beach. When father built on the hillock back on his farm, and sold the old place, my brother Harlan and I came home for the dismantling. It nearly broke our hearts. The last family prayers in the house we shall never forget. One of us was leaving, I think it was I, earlier than the other, and before this one started for the evening train, we went into a tiny bedroom where we had slept and where our mother had so often audibly prayed for us as she tucked us in bed, and with streaming eyes we thanked God for the privilege of having been born and reared in such a home, and prayed that God would enable us throughout our lives to prove worthy of so high a privilege.

VIII.

OUR MOTHER'S FAMILY.

Stephen Walkley of Southington descended, father to son, from Richard Walkley, who settled, as I understood it, at Durham, Connecticut, a town not far northward from Guilford, on Long Island Sound in the same state. A hill in that town is still known as Walkley Hill. I have had the impression that he began at Haddam, and it may be that he had some association with that place. As regarding him and his early descendants, I am little versed, but there are two living authorities on that subject who are thoroughly competent. One is my cousin Lucretia Amelia Stow, widow of the late William H. Cummings and daughter to Orson W. Stow and my mother's sister, Sarah, his wife. The other is Frances Sarah Walkley, daughter to my mother's brother Jonathan Walkley who died in our Civil War. Since he never came home, and her mother had died prior to her father's entering the service, her Uncle Orson adopted her, but with the proviso that she should retain her father's surname. Thus the two are in effect sisters, and that they are thoroughly acquainted with all matters of this sort is well known. All that I would therefore add regarding Richard and his early descendants is that as I understand they were choice people, doing good work.

I begin then with Jonathan Walkley, father of Stephen Walkley, who in turn was father to our mother. The matter of Jonathan and his wife might easily have become an Enoch Arden case. Jonathan was a sea-going man, but had gradually lost pleasure in such fitful operations as were practicable on our side of the Revolutionary cause. He disappeared and nothing was known of him and he naturally was supposed to be dead. His wife and her little son Stephen, born after her husband last left home, in great poverty and with earnest struggle, were making their way as they could. In the latter part of an afternoon,

more or less dreary, I have inferred, she and her little boy were gathering some wood for their evening meal. Up the street came a forlorn looking man, haggard, more or less unkempt, and such a person as a lonely woman would hardly care to meet. As he approached, he respectfully asked if he might have a night's lodging, which the woman at once and promptly refused. He then asked if he might not come in and have something to eat. This appealed to conscience. It was explained by her, however, that they were very poor and had almost nothing, I suppose an implied suggestion that it might be well for him to apply at some other house. She explained furthermore that they were gathering wood for preparing a little corn meal. He, however, did not take the hint and entered. She was ill at ease from the moment that the man entered the house, but kept as good courage as she could in the scanty preparation needed for supper. Meantime the man engaged the little boy in a conversation. He inquired what was his name. The boy answered it was Stephen. This kind of familiarity the more disturbed Stephen's mother. But still this man said, "I had a brother Stephen once, and when I went away he gave me this pocket ink-stand." This was too much for the woman. "Who are you?" she asked. "I" he replied "am Jonathan Walkley." Her husband had, as she well knew, an extended scar on the top of his head, caused by an old sabre wound. His hair was dense and shaggy but she pushed it away, and there, outside the ear, lay her old friend, the sabre scar. Needless to say, he not only supped with them, but was permitted to remain for the night.

The explanation of this goes deep into our history. Jonathan Walkley was captured in a quasi naval operation in which he was engaged, had been taken to England and he and others had been thrown into English jails. Hostilities were long past, but no effort appeared to have been made to release such prisoners. Meantime Benjamin Franklin, whose relations had been so close with France, was in England, and there was received with much honor and became

during his stay of much influence. In some way, being informed of these imprisonments, he took them up thoroughly, and secured the release of the several men. How Jonathan, a free man again, made his way back to Connecticut I know not, but as an efficient seaman, it was doubtless not difficult to accomplish. What is especially interesting is to note this trait in Franklin. In his wide comprehension, in his high patriotism, in at the same time his tact and diplomatic skill, he not only ascertained this condition of things, but apparently had not the slightest difficulty in accomplishing the end in view.

Jonathan Walkley made his home, as his son was doing, in Southington, and lived to an advanced age. His only son, Stephen, father to my mother, was an outstanding man in his town and state. Reared in extreme poverty, buying his first arithmetic with the proceeds of a bushel of white walnuts, which he had gathered, educating himself, becoming a skilful surveyor, and soon interested in lines of business connected with such a calling, he acquired a farm at South End, cultivated it; never a member of the church, he was put on the Societies Committee; was a member of the committee appointed to consider the building of the meeting house of Colonial design. He became more and more useful to the town, and an upbuilder of its best interests.

The First Church of Southington which in 1924 kept its bicentennial by exercises extending over much of a week, had a long series of pastorates. Among the strong men in this sequence was William Robinson. He was a contemporary of the elder Dwight, President of Yale College in 1796 until his death in 1817. He was of commanding intellect, of great force, marked by intelligent business ability, and a farmer as well as a minister, and one of those upbuilders of New England to which it owes a debt that can never be repaid.

In his early years Grandfather Stephen was disposed to become a member of the church. In those days this was a more formal and complicated proposition than it is now,

and because Parson Robinson was very busy with his spring planting he got the matter deferred. In the meantime, Grandfather Stephen, in I suppose some Yankee salesmanship or the like, travelled out of New England as far as Pennsylvania, and there came in contact with the Friends or Quakers. Their quiet and silent ways, their deep thoughtfulness and the spiritual quality of their religious thinking and the like all appealed to him. As a result he never took up with Parson Robinson or any later pastor the matter of becoming a member of the church. In the summer of 1863, that period of crises in our Civil War, when the tide turned at Gettysburg, he paid a visit of a good many weeks to his daughter Mary, to the great delight of us, her children. Old man though he was, he was interested to keep our garden in perfect condition during his stay. He was tremendously interested, as was his son, in all public matters, and especially in the war. Of his two sons in the 7th Connecticut Volunteers, sharing in the Fort Wagner campaign along our southern coast, his son Jonathan attacked by dysentery with a prolonged illness, and his father straitened in circumstances, got for him a discharge which he secured only after a long delay due to red tape, so that his discharge was read out before the company after Jonathan had died. He was buried in the sand at Tybee Island, and that was the grave of one choice soul.

It was during this visit of grandfather's to us that my brother Harlan and I got our most intimate touch with our mother's father, and how well I remember our being by the pond side beside the railroad bridge, most likely going in swimming, and our watching the train which had stopped at Stone House to get any glimpse of him we might, and his waving his hand to us boys as he went on his way. He kept a careful day-by-day running diary, partly accounts and partly observations, and I have found, looking through his story at about that time, so much paid for knives for David and Harlan, parting gifts, as I remember, to us.

As in the case of David J. Beach, a little one passed away in infancy, but four boys and four girls came into full maturity.

The oldest of these was Nelson, the next was Alden. Both showed my grandfather's interest in biography. The Battle of Nile and Trafalgar, represented by the first name, and the old Puritan tradition at Plymouth by the other. The third son was named for his father, Jonathan, and the fourth for himself, Stephen. Nelson, I have already said, became a physician and settled in Mobile, Alabama, where he had marked success. What I did not set down in the earlier reference was that when the Civil War came on it was not practicable for him to break up and come north; that though his sympathies were with the North, he saw the southern side as we in the North could not; that his one son, Nelson espoused the Confederate cause and entered its army, and that he was shot at Shiloh; by one of thousands of like coincidences that marked that struggle, Nelson's sister Lucy Ann, the second child, who was wife to our Uncle Aaron, had a son already referred to, David F., who in his early maturity assisted us on the farm in the Glen, but for whom an opening came in Laporte, Ind., in the employ of a prominent Southington man, who attained business success in that town; that David enlisted in an Indiana regiment and that he, too, was shot at Shiloh, wounded at first, however, and only passing on after a number of weeks. Sons of the first and second Walkley children laid down their lives, one wearing the gray and the other the blue.

Uncle Nelson came north after the Civil War. He appeared to have expected not too friendly a reception. I remember the enthusiasm of the welcome which he received, and the warmth of it and the power of it must have been for the remainder of his life a happy experience. In due time he settled in Ohio, if I mistake not, as an apothecary, and at a ripe age passed away.

As he had lived long in the south, and as his memories were naturally vivid of his early years in Southington, it

was suggested to him that he write out some of his early recollections. Two of them always have interested me. He said he was present at New Haven, I suppose while he was studying medicine, at the private exhibition of an electrical machine. Distinguished persons were present, including Noah Webster, lexicographer. This master of languages was a skeptic scientifically. He doubted the whole thing. He thought it was run by concealed springs or other apparatus beneath the table. He insisted on a personal investigation. All that came of it was that he discovered nothing and that the machine barked one of his knuckles. The other tale concerned a Sunday school of his youth. He must have been born about 1812. He remarked in the reminiscense that the Raikes' Sunday School—Robert Raikes of Bristol, England, who had established the first Sunday School—that Raikes' Sunday School had crossed the Atlantic, and that one of them was set up in the old Southington church. He proceeded to recount what was done in that school in his youth. The class work consisted of reciting verses of Scripture. Each boy in his class would recite as many verses as he could, and they would be set down to his credit and they would go the round of the class. But he said it was soon discovered that there was one boy, if they began with him, would recite for the whole hour. An arrangement was thereupon made that after the other boys had finished, this boy would have the rest of the time. And he added in a vein of humor, "that boy was Rollin Neale." Now one would remember in the old vignettes of Boston, around the great dome of the State House and sticking up by it, the church spire, which church spire was that of the First Baptist Church of Boston, now gone to Back Bay, and its building for a long time used by the Boston University. Rollin Neale was long pastor of this church. After the death of President Lincoln a volume was printed containing sermons preached by ministers of Boston and its neighborhood on the Sunday following Mr. Lincoln's death. One of these sermons is by Rollin Neale.

Let me add, with regard to Uncle Nelson, that in 1857, mother's mother suffering from a tubercular cold, super-

induced by a serious accident met while riding, went with her husband south to spend the winter with their son Nelson. On the occasion of their sailing from New York for Mobile father and mother went into New York to see them off and took me. On the other hand, mother's sister Sarah, and husband, with her daughter Lettie (Lucretia), came to New York for the same purpose, and one of the dearest memory pictures in my mind is of her rosy face and of her intelligent vivacity in connection with that good-bye New York trip.

The stay in Mobile little bettered grandmother's condition. Coincidently with the Crimean war, Uncle Nelson visited the North with his family and loaded us with gifts. I remember that one of them long treasured by me was a panoramic view of the Crimean camps. It was a winter scene. The camp fires were burning. The soldiers were off duty and attending to such things as would be needed at such a time. This picture was in reality a series of pictures, a general continuous background and a bottom picture, and then pictures in a series all on the margins of the sheets, vacant in the middle, these connected with a bellows-like apparatus so that one would lift up the top, extend the whole and see the panorama, plate by plate in the margin and the background picture at the end. It was an ingenious and graphic device, and how like Uncle Nelson it was to make this sort of a gift.

Dear out-standing Uncle Nelson! How intelligently and effectively he made his way in the world. Of what vast service to human life he became. How true he was to his environment, the other side of Mason and Dixon line, and how loyal to his country. How much this cost him. How fondly he kept the home fires burning. In a large and general way he was a distinctive representative of his family, though nearly every one of his circle of brothers and sisters, each in his way or her way, led a commanding and useful life.

Alden was a watch-maker and engraver near South End, never married, hardly attained the usefulness that marked the others but was a brother beloved.

Cousin Harriet Lathrop, who was a frequent visitor at South End in her childhood, used to repeat in her bright way a little grudge she had against him. He was then at home. He was very busy. Her childish ways, I suppose, became too annoying. He seized her and put her into an empty barrel and put the cover upon it, I suppose for only a moment, which wounded for a length of time the childish self assumed importance. I like to think of both of them in that little home touch of their lives.

Jonathan married. There was born to him a little child who passed away, and then came Frances Sarah Walkley, already referred to, the large service of whose life in teaching and in preaching, for at length she was so useful in the Christian work as to consent to receive ordination, it would be interesting to say much about. Surely she took up the work that her father left undone, and as nobly fulfilled it. The whole impression that we nephews and nieces got of Uncle Jonathan was noble and blameless in every respect.

Stephen, the next of the family, became a book-keeper and accountant, enlisting with Jonathan in the 7th Connecticut and because of his clerical ability was assigned to the office of General Hawley of the Connecticut troops, and returning after the war to civil life, went from more to more, becoming for many years treasurer of a manufacturing concern in Southington. Member of the House of Representatives, historian of his regiment, and pillar in the church, a most lovable and delightful man, with the greatest variety of human interests, and hardly less than worshiped by his children, and beloved by the entire community, wrought out indeed a complete and glorious life. He carried the name of that Stephen who was brother to his grandfather Jonathan, and then his father's name, adding luster to the memory of them both.

Of the oldest daughter, Lucy Ann, wife of Uncle Aaron, I have already spoken. Her death, while her children were still young, was due to a fall into a well. It was never explained. Some counted it suicide. Her father would

never for a moment entertain that idea. He knew her too well. The method in which she fell was proof conclusive to him that it was an accident. I doubt not that he was correct. It was the great disaster which took our Auntie Lyman to Wolcott during that period to which I have referred. Aunt Lucy Ann was a saint of God. She was idolized by brothers and sisters, and her memory was a constant inspiration.

The next daughter, Sarah, became wife of Orson W. Stow, who was a graduate of Yale and the Yale Divinity School, but other calls and his prominent mechanical and business ability marked out for him a different career. He was an inventor, a wise element in the management of the manufacturing concern with which he was connected, public spirited, a principal cause why Southington has an external water supply from Wolcott Mountain, and when he passed on, the great gathering at his funeral, especially of the employees of Peck, Stow & Wilcox Company, were tributes to his memory.

Aunt Sarah and he were fond of each other and their life together was a beautiful romance. "Uncle Orson and Aunt Sarah" constituted a phrase very precious to their nephews and nieces.

The next daughter was my mother. I have already referred to some extent to her, and shall have much more to say later.

The youngest daughter was Jane. Left a widower with three promising children, Deacon Edward Twichell made his way to South End. In due time he won Aunt Jane's affections and they were married, and their marriage and home life were hardly less than an idyl. Delight, Olive, Julia, what did they not accomplish, and have they not! Olive lies beside her husband at Trebizond, on the south shore of the Black Sea, both of them in effect martyrs to the missionary cause and the outrages which Turkey the unspeakable has inflicted upon the world, and shows no slightest sign of ceasing to inflict so long as the nations of the world tolerate her incredible inhumanities.

The house still stands in South End which Stephen Walkley built, setting its lines at midnight by the north star. It is said that Grandmother Olive Newell never laid a baby down without praying for it.

As I have indicated father, mother and I were at Thanksgiving at the old home, just before I was seven and in 1860, the winter I was twelve, she and I made another visit there. The cheer of the old Franklin stove, the hominess and comfort of the place, and the thousand of recollections of it, coming directly and indirectly to us who are descendants from that home, make it hardly less than a shrine.

NOTE:—*For further details about the South End Home see the material by Mary Angeline Walkley Beach in the appendix.*

NOTE TO PAGE 58—

A letter from Nelson Walkley dated March 6th, 1877, gives this story with somewhat different details. The children were four girls and one little boy. He states that when Jonathan Walkley returned, "he found that he was supposed to be dead . . . . and nobody knew him. He had a scar of a sabre across his face, through his left eyebrow, down through the nose and right cheek, which changed his countenance, so that no one recognized him." To identify him, his wife "raised his hair from his forehead and found a mole . . . . which he had always had."

IX.

A PROGRESSIVE FARMER

I am now about to speak of my father. I begin with the greatest hesitation. No justice can be done him. He was the youngest boy. He was next in birth to Auntie Lyman. They were boon companions and comrades all their lives. He was silently but profoundly religious from boyhood. Desiring, when hardly more than a child, to be received into the church, he was held back because he was deemed too young. In his early maturity, taking the step, and inquired of when he had become a Christian, he replied that if ever he was a Christian he was one when he made his first application. I don't mean that he was perfect. He had perhaps a foible or two.

The homestead, in the nature of the case, came to him. He cared for his father and mother while they lived. He drew out in marriage to that same family which had won the heart of his beloved eldest brother Aaron, and it was for both my mother and father, as it was also for my Uncle Aaron and Aunt Lucy Ann, a happy and blessed union.

He was a farmer but almost more than that in the variety of his interests and skill. Before the elaboration of scientific farming which has since occurred, he was always reading the Working Farmer. He had personal acquaintance with its proprietor and editor, "Professor" Mapes, and repeatedly consulted him. The scientific aptitude of his father-in-law appealed to him and he made no little use of it. Grandfather had conducted from the spring on the nearer side of the Meriden road, water to his house. This he did through lead pipe, primitively manufactured by folding over and soldering together long strips of lead. An appreciable ridge lay between the spring and the house and this was ditched to a depth that permitted the water to flow by gravity. There was much difficulty in accom-

plishing this because of the almost quicksands that were in this ridge.

Consulting with grandfather, and with other more or less expert men, father determined that he would have both at the house and the barn a steady flow of pure water, and that he would overcome gravity, not by grandfather's method, but by siphon. Far up the eastward hillside of his farm, therefore, and likewise far from any habitation, he dug a deep well. What are you doing that for? — and what will be its use? — were natural inquiries; also — How are you going to get the water out of the well? Will you tunnel in? But father had found out about siphons and to what grade and height they would work. The well was so deep indeed that he had to dig a ditch for an outlet considerably below its average depth as it ran to the house. Moreover, in his fear of lead poisoning, that man of small financial resources employed block tin pipe as far as to the outlets in his house. Then as the water proceeded to the barn for the horses and cattle, he used lead pipe. If I mistake not, it has been found that lead ordinarily adapts itself to flowing water, so that there was small danger at that point, but father was conscientious and would take no risks. How often I have wondered at his undertaking that extra heavy expense. Once in a great while there might be some temporary trouble about this water system of his but it continued to be used so long as we occupied the old home. And when father built the new house, using tin lined lead pipe that meanwhile had come into use, he brought down that same water to the new house.

Father also became deeply interested in draining marshy land. To the southeast of our old home was a considerable area of such ground, and with whole drain tile pipe brought from Ohio, and of various sizes, he interlaced that whole space with ditches and such pipe, and there was a steady stream running from the outlet of this drainage system during almost the entire year into a small brook that flowed back of our house and of the blacksmith shop beyond it. There was a stretch of land that would be bene-

fited by like drainage higher up on the farm, and in that case there was a similar use of drain tile, though to a much less extent.

Father early began to realize the value of fertilizers and the especially valuable nature of the outflow of such matter from barn yard and stables. Consequently, with a view of conserving all this, he built in the basement of his barn what was always spoken of as the "factory," a factory, that is, for the conserving and treatment of all the fertilizer of barn and barn yard. Each stall for live stock, with flag stone and cement bottom, gravitated toward this factory, and all the refuse from it went into the same. Three distinct entry places for this opened from above into the factory. The factory, in turn, covered an extended space. It was cement, mitred tight at its bottom and sides, and its bottom sloped and converged at a cistern, which would hold perhaps fifteen barrels. Into this cistern descended a pump. Week by week it was a farm duty to spread the manure from the intake all over the entire area so that it was all horizontal, and then by use of the pump, to pump the entire contents of the cistern over the surface, so that the fertilizer, instead of drying up, was kept constantly moist and vital.

It should be added that the barn yard, itself partially paved with cobble stones, was scraped bare from time to time, and its entire contents conveyed to the receptacle of which the factory consisted, so that this fertilizer also received the working treatment above described.

The contents of the factory was carted out from time to time, as might be needed, to the parts of the farm where it would count for most, and each load wet down afresh with the liquid fertilizer. The task was hardly agreeable with fertilizer so rich, but its effect on the farm was something prodigious. Timothy, clover, corn, Indian corn, or garden, wherever it went it brought life, and growth and fruitfulness.

It was an obsession with my father, as it had been with his father, to fight that "vile stuff" as the playful name

of it was, namely the wild daisy, the wild carrot, the wild onion, and the like. Grandfather had devised a simple instrument called a daisy digger, perhaps 2½ feet long and with a straight horizontal handle; out of it a shaft came downward; this shaft, near the end, flattened and bent into a right angle, the top of one end of which was this shaft, and the bottom or other end of which was a two tined fork. This flattened angle worked as a fulcrum. One bent over and thrust the fork by the side of a growing daisy or wild carrot, and then bent the handle over by the fulcrum, loosening them and enabling them to be entirely and easily removed from the soil. Provided with a bushel basket and this simple instrument one would go over all our fields, here and there removing by this simple mechanical appliance root and branch all these objectionable plants. And as for their disposition, they were either burned, or carried to some place whence the seed could not return to the farm. And so particular was father about this matter that he would allow no hay or grain not from his farm to be used for our livestock, lest a seed from it should be introduced through our home produced fertilizer to our fields. Therefore, between the huge crops of hay, clover or grain, which his fertilizer made possible, and their practically entire freedom from these objectionable growths, the mows of hay and grain were wonderful to behold.

Father did almost no breeding of live stock, but such animals as he had were most effectively cared for, and he used the best of dairying methods. Into that old, dis-used pre-Revolutionary well, descended from a strongly built well-house by a windlass forty-quart cans of milk, down almost to the water itself, a perfect cooler being thus provided. It was used for other cooling likewise.

He was greatly interested in poultry. His constructions and arrangements for this purpose were models for any poultry keeper. There could be no stealing of nests under his plan. Eggs were collected daily and a check kept upon them so that he always knew their age, and a certain baker

in Newark was eager to get his entire superior output and would pay him an extra price for it, because the eggs were not only fresh beyond any doubt, but delivered to him clean and fair.

He was interested, too, in small fruits. On what a true line he set out an orchard of dwarf pears. He had an acre of Lawton blackberries. His baskets and crates for these, his method of gathering and marketing them, the pin money which we children and the neighbor's children earned by picking them, these were all parts of the perfect system which he conducted. Happy were the berrying days, for the children and elder people as well. He early appreciated the possibilities of growing popcorn, and for many years he always had a very choice grade of this, which was not only shelled but cleanly winnowed, and put up in two-bushel bags, and a journey or possibly two journeys would be made by wagon to a dealer in Brooklyn who paid him a handsome price for such a choice output. The days of these journeys were memorable to us children, as one or more of us would usually be given the privilege of the eighteen mile journey and back, for the dealer's place was perhaps two miles beyond Brooklyn Ferry. And with what eagerness we would watch and count the bridges over the Passaic and Hackensack rivers, and two ferries across the Hudson and East rivers, which these trips gave us the privilege of enjoying.

Father was not lacking in a sense of humor. He would read the advertisements that were from time to time being received, promising outputs of new kinds of shrubs, plants and the like. Now and then one of them would turn out to be perfectly worthless. The keen relish with which he would on such rare occasions realize that he had been misled or deceived, which illustrated for him Mr. Barnum's proposition that the public liked to be humbugged, was delicious to behold. I recall in particular a highly lauded "bush cranberry" of which a few plants arrived at the farm and which, of course, were practically worthless. Forthwith this had become a standing household joke—

"bush cranberries!" What an amount of innocent fun he saw to it came into his life.

The natural course of some fewer of those improvements,in the opinion of his neighbors, tended to be perhaps first, to laugh or possibly jeer at father, next to discover that he was right, and then to imitate him on their farms. It was hardly an apostolic function in agriculture that my father thus brought into his not very progressive neighborhood, but it was truly a gospel, that is, good news, for far better farming somewhat widely over that area. Not alone, however, in agriculture or in other material directions, but in matters of principle and the larger public weal, did he quietly but strongly count. He hated slavery. He detested the things that were wrong in society. He quietly took his stand in such matters. He was deeply interested in the church. It was moving to see, as occasionally seasons of special religious interest would occur, how he devoted himself to furthering these. At the time of the Civil War I remember how on the first issue of government bonds he and mother argued that if the war succeeded these would be choice securities, whereas if the war failed, the money would be of little worth in any case.

My brother and I, like the boys in the neighborhood, were always playing with small cannon, sometimes made by us from lead pipe. How well I remember the latter part of an afternoon, when returning from Newark, and driving in near the barn, he found us thus engaged. Leaping from the wagon, he shouted, "Fire away, boys, fire away." He was interested in our sports, but not given to such ardent advocacy of the use of gunpowder as on this occasion. As he repeated the expression, I looked up and asked, "What is it, father?" To which his reply was, "Fire away, boys! Fort Donelson has fallen and 15,000 rebels have been captured! Fire away!" It was the first great stroke in Grant's rise from more to more, the first real turn of the tide in the Civil War, and the eagerness with which he spoke, and his joy in our childish play, as bearing on the matter, is beautiful to remember. In particu-

lar, what exultation ran through the Glen when President Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation! It was perhaps second only to the joy that welled up after Appomattox. Through Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation the long patient waiting for an adequate attitude on the part of the government was at last ended, and devoted patriots could, from that time on, labor and pray without reserve for the success of the Union armies.

As the war went on, in the room of the weekly or semi-weekly newspaper, came the daily. How eagerly it was scanned! How devoted he was to Horace Greeley and his New York Tribune! Greeley was an influence with him, he was sometimes moved by the eccentricities of the man, but his sound common sense would inevitably come to his aid and seemed never to fail him in settling any such matters as these right in his own mind.

He was a man ahead of his times. It was a regret to him that the health of our sisters did not permit his pushing to any great extent their education. His heart was set on Harlan's being a business man, for he had shown much business capacity, and equally upon David's being a minister, for he believed in the homely doctrine of not putting all one's eggs in one basket. He stoutly maintained, however, that Harlan must have further schooling than our community could afford; left it to me to pick the school, because he said I knew more about schools than he; my observation in my class of '72 at Yale of Phillips Andover graduates caused me to select that, and when Harlan proceeded to walk off with no little of the honors of the school he said, "Surely that boy must have college!" He was one to forget himself. He was economical and self-denying, but he always set a good table, and always saw to it that we were well provided for, and he cheerfully took up the burden, in which naturally we boys both shared, of seeing to it that we had unsurpassed educational opportunities. And how, too, he would watch our progress! How carried away he would be with any success that we made! How he looked forward to our home-comings, and the shouts

of laughter and serious words that would mark these occasions, on his and mother's part, as well as ours, will never be forgotten.

The imperfect health of our sisters, due seemingly to functional causes, was a great cross to him, but he was everything that loyalty, thoughtfulness and tenderness could be.

Near the beginning of a winter, with the very severe weather which came suddenly on in the night, going out for the first duties of the morning for his live stock, unaware how severe the cold was, and therefore not so warmly clad as he would otherwise have been, he was seized with acute bronchitis, and was gone within the space of some three days. We gathered in the old home. We looked into that strong, silent face, and when it had been laid away, Harlan, still full of the spirit of China, from where he had been lately obliged sorrowfully to return, said that now he could readily understand through what had happened to us that phase of the Chinese religion which deems that those who have passed are still, in a sense, with and of us, the whole home seemed so pervaded still with his presence and spirit, and we set out on a now far lonelier life, to lead it as truly and as worthily of him as we might.

Oh, the quality of character, not only in that daily family worship and other matters that went with it, but also in the spirit to look out and onward and upward which marked father! Are they not the causes, too, of all the best things, not only in him, but in life? Certainly our old home, in each of the two houses which successively sheltered that home, was a home to live by and to die by. How could either of us sons face the world or face eternity had we not at least in some imperfect degree sought to emulate that of which our father and our mother were modestly but daily outstanding illustrations?

X.

THE DAVID J. BEACH HOUSE.

Regarding mother, it is sufficient at this point to say that in every way she was worthy of such a husband, as he was of such a wife. I shall hope to speak of her amply as I go on, but I now turn back to that house in which the children of David J. Beach and J. Wickliff Beach were born.

It is obvious that the David-Juniah Beach house and the David J. Beach-J. Wickliff Beach house were early centers of the life of these four generations, including, as regards the period of their childhood, the children of that fourth generation. On the top course of masonry of the earlier house, at its front northeast corner was a stone marked 1720, the characters archaic but graceful, and in that sense beautiful. I was always going to that stone as I had opportunity to note again the figures and their grace. Comparatively recently, however, in going there, I found to my dismay that in some concreting of that foundation wall which had been done, these letters were sealed in. Why at least the concrete might not have been left off from these figures I never could guess, but it seemed an antiquarian sin not to have done so.

It was the tradition in our home that these figures were not the date of the building of that house, but were the date of the building of a house which had set where the David J. Beach house came to stand, and that house was simply erected on the old ruins. The fact, too, that the well at its east had been used for secreting valuables during the Revolutionary war seemed confirmatory of this view — the house gone, but the well remaining. It was supposed, moreover, that in building the earlier house, stones were taken from that old ruin for the foundations of the new building, and that these stones included the stone bearing the date of the prior building.

David J. Beach and Huldah Crowell were married in March, 1805 and forthwith, we understood that David J. built a part of his new home. This house was in two parts, the taller and fresher looking part to the west and an ell to the east. I understood in my childhood that the western end was first built and then the eastern end; also that the dates of the two constructions were western end 1805, the year that David J. married, and eastern end, 1825. Having a little aptitude for cutting letters and figures in the soft red sand stone, which was of the foundation of both parts of the house, I therefore cut into a stone of the western construction the two dates, 1720-1825, meaning to indicate thereby that there had stood the other and original house of 1720, gone to ruin, and that the later house was built on its site. And besides that, understanding that whatever addition there was to the house was made in 1825, I cut this later date on the eastern end of the house.

Our Joe, arrived with his family from the Caucasus, May 31, 1926. We had a family reunion at his brother John's in Montclair on June 1st. Joe was at Ridgewood on June 2nd but returned to Montclair and on June 3rd, he, Blanche, Cousin Lucy Beach Whittlesey and I made a pilgrimage to the old home. To our entire surprise a two million dollar high school was in process of erection amidst the old farm, and the David J. Beach house was to be wrecked, in connection with newer grading of the land. It was Joe's hope that we might remove this house no great distance and fit it for a suitable dwelling that might be rented and the house thus preserved. Its owners, we found, would be glad to give it to us without cost, provided we would move it off. Joe, however, found that land opposite it counted up to $250 a front foot, and this extraordinary increase in value extended to all the land in the immediate neighborhood. Consequently, to our great disappointment, it became necessary to abandon the project. Both he and I on that date of the first visit, and Joe later made a close examination of the building, and as a result of our examinations and sound reflection came tentatively to the inference

that the first construction by David J. Beach was not the west end but the east. Joe draws attention to the fact that in the west end are very small fireplaces and no indication of provision for such fireplaces to be found as the houses of that time provided. He draws attention to the fact that in the cellar and on the first floor of the east end are ample fireplaces and an indication in the masonry of the ground floor of a great brick oven, removed long since, but which I well remember in my youth. As I reflect upon the matter, I deem his proposition presumably correct. (If, indeed, the west end was the earlier construction, it is possible that there existed a lean-to providing the necessary cooking and baking facilities, which lean-to was torn away when the east end itself was built with the fireplaces and oven, but this is supposition only.) The question in my case then remains, how I got the impression and corroborated it by the stone cuttings, that the reverse was true. If Joe is correct, I can only explain my mistake in this way; as I was deeply interested in antiquities, I took considerable pains to look up and verify many facts. Amongst other conclusions, I suppose I came to think that the second construction was in 1825 and leaped to the conclusion that it was naturally this humbler, though practically more useful portion of the house on which I placed the date of 1825. The difficult thing for me, however, to understand is how those knowing about my cutting the dates did not set me right, if I was wrong. But I can readily enough see that perhaps to those contemporaneous with the cutting, the details had dropped out of mind, and, knowing that I was fairly careful in such matters, not only did I go forward and cut the stone as I did, but even they themselves assumed that I was right.

This much, then for the David J. Beach-J. Wickliff Beach home, a beloved place, as I have said, to the children of these two generations.

How sacred it all seems, the setting up of two homes,

one after the other, the one with a family of eight children matured, and the other of four, and out of each home went so many to do their part in more or less effective lives.

XI.

IN AND AROUND THE HOUSE.

As I indicated in the earliest words about the Glen, Valley Street does not run north and south, but a little to the east of north and west of south. We always spoke of the street running north and south and the David J. Beach house, which set east and west, paralleled on its west end Valley Street. The west end of the house was perhaps 25 feet eastward of the east boundary of the street. The west end of the house was on the same plan as the David-Juniah Beach, or the Gillam House, as we knew it in our youth.

This part of the house consisted of an "entry" running north and south at its east end, and on the left of the entry was a front room first, and the back room second, with a stairway in the entry running into the second story which was really a half story. On that second floor the entry was duplicated as below, as the stairway entered it at its north end. When one went south the first room on the right over the back room below was known as the first room and the second, or southern room, was variously called, like the "boys' room" for example, according to who more permanently occupied it. From the farther or south end of this upper entry ascended stairs to the "garret," that is, the attic, which was unfinished and on the top of which was the shingled roof. As one came up the garret stairs, at its head, set an old chest of drawers, full of all manner of quaint things accumulated with the decades.

The east end of this second entry was not partitioned off, but opened immediately into the other half of the house. That farther half was not so high studded, and one went down perhaps three steps on to its second floor. That second floor was divided about equally into two parts from the north to the south. The farther half was finished.

It was directly over the great living room on the first floor in that part of the house. It was lathed and plastered, and either side of the chimney, at its east end, was a little window, making one think of the lines —

"I remember, I remember the house where I was born,
The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn,"

only there were two little windows. That room was known as the "warm" room. The stove pipes used in those days, or at least being used in that instance, had larger diameter than they usually had, and through the ceiling of the lower room there was a duly safeguarded opening, up through which came a pipe from the great living room into this room, and then turning with an elbow near the ceiling, it went into the chimney. By this means it brought, especially by reason of the large diameter of the pipe, considerable heat. Hence the name of the room. Above the ceiling of this room, however, was an attic, although so low that it was simply a large overhead space.

Now as regards the other of the two spaces that occupy the higher portions of the house. This was known as the "junk room." It was not lathed or plastered. The clapboards were visible north and south, above that the rafters and shingles. This room, however, was very useful for storage and for various purposes. As it was without window, it was naturally dark and somewhat a cavernous space about which a child might be a little shy.

Returning now downstairs to the lower floor, on this east end of the house one passed out of the entry of the western end by one step, if I mistake not, to the ground floor of this story.

It ought to be added that not only was that part of the house narrower than the other but that its southern portion was in part out of doors, that is to say, there was an extended porch the full length of the eastern end of perhaps eight foot depth, up on to which one came, and then through the front door entered the great living room. The roof, however, extended down the full width of the addition. Entering then this front door one came on to

the living room, as he came on it also from the other part of the house by a door out of its entry. Normally this living room was the full length of that part of the house. Not so, however, about the width, about which in a moment. At the east end of this living room was a great fire place with screen, but at the right was a brick oven, from the front floor of which descended diagonally a passage for the discharge of the ashes from the oven into the great fire place. The oven itself, the floor of which was perhaps three and a half feet higher than the floor, was cavernous, and in my childhood was used. First there would be a great fire generally made of old, disused chestnut fence rails, and being well seasoned, this would make a tremendous roaring fire. When the oven became hot enough it was suffered to go out, and the ashes were carefully drawn to the front and let down by the passage I have spoken of, then the oven swept, and in would go the baking of the week, bread, pies, cake, whatever it might be.

Turning now to the left from this oven, let us give a moment to that fireplace. There was used at the farther end of it, that is toward the left, a cast iron and slightly grated structure, commonly called the furnace. It was no furnace proper, but from it hung a great iron griddle. The hooks that sustained this were so arranged that the griddle could be raised or lowered to the desired height. The fuel used in this little furnace, which was really a kind of pit open at the top, with a little grate beneath, was mainly corncobs. Much Indian corn was raised on the farm, and was shelled by a very effective corn sheller;the cobs could be dried and the fires could be made in the little open topped furnace. Now on this great griddle were fried month after month, the cooler part of the year, the fried cakes, mainly of buckwheat. The batter for this preparation woud be started Monday, not to violate Sunday. For the remainder of the week it would be these griddle cake, delicious to the last degree. Then by way of keeping Sunday, it would be no griddle cakes

Sunday and Monday, but something else. And I ought to add that this fireplace was so large and roomy-like that there were doors to it which swung open and shut, and when it was closed one simply saw the high mantel above and these doors. In the summer time these doors were unhinged and the kitchen range was put largely within this fireplace, thus leaving more room and floor to go out into the living room.

To return again to this living room, at the south side of the oven and general chimney construction was a recess going to the extreme east end of that half of the house. This recess, perhaps four or five feet in width, north and south, had in it an east window, and more northerly on the level of the eye a long mantel-piece in front of the chimney construction, into the chimney a "locker" as we called it, used for the storing of a variety of articles. Over under the end of this recess and under the window was a good piece of carpentry, with a surface like a table, and underneath a drawer or drawers to be pulled out, and below them a "closet." This closet was also excellent carpentry work, and china and other such things would be kept there. This recess added much to the charm of the living room, giving it an eastern window in addition to those to the south.

I have referred already to the long mantel-piece. This extended from the recess to the north end of the living room and really was a high and very continuous chimney piece. At its right end stood the family clock. It was an eight day clock, and was piously wound each Monday morning. The clock earlier used was with a wooden case but the other brought in my early childhood from Connecticut, I think from Waterbury, an eight day clock, with an iron frame, and wonderfully treated with mother of pearl so that it was a handsome object, standing there at the right end of the mantel, was an excellent time keeper. I have noted in some of the older homes that the usage was with reference to the eight day clock to wind it on

Sunday, but it was not the way of our house to do that sort of thing on a holy day, but on the morning of the Monday that followed.

Now about the north side of this east end of the old home. More or less than ten feet of its entire extent was utilized for three rooms. The east one, with a window to the north and a window to the east, was the "milk" room, this only another name for pantry. The next, or middle part of this northward construction, was the "closet," as it was called. It was really a wash room. Up into it came the running water. Out of it was an egress toward the north on two great stone steps. It was one of the most convenient of the rooms in the house. The final, or western portion of this north construction, was a bedroom. It was our father's and mother's room. It had one window and the further end was used for the bed, north and south, which practically occupied the entire space. In the northeast corner, of this room, somewhat high, was a shelf, on which was a wonderful old thirty hour wooden wheeled alarm clock. It had a splendid bell. Its face was of that cheerful type which marks so much of the old clock construction. In the lower part of the clock's door was a picture of a modest and admirable woman, but the inside painted work had partly fallen away so that the picture was defective. I own what is left of that clock. It was terrifying to listen to until one grew used to it and didn't know it occurred.

Now not only was this bedroom small and with only one window, but the old corded bed, set somewhat high, admitted the rolling under of it of a trundle bed, and there one of the little ones would sleep. One, however, wonders how much air was got and whether it was really as much as ought to have been had. Let me add that the entrance was an ingenious arrangement. One of several spaces there was a deep V-shaped extension of the living room to the north, and to the left a door went out of it into the bedroom, and to the right into the closet or wash-room.

In Grandma Huldah's latest years, when she was very

infirm, that bedroom became her room and the long living room had cut off from it toward the west by a pine board partition, an additional bedroom which was mother's and father's, mother thus arranging to be near grandma to render her any assistance needed in the night. This pine board partition was papered and simply diminished the ample length of the living room.

One ought to descend to the cellar. At its eastern end beneath the entry of the western part of the house was a quasi entry for that part of the cellar. To the right, toward the north side of the house was the milk room or kind of cellar pantry, and adjoining it to the left or south side of the house was a portion of the cellar for the vegetables, and at its eastern end for coal, when we began using coal. Passing from this west end of the cellar one came into a single room which was the eastern end. At its eastern end was another great fireplace beneath the one in the living room, with a crane here and great kettles to be hung upon it. It was into this room that the water from the hillside well entered, and one had on this lower floor, as well as above, plenty of clear running water. This was the part of the house where the family washing was done, and the great fireplace, answering to the construction above, was one of the reasons which led Joe presumably readily to infer that this part of the house was the construction of 1805 rather than of 1825.

Now within this house, cellar, first floor, second floor, attic and kitchen chamber, went on the processes of life of families of considerable size for two generations, and it was sustained continually by prayer and a devoted life. And it was a joyous life, mirth, and playfulness and pleasant talk and delightful reading entering into it all.

Just east of the east end of the house was the pretty Revolutionary well of which I have spoken, and above it the well house with windlass for cooling purposes, which I have described. One passed beyond this well, which earlier had a great well sweep, to what was known as the shed. This construction was especially wood-shed, and at its far-

ther end arrangement for keeping pigs, which mostly we did not do, and toilet purposes, and the like. Its wooden construction was excellent work, and it became, with a kind of upper half story that it had, a great place for children's play, as well as for cutting wood, kindling and the like.

To the north of this shed and adjacent on its west side to that low-lying pear orchard, tile-drained area of which I have spoken, stood the barn that went with the farm. It, however, disappeared, almost in my infancy, for about this time, across the street to the northwest angle of Valley Street and Parker Avenue, father built his great barn, with big barn floor, mows for hay and grain; the other side of it, and toward its eastern front, the stables arranged as I have described, and in the cellar the factory of which I have also spoken and spaces for wagons, carry-all, etc. He put on this barn a slate roof, perhaps the earliest instance of the use of that kind of roofing in the entire neighborhood. The barn had an extension northward from its front end, partly for stable use and partly for use by poultry. Inasmuch as this barn had an ample cellar, one came on to the barn floor by means of an extended inclined plane. My father, in earlier years, kept but one horse, a large built sorrel horse, known affectionately by us as "Old Betts." She was of an ambitious temper. Bringing, for example, a large load of hay, she would start on the run before reaching this inclined plane and bring the load triumphantly on to the barn floor. As the barn floor opened with great doors north and south and she entered from the north, and the inclination of the soil from the barn placed the great south barn door over an abyss there were movable plank and timber safe-guards at that south end.

Returning to the northeast angle of Valley Street and Parker Avenue, it should be said that the house was perhaps 25 feet to the east of Valley Street but its south front was perhaps two hundred feet from Parker Avenue. There ran a path from the porch on the east part of the house to the street line, then a fence, and a gateway which was opposite the gateway of the Crowell house on the south

side of Parker Avenue. To the right of this path and south of the western end of the house was originally the garden of the farm, and on its western side along the path to which I have referred, were growing berry shrubs, raspberries, currants, and the like. However, in due time this garden was discontinued, and the garden for the house was transferred to the area farther east which had been so carefully drained. The land was rich, and it was an excellent plan to transfer the garden to that area. To the left of the area, as one looks south, was this dwarf pear orchard, and between it and the grassed orchard, which was immediately to the left of the pathway, toward the Crowell house, was the garden proper. Around land, house, "shed," garden, orchards, at the north east corner of Valley Street and Parker Avenue father threw a picket fence on the street sides, characteristic of him. There had been locust trees on this part of our property, and locust is one of the most durable materials for fence posts. These he used in such a way as to get the largest number of posts out of the amount of wood, and he supplemented the extra durability of these posts with such other ones procurable of chestnut as would be measurably durable. He used gas tar for adding to the durability of the locust posts and perhaps also of the others. The rails for the pickets were of durable wood, and the gate hinges were of special design to add to their strength, and with the white painting of the pickets the whole effect of the fencing was attractive.

At the northwest angle was the barn, already described, its extension for stable room and poultry toward the north. Between this extension and the house, and on that side of Valley Street, the corn house where we shelled our corn, and west of the barn, between it and the river, particularly for the breeding of different varieties of poultry, he built a double hen house, lathed and plastered for warmth, and one part of it opening into the yard to the north and another into a yard to the south, paralleling Parker Avenue, designed to provide ample range for the poultry, and also to keep it within bounds, especially as regards breeding. Not only was the poultry to be provided constantly with well

protected grain, but also with oyster shells pounded up so as to be taken by them. They were so eager for these elements of their food, when one was pounding the shells they would come so close as to almost endanger their heads under the hammer. The amount, too, of grass which poultry will consume manifested itself by these yards soon being denuded. The poultry in these enclosures was let out perhaps half an hour before sunset, and their eagerness for the grass out into which they came was both surprising and amusing.

North of the barn and corn house, perhaps one hundred feet set, while it remained, the David J. Beach blacksmith shop, its westward extension, namely the David Beach foundry and machine shop, made into one building, and to the south of both the then upper portion of the power plant, the power being horse supplied, as I have stated, and the old shop well with its great well sweep. The water of that well, and of another west of the Crowell house, the other side of Parker Avenue, constitute two of the finest water supplies I ever knew.

This much for "In and Around the David J. Beach House." The ingenuity, careful planning, excellent arrangements and the practical effectiveness of the whole group of buildings, and not only that of the buildings, but of the fruitfulness of orchards and gardens, were tributes to the mind that planned them and the skill that attained them.

XII.

HOW A YEAR WENT IN THE GLEN.

With the coming of spring and the singing of the frogs in the near by waters, and the springing of the grass, and the nest building of the birds, and all that goes with that blessed season of the year, we come to the planting time. The fields would be prepared, the corn planted and the garden started, and to such a degree as school would permit, these were intensely interesting but also tiring days, turning up the fresh earth, dropping or planting the corn and the like. When seeds had sprung up, there would be hoeing and cultivating and perfecting of the garden, and the delight of watching the rapid and interesting up-springing of all these. Then would come the edge of haying, first with the home mowing and spreading of the hay, raking it, bringing it into the barn, the handling of the grain crop, and the like. We grew clover, timothy hay, and white rye to plow in for fertilizer and in part to preserve for seed.

Then would come going to the salt meadows. The Crowells had their meadows between Newark and Elizabeth. Their holdings would be in the neighborhood of Black Stake. Our meadows were perhaps two miles beyond the center of Newark. We went along the "plank road" to New York, turned to the right when we came to the upland range with some farm house there for putting up our teams and then proceeded along the upland to our meadow. This was perhaps 150 feet in width, but extended several times that width down toward the Creek that paralleled the Passaic River on its west side. Not very far away was the drawbridge of the "plank road." And down that river in the early forenoon would come some excursion steamer, perhaps the Thomas P. Way. The bridge would swing to let it through and down the remainder of the river it would rush to Newark, back out, then it would disappear on its way, perhaps to land, say, at Coney Island. Then there would be sloops, or schooners in the offing, and a great barge would have to swing them off. What those days

were — going to the salt meadows! No mowing machine might go on that soft ground. Scythes would be sharpened, their keen blades protected by curved bent wood bent over those edges. There would be rakes, hay poles, immense lunches prepared, "runlets" filled, after being duly rinsed, with fresh water and swung by straps from the men's shoulders. Then the great wagon, with boards across for seats, would be loaded with four or six men, most of them, and off we started, one team or two teams so loaded. When in the upland these had been taken in hand to carry on to the meadow, slush, slush, slush, through the damp grass we would march, and then the mowers would order their array. Say it was at the left one would start off. A few feet back of him the next one would take his place, and the third and fourth, and perhaps the fifth and sixth, all mowing parallel to the boundary of our part of the meadow, down the small battalion would go. There were no fences around these meadows. The boundaries were marked by stacks. Our meadow was large enough to care for about three great stacks. These stacks were placed on small piles driven into the meadow, and prevented from going below the sod part of it by shoulders that were left on these stacks. These circles were perhaps fifteen feet in diameter. After the mowers would follow the stirrers of the hay. This was a fine black grass in distinction from another type of hay which was "three corner," a sedge like product valuable for bed. We had on our meadow, however, comparatively little of that. As the day went on, this spread hay, duly turned by those using turning forks, would be curing. Perhaps on the next day a farther stretch of the meadow would be mowed, and that being done, that of the day before being sufficiently cured, the process of raking it into windrows would follow. These windrows would be raked together into hay cocks until the area would be covered by many, many of these mound like heaps.

Perhaps it would be on the third day that one or more of these stacks would be made. The hay cocks were got to them by carrying poles; a long, round, almost polished pole,

sharpened gradually at each end, would be thrust under these hay cocks, and then one man at the front and another behind would lift up the whole together, and then carry it to the wooden piles, the foundation of the stack. Then would begin the stacking. Up and up it would go. After about such a distance it would begin to be worked inward and finished off, after a very considerable height, into a perfect topping off cone.

In order to hinder these tops from being blown off, long reeds from the near-by creek, sharpened to a point, would be bound together and put up by a long handled fork in the reach of the stacker, who by this time had a very narrow standing point. He would then carefully and skillfully thrust these down at a slant answering to the cone and each of these reeds, perhaps a foot and a half distant one from the other, would finally be all set and then would go up two or three huge fork fulls of heavy hay to thrust down amidst the top of these reeds, and so the stack would be complete. How was the stacker, who took great pride in his work, to come down? One of the tallest and stockiest of men on the ground would put one of the huge poles on his shoulder, protecting the shoulder from its sharpness by his hands, when the top of the hay pole would be reached almost to the stacker, who would lean over, seize the top of it, let himself down head first for a distance toward the ground, and then swinging his feet to it, leap upon the meadow itself.

The "raking after" would have been duly done and when the area that went with that stack was thus completed, it was a beautiful sight to see how cleanly shorn was the surface of the meadow, and how graceful, and yet how strong was this row of stacks, one after the other, down the length of our meadow. It would take some days to accomplish all this work, and merry parties of workers were they that had the privilege of doing it. There were also jokes here and there. There were breaks in the turf of the meadow which would be called salt holes, and perhaps the man ahead, who could see everything, would lead the man behind, who could only see the hay cock, into it. What laughter at the

practical joke there would be. And I should add that through the turf itself, but especially through these salt holes, one might thrust one of the long hay poles its full length into the ooze that lay beneath the turf. In fact, at high tide the river would come up over the whole surface of the meadow, and the last layers of hay, when it was carried off in the winter, would be frozen because of the water that had thus come up to the lower part of the stack.

These were the glorious salt meadow days, full of honest toil, interrupted by the prodigious noon meal, and terminated by the pleasant ride home through the interesting streets of the city of Newark.

On the other hand in the time of winter, when the whole turf was frozen by the cold, on that meadow with immunity would drive the great hay wagon, and after its being duly loaded it would be brought the long distance home. This part of the task was wholly hay work, in distinction from the curing and raking together of the hay in the summer, and presumably two men would conduct it. Sometimes it was found possible to get home two loads in a day.

In the autumn came the cutting of the corn, bringing it together, so that one hill which had not been cut bound it down into a stack perhaps three feet in diameter at the bottom, and bound together by straw near the top of the crown. These stacks left out for further curing and as the autumn proceeded, would perhaps be cut away, as regards the hill around which it was constructed, brought by wagon into the barn or other sheltered place. Many many stacks thus accumulated and then the corn was husked. What a task and what a joy, too, that was, and how valuable for fodder were the corn husks, in particular, and in a degree the stalks themselves and how eagerly they would be eaten by the cattle.

And then there was the time of gathering of the apples. We had a number of orchards. There were two varieties of apples, in combination, which were supposed to make the finest cider, and in the end the finest cider vinegar. One of them was a fair sized, reddish sweet apple, called Can-

field. Another was the small yellowish apple, very spicy in its flavor, and excellent eating. These were known as the Harrison apple. I should have said that the Canfield apple, which developed to a considerable size, though sweet, was poorish eating. Cider made out of a suitable combination of Canfield and Harrison apples was delicious when sweet, and made a rare quality of vinegar when it had been duly worked. It must not be understood, however, that many other varieties of apples did not also find their way to the cider mill. The larger or finer apples would be stored for winter use, both for cooking and as eaten raw, and the remainder went to the mill.

When the lateness of the season brought the usual coldness to the atmosphere the shucking of the stacks which I have mentioned would come on, a matter of presumably many days. How beautiful were those baskets full of husked corn. What a spectacle they were when gathered into the corn house and when they were thoroughly dried and seasoned, what a wonder it was to measure the corn, and in the case of the small popping corn, to which I have referred, how beautiful would be the output when it had not only been shelled but run through the winnowing machine. This it was that brought the fancy prices from the confectioner in Brooklyn, to whom I have referred earlier.

When winter had come sometimes a hard and brilliant crust would form over the snow clad fields, sufficiently strong to be coasted upon, but in the main our coasting was to some extent on the rise of Valley Street, perhaps three hundred feet north of Parker Avenue, but the main amount of our coasting was on Parker Avenue down the hill, from close by Uncle Albert's to the bridge on our side of the river and even beyond it. How on moonlight nights the boys and girls with sleds of various dimensions would patiently climb the long hill and then take a glorious coast down it if happily they might go as far as or across the bridge. I remember one or more winters in which the largest and strongest of these coasting sleds, belonging in the Crowell

home, would be combined with a stout and particularly large sleigh in the coasting. By many pushing, the sleigh would be brought to the top of the hill, also this great coasting sled, and two or three of the strongest of the young men, seating themselves on the latter, between the thills of the sleigh, would be ready for the run, while the sleigh itself filled with boys and girls, shouting and laughing. As the signal came, these strong young fellows, realizing the responsibility of the load that was behind them, would grasp the thills with all their might, stiffen themselves for the ordeal that was before them, and off we started, sled and sleigh, both of which would attain a terrific speed, and which were pretty sure to go far enough to cross the bridge. Mostly in making that coast, care was taken to see that at the sides was perfect protection for those who were going up the hill. I had a startling experience when in going thus up the hill on one side, which as near as I was able to figure it out was thus. I had that stout but not clumsy sled, made for us by "Uncle" John Crowell, and at the end of its rope was bringing it up the hill, when suddenly I was flat on my forehead, sled out of the way, and what had happened, seemingly, was that some sled got too far from the middle, had under-run me, throwing me face to the ground, and somehow swiped the side of the sled which I was drawing by its rope. It was not a pleasant experience, and illustrated how perfectly the human skull has been adapted to resist the heavy blows that it is liable to.

Besides coasting, there would, especially on moonlight nights, be games, one of which was "I spy the wolf." These all involved alertness, swift movement, and the like, and certainly it was a loyal and I am glad to say almost or quite wholly happy-hearted group of boys and young men, and in the matter of coasting, of boys, young men and women who entered into these happy and joyous doings.

Just east of the two gates opposite each other on the Beach and Crowell side of Parker Avenue, was a flat stretch used for ball playing and the like. This was called the "Flat," and my brother Harlan supposes that that word

was probably "Phlatt," and was Dutch, as were other words apparently of like origin, as for instance "stoop" for a kind of porch or veranda. "He sat on the stoop."

Particularly on this flat would there be, on Thanksgiving afternoons, baseball such as that baseball was. It would be a soft, leather-covered yarn ball, with perhaps at the interior some rubber, and one in running the bases would be put out, not by being touched, but by being "poked" or in other words, being hit with the ball. It was a curious and exhilarating sight after dinner on Thanksgiving afternoon to see my father, "Uncle" Newton Crowell and others engaged in this enlivening diversion of "poking" one another out, and seeing which side could win.

The great days of the year were the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, and days individually chosen for such a matter as going to Coney Island, perhaps taking the Thomas P. Way or another boat called the Magenta. Off from the dock at Newark it went, following the winding of the Passaic to Newark Bay, following down that wide but shallow bay, entering the Kill von Kull, as it was called, into New York bay, then down through the narrows and on the left to that island. And sometimes the excursions were run to Rockaway. As for Coney Island, none of those developments which have ensued since were there. The beach, a more or less shabby hotel, and a long line of bath houses only. Once or twice a summer this sort of excursion was apt to be made, perhaps after haying, or before harvesting had begun. Then there was in the later of our childish years, now and then an excursion from Newark, say to Bridgeport or even New Haven. All these, however, were at little personal expense. The Fourth of July took its usual course, and somebody, perhaps the Roosevelts that lived in Jefferson Village, up above the old "Stone House," and who, I suppose, were distantly connected with the president of that name, would have a somewhat ample display of fireworks, pin wheels, Roman candles, rockets, and the rest.

The celebration of Thanksgiving at the old home owed much to the Thanksgiving spirit that our mother had brought from Connecticut. In those days Thanksgiving was a State matter. Different Thursdays would be proclaimed in different states. One might thus manage to get one Thanksgiving in New Jersey, and another in Connecticut. It was in the Civil War, when after fasting and prayer for the success of our armies there had been some wonderful answers, the President proclaimed, over against the fasting and prayer, a festival of Thanksgiving. And thus it came about that the last Thursday in November became definitely fixed then as the time for the observance of this festival.

Going to church in the morning, those who could get away, the great dinner in the middle of the afternoon, tables in the large living room pieced together, the older ones eating first and the children later, then the games on the flat, and in the evening "blind man's buff," or parlor magic and the rest, — constituted the keeping of that day.

Christmas was not made so much of in our early childhood as it came to be later, but it was a choice day, with the stocking hanging up, the gifts, the excellent dinner and the rest.

XIII.

CHILDHOOD AND MATURING YEARS.

Our school district territory was that of which South Orange was the center. Our school center was about a mile south, to the northeast of the Pierson mill, residence, and Great Pond. The building was of brick and was known as the "Brick School House." In it our Auntie taught, but only for relatively small portions of the time of our childhood. There was a period within the time of our youngest sister, Anna, born June 2, 1858, when in connection with "Uncle" John D. Crowell's shop he built a little school room in which one of his daughters, cousin Carrie Crowell, taught; for a short time that was our school house, but in the main it was to the "Brick School House" that we went. This school house stood on a sizable area just north of a great ravine, broken out by a freshet in a brook that gurgled through its bottom. The brook, the possibility of building slight dams within it, and the school house itself on the dry and suitable area above, caused the location to be exceptionally good in respect to the out of door recess and noon times for the children. In the time of our youngest sister the school house for the district was transferred across the east branch of the Rahway to the sloping area east of First Mountain, and all that neighborhood was getting to be spoken of as Maplewood. It was there that sister Anna went to school. The neighborhood was delightful and has become largely peopled by families of a worthy and desirable quality.

As I have indicated above I was in Bennington and at school much during the general period of the time about 1863 to the early months of 1865. Returning home I attended a private school of a Mr. Adams at Orange, commuting on the railroad, and caring for the library and reading room of which I spoke.

At about that time the question of my future came up. I said to father that I had been with boys who were going to college, but since I wished neither to be a minister, a doctor or a lawyer, it seemed to me that I could not afford to enjoy such a privilege. It was part of the wisdom of our father to speak concisely upon occasions, and he did so at that interview. His whole discussion upon the matter contained hardly more words than this — "You do not want to be a minister?" That was enough. Why did I not want to be a minister? I had been received into the church on the seventh of July 1861, when I was in my thirteenth year, and only a few days before the battle, disastrous for the Union forces, known as the First Battle of Bull Run. Why did I not wish to be a minister? My cousin David, son of Uncle Aaron and Aunt Lucy, had been with us helping on the farm for some time, and he was old enough to realize the limitation of a country pastorate, and though he was an earnest Christian, what he had said had created in my mind a rather unfavorable impression. Also I had a horror of death, and rural funerals had hardly the Christian cheer about them that is ideal in connection with Christian burial. I saw immediately that neither of these reasons, nor any others that I could conjure up, were for a moment worth considering compared with the deciding of a life question of such importance. Before many days I took the matter up again with father, and said that I found that my objections were childish, and that I should really like to study with the ministry in view.

One of Uncle Aaron's sons, John Wickliffe, was Yale, '64, and Yale Divinity School, '69, and in his preparation for college he had been able to earn his way at an excellent secondary school in Bridgeport, carried on by Rev. Guy Bigelow Day, of the Yale class of 1845. Mr. Day had taught much earlier at Lewis Academy, in my mother's old town of Southington, Conn. He had lost the first Mrs. Day very early in their married life, and in the new marriage that came by and by, the bride was Miss Mary, daughter to Dr. Julius Barnes of Southington. Her home

at South End was so far away, she had, to some extent, boarded in the home of Dr. Barnes in the school day period of the week. Mrs. Day was sister to Julius Barnes, who had become a successful merchant in Laporte, Indiana and in whose store was our cousin David F. when he enlisted in the Indiana regiment.

The connection between the Day-Barneses was such that my cousin Wickliffe had been able to attend Mr. Day's preparatory school, known as Golden Hill Institute, to be one of the few boarding pupils, and to earn his way by caring for the school room and doing other necessary services for the Days. So when my cousin Wickliffe heard of my purpose, he opened up the question of my being a successor of his in the same position at Bridgeport, which was effected. From the time, therefore, of 1865 until the summer of 1868, I was a member of that school and of that family in the same chore-boy relation in which my cousin had stood. I well remember my first starting out to attend that school. I supposed that I should have been despised by the boys and girls because of my position as servant in the school and family, but I steadied myself to meet any obliquity which that relation might involve.

To the contrary, I was splendidly treated, both by the family and by my fellow-pupils. The first school year was so close to Appomattox, and in fact the entire period of my stay in this school was so close to Appomattox that the enthusiasm and consecration that marked those earnest minded people in those earliest post war years created an atmosphere most favorable for study and for earnest service.

Our master had been active on the literary side of college life in his time; was, I think, one of the "Yalite" editors; was an ardent Yale man in any case; though a minister, his vocation was that of a school master, and it was a great privilege to be both in his family and at school to meet so many fine young people.

Two of the pupils were named Thomas. They were

from Atlanta, Georgia. The elder of them had been in the Confederate Army. They had kin in Bridgeport, that was why they were at this school. They were choice young men. It was good to get touch with people from south of the Mason and Dixon line. When I began my pastorate (1899-1902) of the First Church of Denver, Charlie Thomas, the younger of those boys, had just been elected governor of Colorado, and he later became U. S. Senator from Colorado. He was not of the First Congregational Church, but he gave me a cordial welcome to the city.

"Oh, Beach, I can remember you, books under your arm, descending to the basement of the old school, to study and stoke."

The interest which our mother had in our declaiming, in our composition writing and in preparing us for the annual exhibition at the close of each winter term, exerted a marked influence in my life. There were six of us in the college class which finished in 1868. Four of the six, besides myself, went on to college, and the other, one of our choicest men, only, was prevented from doing so. That six became pretty active in preparing for these spring exhibitions, and at the last of the year the little plays that would be put on, as well as the declamations, were original productions, with the exception that I am about to note, at one of these exhibitions a play by our master, called "The Alton Tragedy," in which Lovejoy of Illinois lost his life, because of his anti-slavery activities. We were so close to the Civil War and to the emancipation of the slave that each boy and girl that took part in that play got at the very spirit of the time to which it pertained.

Mr. Day's school was on Courtland Street, perhaps five hundred feet to the north of Fairfield Avenue on the west side of Courtland Street. When I last visited the spot the old house which had been used for the school, and its ell for the school room were gone, the area was open and a lawn. What a world of memories it brought back to me.

Those happy school days were followed by happy days at Yale, 1868-1872. I developed some aptitude for getting

pieces, prose and rhyme, into college publications, and as my course drew to the close, I felt that the period between college and seminary, so often used by persons looking forward to the ministry and needing to make their way, in teaching, I should like to spend in newspaper work. And, in fact, for a little time in the vacations before the senior year I did some work on Mr. Greeley's New York Tribune.

I might say incidentally that John Callam Chamberlain of Bridgeport, of my school and college class, stayed out of school, by way of earning money, for the winter term, and taught in the school at Black Rock, a suburb of Bridgeport, just to its west. In the spirit of our own school master he set up a school exhibition at Black Rock at the close of the term, at which I was present and of which I wrote a short account, which appeared in the Bridgeport Evening Standard. I cut out the "stick or two" of matter which thus appeared in print and pasted it on the fly leaf of the diary which I then kept, and that, if I mistake not, was my first appearance in print.

Our class of '72 was iconoclastic. It had a reform temper. It got rough treatment by the sophomore class in our freshman year, and had saved certain sophomores from summary judgment by its own pleas on their behalf, and by its pledging during its college life to let that sort of thing alone. Moreover, the institution known as the "Wooden Spoon," which many years earlier had started in a wholly satisfactory way, but had resulted in a very unfortunate condition in college, was one of the shining marks against which our reforming temper armed. The custom was in the Junior year to select the nine most popular men in the class, known as cocklaureati, and at the end of the Junior year to make as the "Wooden Spoon" man the most popular man in the class for the three years of the class just passed. The consequence was that by our time men almost went to college with the ambition to become "Spoon man." This introduced into the life of the several classes a tendency among socially ambitious men to be all things to all men in a way wholly undesirable. I think it was one

Clarence Deming of our class, a famous baseball player of the period, who had met with a serious accident in connection with ball-playing, and who had lost a year by that fact, coming into our class out of the class above, who, in a series of essays belonging to the early part of his Junior year, openly assailed the whole business and our class voted it down. There was never a "Wooden Spoon" man after that.

The custom of graduating week for each class was that there should be an oration and class poem on the closing day of graduation week. One of the famous sons of Dr. Leonard Bacon, who wrote the "Forefather's Hymn,"

"Oh God beneath Thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,"

Thomas Rutherford Bacon, had marked gift in verse, and it was generally supposed that Tom, who had shown some ability versifying for the college press, would be the poet. Tom was an excellent fellow and had an admirable career. There was an incidental reason, however, which suddenly caused the class to elect me, who had done some versifying, to this position. It was in that iconoclastic temper of the class that the thing happened. The orator chosen for the Class Day was Edwin Stephen Lines, later for many years a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Bishop Lines of Newark, N. J. It showed the democratic temper of the class that both of us men given this honor by the class, in no little degree worked our way in college. The custom was that the oration and poem should appear in an admirable pamphlet shape and be on sale on the day on which they were recited. It was now exactly the case of the devil and the deep sea. It reminds me of the tale of a man boasting of his dog, and describing an encounter between the dog and a beaver, which wound up with the statement, "My dog crowded that beaver so hard that he climbed a tree." On his being reminded that beavers did not climb trees, he added: "I know that they most generally don't, but my dog crowded that beaver so hard that he had to."

It was the custom that both the poem and the oration should be recited not read. There were many pages to both of these and the tax on the memory was not slight. I knew the early part of my poem so I could almost say it asleep, but was some doubtful of the last of it. On reading over, as custom required, my poem to Cyrus Northrop, then head of the English department at Yale, afterward the extraordinarily successful president of the University of Minnesota, he listened with what seemed to me marked attention, and contented himself with remarking, "Beach, that's a good poem. Do you know it?" I said that I knew most of it. It was Saturday night, with Class Day the next Tuesday, and deeply religious man though he was, with a twinkle in his eye, he said, "Beach, that's religious. Study it Sunday." It wasn't my habit to study Sunday, but my impression is that I in that instance obeyed his injunction. I learned in an indirect, but perfectly natural way, that he said that among the many poems that he had to pass on there were only two that he remembered, one of them was by Sill, a minor American poet of earlier time then mine, and Beach's. As I have said, the exultation of Aunt Betsey Beach over the pamphlet was one of the great inspirations of my life.

It chanced that an outstanding man of the class of '71 was on the New York Evening Post, and he gave our Class Day a commendatory write-up, and this much helped me in the next step to be taken in my life, about which more under another head.

XIV.

NEWSPAPER WORK.

Graduation was on Thursday. I dismantled my room and got out of New Haven in time to spend Sunday at home. On Monday, if I remember, I visited the office of the New York Tribune and arranged to go on the paper forthwith, and if I remember rightly, I began on Tuesday. In the write-up of the '71 man just referred to he quoted part of the poem, and gave me a good introduction to the city editor of the Tribune, Mr. Shanks, who had been a distinguished correspondent of the Civil War, as in fact had also Whitelaw Reid, the managing editor of the paper under Mr. Greeley, who having helped organize the Republican Party in 1856, was that fall running for the presidency on the Democratic ticket. On the same day that I began as a reporter of the Tribune John H. Mason, just graduated from Brown University, also began upon the paper. In due time he became a minister of the Baptist denomination, and a professor in a Baptist Theological Seminary, and husband of Caroline Atwater Mason. She later became the author of numerous books, helpful in young people's missionary work.

Mason and I were fond of each other. We roomed together. I suppose he was in correspondence with Miss Atwater in those days but was very secretive about it. He was assigned among other duties, to the marine side of reporting. The New York Herald had a yacht and the inside track on such information, but he ingratiated himself with those people and so was able to carry his department. Though he would get as soon as possible in the morning to a news stand and see if any of the boys had "beaten him." This rooming with John Mason had a certain undoing side to it. That winter of 1872-3 was a period when there was much spinal meningitis. Mason found himself ill, stricken almost by the steps of the office of a Brooklyn physician, for we were rooming in that city at the time, and that physician chancing to be a young man

and supposing Mason to be drunk, at once found out that he had symptoms of this disease, and was manly enough to call in Dr. Armour, a distinguished professor in Long Island Medical College, and a devoted Christian, who at once took hold of the case, summoned Mason's mother from Chelsea, Vermont, and between his profound medical knowledge and her rare Christian nursing, Mason turned a desperate corner and after some weeks was able to resume his duties in the Tribune office.

Mason and I had a very comfortable room in a Brooklyn home, but I abandoned it for a hall bedroom in the same house. At this same time I had been asked to assist the city editor whose duty it was to prepare city copy for the paper, so I would get free about one o'clock in the morning. The Wall Street ferry, which best served us, was discontinued at that hour. It ran south until our street, and I was obliged to take the Fulton Ferry, which went north. I had about a mile walk in the "wee sma hours," from the ferry to our home, and I had eventually a breakdown also, though not meningitis. I passed this period, which was serious enough, at our old home in the Glen. By one of those curious coincidents, without any collusion, Mason and I returned to the office on the same day. Mr. Shanks, our city editor, who I think was fond of us both, remarked that the only thing for us to do now was to go out and marry sisters.

During my illness some one else was assigned to my desk, I went back to reporting the other city departments with my specialty, buildings, docks, etc., but the man who had been assigned to my desk, a fine fellow, was somewhat lacking in his English, and I was presently reassigned to it, and when that reassignment came I knew perfectly well I could make my way in journalism, and oh, how I loved it! Was there a happier man in New York? But that old conscience kept boring. My brother was coming along. I had my professional course ahead. My purpose on the Tribune was to stay two or three years, getting money for us both, but I knew perfectly well that if I kept on I should never be a minister, and here comes in a tale.

John T. Agnew, an eminent Presbyterian layman of New York, was president of the Dock Commission. A change in the city charter modifying that commission was disadvantageous to its then work. I was assigned to look up my departments as to the changes that the new charter would bring them and when I began making inquiries at the Department of Docks, Mr. Agnew spoke to Mr. Reid, and arranged that I might prepare an article of exceptional length, which turned out to be about half a Tribune page. I entered into it with all my soul. I made many inquiries and did the best I could in writing up what was to be had, and Mr. Agnew expressed a desire that the Commission might know what I was writing. He had perhaps spoken to Whitelaw Reid about this. Whether so or not, that commission was made up of honorable men, and I myself would do nothing dishonorable. When the copy was ready, therefore, I read it over, if I remember, to the entire commission, which was a small one, if I mistake not, of five men. They suggested one or two corrections nothing which would in the least vitiate the report, and Mr. Agnew, appreciative of the article, said something to the effect that he wanted to see me later. Forthwith, therefore, the article appeared; forthwith also it was issued as a pamphlet by the Dock Commission; forthwith, also when I next called at the Department I was handed an envelope, which upon being opened, was found to contain five crisp ten dollar bills. Those looked big to me, and they were wholly honorable. There was no bribery about it. But it was the winter of the Credit Mobilier scandals, and their airing in our own paper. As I conceived my duty the only thing was to write a note to President Agnew, saying that I was sure that the generous gift was with the finest intentions, but that I was well paid for the article, and would he kindly let me return the money. When I met him next later than this, — it may have been in the presence of the Commission — Mr. Agnew said "This is the young man with a conscience. If I can ever do anything for you let me know."

By the time summer came I was very much fascinated

with newspaper work, was sure that I could succeed in it and now that the salary was on a fixed basis, I saw that there would be no escape for me back into my purpose to be a minister if I didn't quit the Tribune. (Earlier I had been paid partly by space of the matter which appeared from me in the Tribune, and partly on the time I spent on assignments; it was now a fixed salary.)

But the Evangelical Alliance met in New York that autumn. Mr. Shanks was not a religious man, though in some ways a hero. I took up with him the question of how we should handle that great gathering. He seized upon the matter with avidity. It was arranged that the papers that were to be given should be gotten in advance, and if they were in other languages than English, should be translated. But I wanted to get away to the Yale Divinity School, the fall term of which began prior to these meetings. Mr. Shanks said I had got them into that trouble, and he couldn't let me go until the meetings were ended. Consequently I began my theological course belatedly.

I wish I could express the half of what that newspaper experience did for me. To begin with, John Hay, private secretary to Mr. Lincoln, and afterward our ambassador to England and our Secretary of State, was a writer of leaders on that paper. I had scarcely any personal acquaintance with him, but his ringing laugh and cordial ways amongst us of the city staff were in themselves inspirations. Then in the second place, Mr. Reid, afterwards our ambassador to Great Britain, a distinguished newspaper correspondent of the Civil War, was having, in a sense, his baptism of fire. The subscribers were travelling away from the Tribune, with Mr. Greeley running on the Democratic ticket, and it was up to Mr. Reid, Mr. Hay and the rest of them to save the paper if they could. Mr. Reid would be around the place time and time again as late as one or two o'clock in the morning, and would be taking beef tea to hold himself together, and his cheeks were almost between his teeth from gauntness. One could only think of the captain of a Cunarder on the bridge in a storm.

Not only so, but Noah Brooks, also a secretary to Mr. Lincoln, was our night editor. Not only so, but Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, was candidate for Congress, and there were rumors that the paper would be sold, and that he would become its editor, and it was wholly an anxious time on the paper. How well do I remember the night when the assistant city editor, my superior, who worked with the most absolute concentration of mind so that he had finally to be shaken to hear the message, was told by Noah Brooks, "Shake, Ford, Shake," and when he had been able to get Mr. Ford at length out of this concentration so as to listen, he said "Reid owns the Tribune." It was the turning point of the great newspaper.

Then also came on the paper from the Halifax Times, Ike Bromley, a newspaper star of the first magnitude.

At once the tide was turned, and Mr. Reid, Colonel Hay and others were masters of the situation. The scheme of tearing down the old Tribune building at Park Row and Spruce Street, and the building of what was then a skyscraper was begun, and that summer the front half of the building was demolished and we lived for a time in the back half while the front half of the monster edifice to be was building.

I have neglected to say that Mr. Greeley's defeat was his death. He passed away within a few weeks. He lay for some twenty-four hours in state in the City Hall. His funeral was a great metropolitan event. The morning after his death there appeared at the head of the editorial page, connected with the title of the paper, the words "founded by Horace Greeley."

I wound up my work. It was with emotion that I turned for the last time from that desk. I proceeded to New Haven, and took up tardily, for the reasons indicated, the work of the first term of my theological course. I was asked to be the New Haven representative of the Tribune during my course, which I happily became.

But this was not the end of it. Clarence Deming, later the night editor of the New Haven Palladium, a leading morning paper no longer in existence, came to me near the end of my first seminary year to say that he wanted to go to Europe for three months, and would I take over his desk. That I also did.

Nor was that the end of it . Clarence Bowen, son of Henry C. Bowen, editor of the New York Independent, a college contemporary in that year, doing some special work in the Divinity School which would help him in his relation to his father's paper, came to me with substantially the same words as those of Deming, and asked that I go on the Independent three months that summer. This I did, living at the old home meantime.

Miss Lilian Tappan of Gloucester, Mass., teaching that year in a private school conducted by members of our church, and friends of ours, and who in her church life had become fond of my mother, called toward the end of her year of teaching in the following June, to say good bye to my mother, and it was then that I first met her who became my wife and mother of our children.

Nor was the engagement on the Independent the whole of it. For Henry Clay Trumbull of Hartford, Conn., New England representative of the Sunday School Union, was asked by Mr. John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, to become editor of the Sunday School Times, which he had just bought and which he gave Mr. Trumbull the privilege of buying from him. Mr. Wanamaker had not taken this step because he had wanted to own the paper, but because he wanted it to become a much more useful one. As I understood it, the choice virtually lay in Mr. Wanamaker's mind, between Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Vincent, of Chautauqua fame, active in Sunday School work in the Methodist Episcopal denomination, and later a bishop of that great church. And Mr. Trumbull told me that Dr. Vincent told him he envied him (Mr. Trumbull) his opportunity.

Now Mr. Trumbull was Sunday School editor of the Independent, and time and again would be in the office. He

approached me and inquired if among the young men in the newspaper work whom I knew I could recommend to him a man to be his associate editor. I gave him the references of two, but how well I remember the summer morning when I was the earliest arrival in the editorial rooms, and when he, after a night, if I mistake not, on the sleeper returning from some Sunday School Convention, came in upon me in the editorial rooms, and said, for substance as if he were an old prophet: "You have given me good counsel about whom to seek. Everything that you have said has been right. I could not find the man. More and more I feel that you are the man. Could you come to me?"

I had become so fascinated by newspaper work, and the variety of it which by this time I had was such that it seemed at least as if I might be permitted to be an editor rather than a preacher. I said to Mr. Trumbull for substance, "Please do not talk about salary. I do not want so serious a question to be complicated by money. If I come to you, make my salary what I have now. Talk with Dr. Ward (William Hayes Ward, managing editor) and see if he will give me leave to entertain your proposition." I added that he did not know how he would like me, nor I how I would like the work, and I offered the suggestion that if it were undertaken at all it be only conditionally for three months. As was to have been expected, he acceded to this request. Dr. Ward approved and I withdrew from that work, having an understanding with Mr. Trumbull that I would come to him after a much needed vacation of two weeks. These I spent at the Tichenor place, Bennington, Harlan accompanying me, and while that visit was delightful, my thoughts would not be quiet. Going to Philadelphia for three months would badly break into my senior year at the seminary, and was it right not at least to finish the course? Before the two weeks were up I wrote Mr. Trumbull, saying that after more careful consideration, I thought I ought to complete my theological course, but that I would go to him for such a reasonable time as he might need me, and until he could find some other satisfactory person for the position. Those were wonderful weeks in

Philadelphia. Henry Clay Trumbull, a descendant I believe of Jonathan Trumbull, friend of Washington, the source of the phrase "Brother Jonathan" was a living Christian, a charming character, a man thoroughly to be believed in, and the comradeship of whom was an inspiration.

He was much concerned about the first issue of the paper, and between us we planned out its fresh typographical appearance, and by and by he found a man whom he thought might do, and I returned to the Glen. However, almost at once came a telegram, asking me to return, for the person in mind was not satisfactory, and I had a second short interval there. At length Mr. Trumbull's problem was solved, at least temporarily, and I returned to the Divinity School.

About that time the head of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, South Africa, was in New England, securing recruits for the teaching staff of that school, which was engaged in teaching the English speaking people, and Miss Emma Landfear, daughter of a sister of my cousin Wickliffe Beach's wife, volunteered. The teaching force sought for not being complete, and knowing of the situation, I suggested that a paragraph be put in the Congregationalist, which they asked that I should prepare, and which secured almost at once the two young women needed. When the Landfears returned from New York, where they saw Miss Emma sail, Mr. Landfear said as they gave the baggage checks to a transfer agent on the train, this gentleman told him that there were two young women on their way to the same ship. Looking them up he found they were these same girls. They belonged on Cape Cod. They had read the paragraph, had volunteered without fuss or feathers, and were on their way. The shaft of an arrow could hardly have more clearly touched my heart than such an occurrence. I said to myself here are we theological students who have for two or three years studied foreign missions unmoved and yet here are two girls, ready on a week or two's notice to set out for so distant a field. I made up

my mind then and there that I would before my graduation decide this question, and I felt that with the studies ahead, I should give myself an appreciable amount of time to make the determination.

That matter for the moment I drop and turn to what occurred toward the latter part of the fall term of the Divinity School.

I had a college contemporary, named Newell M. Calhoun, a graduate with distinction of a preparatory school at Suffield, Connecticut, who, working his way, had overdone, and had brain fever, and he entering college class found his head in no shape to proceed. He dropped out of the class, but during the next year he found the same condition. Perhaps it was in the following summer that getting himself not wholly restored, he realized that the Divinity School schedule was more favorable to health than that of the Liberal Arts Course, which arranged its schedule with the view of keeping the students continuously in town. He appeared in New Haven, and told me he was going to make a try in the Divinity School. This he did. He was able to stand the strain. He was graduated in an earlier class than mine in the Divinity School, went into Iowa as, I think, a home missionary pastor, did so well that a suggestion was made that he become Home Missionary Superintendent for Iowa. He frankly replied that his academic work had not, for reasons which I have named, been completed, and that as he settled more permanently in ministerial service, he wished to be farther from the western boundary, so he returned to Connecticut.

At that time the Congregational Church at Westerly, R. I. was vacant, and he was asked if he would supply for them. He did so for three months. Before these three months were up he appeared in the lecture room of the Divinity School where I was remaining after class to get up some notes, and inquired if I had any preaching engagement for the next Sunday. I told him I had and he asked

if it was in the way of candidating or supplying. I replied that it was at Bethel, Connecticut, and that it was simply helping out a minister that Sunday. He then asked if I would triangulate the matter, that is, taking his pulpit at Westerly, and letting him go to Bethel. I, knowing that there was not the slightest reason in point of honor why I should not do this, proceeded to Westerly as arranged. When his first three months there were nearing a conclusion, the church desired to call him, but he was unwilling to take over the church, and shortly went, if I remember, to Euclid Avenue Church, Cleveland. I suppose that Calhoun got the triangulation referred to with the thought in mind that they might want him and he would not want to accept, and that his old friend Beach might be the man for the place. Be that as it may, I was presently asked to be with that church, if I remember, the last two Sundays of 1875, and as I was completing that service I was inquired if I would consider a call to the Westerly church. I replied that I would be very glad to consider such a call, but that the foreign missionary question was unsettled, and if they wished to call me they might do so, but to please keep it out of the newspapers, as I would have to settle the question of the foreign field or the call to their church, and if the decision should be for foreign missions, it would not be helpful to the church to have it known that a theological student had declined their call. I supposed they acceded to my request and I was speedily called, and then began a month of deep heartsearching. I wanted to be a foreign missionary. Some way I could not see my way in the least clear to be so. In my solicitude I consulted Professor Samuel Harris, our theological man at the Divinity School, and later professor at Bangor Theological Seminary. Then he was one of the Presidents of Bowdoin College. When, however, after perhaps some four years of that service, Yale wanted him for its chair of Theology, though he was beginning to make a marked success of the Bowdoin presidency, he felt, as he once told me, that that was his call to duty, and he came to Yale, and continued until increasing

years caused him to cease teaching. Professor Harris was an East Machias man, greatly interested in Washington Academy there, and had had an extraordinary career at Bangor. He was, during the period of the Civil War, the prophet spirit of Eastern Maine. He told me that when he was called to Yale Divinity School, he knew he should never be as influential in Connecticut as he had been in Maine, but his sense of duty to resume teaching theology and in a new field brought about the decision in the matter. My friend Calhoun, now for many years a member of the Yale Corporation, had to do with the gathering of funds from Yale Divinity graduates for a tablet to Professor Harris, a memorial to be placed in Divinity Chapel. The correspondence which this involved showed that, notwithstanding the staff of the Yale Divinity School during his period was exceptionally brilliant, the sense of the graduate body seemed to be that Doctor Harris was, after all, the outstanding teacher of the period.

Professor Harris was very sympathetic, and his counsel was excellent. He said that in view of all that was involved in becoming a foreign missionary one ought to have pretty clear light, and he said with this desire to go and no light, I ought to hold Westerly off as long as I reasonably could, unless the light came, then if I was so disposed I could accept the call. I waited about a month; the light did not come and I accepted the Westerly call.

The pastor, Mr. Wilcox, who had lately discontinued because of imperfect health, was much better and continued for a time in the place, so it was arranged that he would carry on the work until my graduation. This he undertook to do, but about the first of April felt that he ought not to carry the strain of the work longer, so I took over the pulpit, but with the privilege of sending others mainly until the close of the seminary year. This was in late May and I began at Westerly in June, and was ordained on the fifteenth of that month. That, however, is another story.

But I was not yet through with the newspaper matter. S. Wells Williams, a distinguished missionary to China,

who became also a diplomat and a great authority on China through his volume "The Middle Kingdom," had presented to our Foreign Board a printing press which was set up at Peking. When I had been in Westerly but a short time, and he who was conducting it, if I remember correctly, died, I was directly overtured by the American Board to go over to China and take over that press. I supposed then, and do to date, that the Board knew of my newspaper experience, and also of my theological training, and felt if only I would take the work I might be a suitable person to do so. What a situation this created. I might be not only a minister, but a foreign missionary as well, and while I was both, I might, in a sense, be about my beloved newspaper work! Providence, however, settled that. I had become engaged to the Miss Tappan to whom I have referred, and conditions in her family would not permit her going with me to China. I, therefore, not without much reluctance, declined the proposition.

But neither was that the end of it. When, after about three years at Westerly it became clear that it was right for me to accept an invitation to Wakefield, Massachusetts, and I had already begun that work, our friend, Mr. Trumbull, who by that time had made a great success of the Sunday School Times, and was also publishing a very widely circulated Sunday School Times Quarterly and Lesson Helps, lost the man who had been his helper, Professor Charles F. Richardson, of Dartmouth College, who had been on the Independent, who then had gone to Mr. Trumbull, and for whom now an opening had come which made him wish to discontinue from that service. I think at the time he left Philadelphia he went into another line of service, but in due time he became a distinguished Professor of English at Dartmouth.

In the summer, after I had gone to Wakefield in December, when our children's mother and I returned from a vacation in the Catskills, I learned that the right hand man of Mr. Trumbull on the business side with the Sunday School Times, John D. Wattles, who meantime had also

become his son-in-law, had been to Wakefield to see me, and that I would hear from him further. The substance of it all was Trumbull wanted me. He was willing to offer me a much larger salary then Wakefield then gave. There was the editorship of this quarterly, as well as of the Times itself involved, and he was willing that I should buy into the paper and thus acquire a business interest in the enterprise, and furthermore, with his indomitable will, he was bound that I should come. Those were hard weeks. I sought the best counsel that I could get. Why should I not now, after a pastoral experience, embark in religious journalism, and why should I not have likewise the business advantage which such a connection would involve? One of the dearest laymen in the Wakefield Church, who with his wife had shown our children's mother and me great kindnesses by taking us temporarily into their home, for the church had no parsonage, said to me,"Mr. Beach, do you think that the Lord wanted you in Wakefield the first day of December and in Philadelphia that next September?" That ended the matter of the Sunday School Times.

I ought, however, to add that in the previous year the Congregational Publishing Society, not wholly satisfied with its lesson helps, had offered two prizes, one for a Senior Question Book, the other for a Question Book for the Primary study. My interest by this time in Sunday School work was such, and my marriage, which had been delayed because of the debt on my education which had to be paid for, had to such an extent increased my expenses, that the possibility, both of doing some writing in the interest of Sunday School education, and the return that it might bring, led our children's mother and me to believe that it was right that I should compete for the Senior Question Book. I ought to say that quarterlies for the Sunday School were coming in, though they had as yet made no great headway, and that the combined Question Book was the principal lesson help.

The typewriter had not begun much to be used, our children's mother wrote a clear and beautiful hand, and I prepared, as the contest required, the lesson helps for the

first quarter of the year 1879. There went into the competition twenty-six manuscripts. Mine received the award. There had been delays about making the award, and it was now coming mid-summer. Our children's mother and I decided to spend most of our four weeks vacation at Andover, where my brother Harlan had, after his graduation from Yale College in 1878, been called back to Andover as a teacher. In the old Latin Commons he had a very comfortable room. We went to Andover, made satisfactory arrangements about a room and meals, and used his room in the Latin Commons to do our work. The preparation of copy was not completed for the 1879 Question Book when the four weeks were up, and it would have been natural for us to make some arrangements by which we could continue in so comfortable a place until the entire copy was ready.

But in the meantime desiring to preach, an agent of the Sunday School Society who was greatly interested in my Question Book and who was more or less approached by the churches about temporary supplies, had sent me to Wakefield. I went there the first Sunday of our Andover stay. I was greatly charmed by the church which was the oldest in Massachusetts, and by the people, and they seemed responsive to me. However, I had turned an important corner in my Westerly work, and the people there were fond of us and we of them, and I felt a strong urge not to discontinue over them, therefore I requested of the agent of the Sunday School Society not to send me to Wakefield again. On the other hand, he appealed to me saying I was in no wise committed by going out these Sundays to preach and that it would be a personal accommodation to him if I would continue. I did so for the four Sundays. Each Sunday I went my fondness for the people increased, and apparently theirs for me. Nothing, however, was said on either side, though many courtesies were shown me. Our children's mother and I felt that under these circumstances it would not do to continue to work on the lesson manuscript at Andover, making arrangements for the pulpit at Westerly, lest it should look as if

I was in flirtation with the church in order to secure a call. We therefore returned to Westerly, but the pressure of the manuscript was so great that we got leave to be absent and went instead to Wollaston, which is on the Boston side of Quincy, Mass., and there took the extra time needed. Having returned to Westerly, and not having as yet set up house-keeping there, boarding at an admirable hotel, the terms of which were not prohibitive, one noon there walked into the spacious dining room Samuel K. Hamilton of the Wakefield Church, an outstanding man in the community and in the Boston area. He recognized us, greeted us, stated that he was in Westerly on business, and added that if he got the business done prior to the four o'clock train to Providence and Boston, he might look in on us. Not much later he did look in. He observed that that business was done, and that if I would be willing to accept a call to Wakefield it would be coming to me. Afterward I got at the heart of the story. Mr Hamilton had gone to a lawyer by the name of Crafts, brother to the minister and advocate of the Sabbath cause, but this lawyer not of our church. He told him they had heard Mr. Beach preach and wanted to know all about him, and got from him a list of the outstanding people of the community, whom he had painstakingly interviewed. He told Mr. Crafts that it wasn't about the preaching that he was making inquiry, but to know the kind of a man, in an all around sense, that Mr. Beach was. Dear Squire Hamilton! He was a Maine man, was not of the prevailing political persuasion common to men of Massachusetts, did marvelously fine legal work, and would I suppose have been, if he had cared to be, on the Superior Bench, if not on the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts, if he had been of a different political persuasion. What Squire Hamilton did not do for the Wakefield church in his time, along the lines in which he was most efficient, was hardly worth doing. The church built in 1759 was inadequate, and a new church required to be built. He was chairman of the building committee, steering the church through the taxing period of its erection. That church

burned and had to be rebuilt, and in all that none was more serviceable than he. These later events were after my time there.

I have often thought that if those seeking ministers would take the pains that Squire Hamilton took, and know all about their man before they called him it would be most helpful to the fortunes of all interested, both the ministers and churches in this matter of pastors.

Now this is intimately related to the matter of newspaper work, for at once the Question Book was completed, the Publishing Society was so well pleased with it that, desiring itself to start a quarterly, they asked me to prepare for the coming year the four parts of that quarterly. Mrs. Barrows (her husband a minister who lived at Reading, Massachusetts, just north of Wakefield) had been preparing a Primary Question Book, which she called "The Little Pilgrim Question Book." She entered the competition and received the award, and thereafter continued with her work. I said to the suitable persons in the Society, "Why not call our helps by Mrs. Barrows' name — the Pilgrim Series?" These helps, as I have said, were a suitable sized volume as commentary on the lessons of the year, something like that issued by Doctor Peloubet, prepared by Dr. Todd of the Church of the Redeemer in New Haven, for the Old Testament, and Professor Riddle of Hartford Seminary, for the New Testament. This volume was known as Todd-Riddle Commentary, on the Lessons of the Year. We therefore prepared advertisements, and any circulars which were necessary, announcing the Pilgrim Series of Lesson Helps, and I for the editing of the quarterly for 1879, had permission to use anything that appeared in any of the Society's Helps. Therefore, quarter after quarter I edited and got out the Pilgrim Quarterly, and it was under these circumstances that little by little the name Pilgrim Series, Pilgrim Press, etc., came into the conspicuous size that it has at length attained. The Question Book and Quarterly were both successful. Dr. John T. Duryea, pastor of the Central Church, Boston, and if I recall, a member of the Board of the Publishing Society, used to tell how

business men, working in the Sunday School, would put that little Question Book into their pocket for ready reference.

Of course I was desired to continue and the field and prospects were most delightful, but meantime I had come to a community of Massachusetts, into the suburbs of Boston, and into the services of this ancient and honorable church. I did not see how it was possible for me to carry on this Lesson Help work and properly to attend to the duties of that church and parish. I therefore, not gladly, however, discontinued. There was an outstanding man in Sunday School work in our denomination, whom I took a long journey to confer with, and whom I induced to take over the ensuing year the preparation of the Senior Question Books and this Quarterly.

What a long tale about Newspaper Work, in one form or another, and what an opportunity there with the Sunday School Times, and our Publishing Society which soon assumed the name of the Congregational Sunday School & Publishing Society! But I could not shake off the feeling that it was my duty and privilege, nevertheless, to be a preacher and to devote my life distinctly to the preaching and pastoral service.

Consequently I was in Westerly from 1876 to 1879; in Wakefield from 1879 to 1884; in Cambridge from 1884 to 1896. Then as conditions of health in our family made it necessary, Plymouth Church, Minnesota, in which I had been repeatedly a vacation preacher, called me, and I was there from 1896 to 1898. Then, again, when health needs of the family required Colorado rather than Minnesota, the First Congregational Church of Denver opened, and I was there from 1899 to 1902. When at last in the summer of 1902, the beloved mother lost her brave fight for life I got release from the Denver Church, unwilling to bring my children up a mile above sea-level, and especially at this time of bereavement so far from multitudinous kin along the eastern seaboard.

I was thus, then, for the first time since the middle of

my senior year in theology, foot free, and I desire to add that in God's good Providence each and all of these several openings had come of itself and through no engineering of mine.

In the terrific strain of the first decade of our life-and-death, but successful struggle with the saloons in Cambridge, under the pressure of these annual campaigns and of carrying a large and important church I had an inexpressible longing that in room of this general type of work I might for example teach homiletics and pastoral theology in some theological school.

Returning, therefore, to New England from Denver in the summer of 1902, and for the first time since 1876 foot free, as I have said, though kept constantly busy, just as a church I might like to take seemed in the offing, I was confidentially approached to know would I consider that very chair in the Bangor Theological Seminary. How wonderful it seemed! I did not know there was a vacancy. I in no wise sought the position, but it seemed as if my great longing of the Cambridge days was being by this made possible. The office of president of that Seminary had fallen into desuetude, but it was desired in connection with the proposed call to the chair I have mentioned to revive that office and that I should be president as well as professor in the department indicated. All this seemed providential, and I indicated that I might be interested to take the position and the proposal was tentative, to be held by me confidential, and when this church to which I have referred came more distinctly into the offing, and also, if I remember, another tentative possibility, I was obliged to say there were reasons of which I might not speak why I could not entertain either of these possibilities.

Of the several pastorates I have mentioned, of this great change in the type of my work, though still in continuous devotion to the Christian ministry, and the eighteen Bangor years, of my ministry at large and of the gracious hand of God in the five years since I withdrew from that service, there remains somewhat to be told.

I desire, however, at this point only to add that the considerable variety of touch with journalism in one form or another, secular and religious, which I have above recorded, has been among the most invaluable experiences of my life. They have served practically in so many and unexpected ways! For instance, on the occasion of the great Bangor fire, April 30, 1911, which broke out on a Sunday afternoon, swept about 55 acres of the center of the city, and was not got under control until early in the evening, and in which, through the cutting off of the electric connection the office of the morning Bangor paper was unable to use its linotype machines, in the interest of that paper I walked around the entire area of the burned district, returned to that office which was always very kind to the Seminary and to me, and wrote out as a practical reporter so much information about the fire as their case type would enable them to set, and which I know was duly appreciated by those good friends of our Seminary.

Moreover, often and often I have been called on the telephone to know if I had been at such and such a meeting, which, as would be explained to me, they had been unable to cover, and I would be asked to "give them a story." And in the dark hallway I have given them over the telephone such an account, longer or shorter, half a column or a whole column, in straight dictation, in a way that I know has constituted for an invaluable and often hard-pressed profession, genuine help by the way.

XV.

WESTERLY

I began, as I said, on the first of June. I was ordained on the 15th. There was at the ordination an assembly of the clan. Uncle Aaron was there and offered the ordination prayer. Uncle Stephen and Aunt Ellen Walkley, Cousin Delight and her husband, Alfred Hall, my father, mother and sister Anna, were especially included. The sermon was preached by Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, once of the Congregational Church of Providence, and later of one of the outstanding Brooklyn churches. Unless I mistake, he had been a Baptist and had come into our denomination. He was a preacher of extraordinary power. "Praying always — and for me, that utterance may be given unto me," was, if I remember right, his text.

In our theological schools it is usual for students to preach during the summer but my newspaper work prevented that. I had very little preaching while in the seminary. My being engaged for Bethel when my friend Calhoun diverted me to Westerly on my first appearance there was rather an unusual Sunday opportunity. It is true indeed that our young and able minister, Mr. Worcester, asked me to take his pulpit for his vacation Sundays before my senior year. An account of these Sundays in a letter by my mother, presumably to some one in Connecticut, was a diverting piece of literature. She was frightened, then somewhat reassured by the way the matter started off, and finally came into a somewhat peaceful state of mind, if I remember, before the benediction. Dear mother, and dear preacher son!

From my little preaching I was at a disadvantage as I began. I found it necessary to write, and fortunately I had some facility for that. After our Yale Lectures on preaching, and especially after Dr. John Hall's course, which was very practical in its nature, I felt surely the

thing was to use manuscript in the morning and go the other way at night. I must have made a very poor mess of a great deal of that. However, I have reason to suppose it improved, and certainly when I was called to a Providence church in, if I remember, the second year of my pastorate, the church would have none of it. Westerly was a wonderful community in which to begin. It was on the Pawcatuck river. This river as it nears the sea, and for a considerable distance, divides Connecticut and Rhode Island, until some distance up the river an arbitrary line north and south does it.

Their principal industries were granite, the wonderful Westerly granite, both gray and flesh colored, and textiles. These were both cotton and woolen. The granite people especially were Scotch and Scotch Irish, the textile, English and we had besides, the general population of the area. The Pawcatuck was tide water up to the dam, and a little steamer went up and down to its mouth at Watch Hill. At Watch Hill were great hotels, the proprietor of one of which was Harvey Campbell of our church.

Among our outstanding families I mention the Dickinsons, Nathan F. Dickinson. His father had been United States Senator from Rhode Island. He himself had served several terms in the national House of Representatives. His son, Nathan D., was of the class of '70 of Brown University, and had married Grace McClure, sister of the McClure of the Yale class of '70, who became minister of Lake Forest, the home of the Wards, into which family my brother Harlan married, and later president of McCormick Theological Seminary. Nathan D., himself, one of my most helpful friends, became later United States Senator from Rhode Island, but did not attain the age of his father. As I understood, his father had failed of the United States Senatorship from Rhode Island, by reason of some complications that arose in the party to which he belonged, in his own state. A man of much means had married the sister of Nathan F. Dickinson, and it was in this house, thirty-three years prior to my going to Westerly, that the Congregational Church was organized. It

had become needful to engineer a larger building, prior to the financial reverses of 1873, and this gentleman had been a member of the building committee. He had exceeded the appropriation, not in any dishonest way, but with full purpose of supplying the deficiency, when the financial difficulties of 1873 rendered this impossible. Nobody blamed him in any way, except for lack of wisdom in the lavishness which circumstances prevented him replacing. In the nature of the case this was not a pleasant sort of debt for the church to have. Various efforts had been made to pay it off, and some had paid and some had not, and just about the time of my coming it had been cut down, by some special effort to the neighborhood of some $4000. The defect of the situation was that the church had been with the best of intentions, patronized in respect to money resources. But now the circumstances had changed.

Perceiving that the church must be released from this load, and having good friends in Providence, I secured considerably more than a thousand dollars as conditional pledges in case by the first of October of the second year of my pastorate the entire debt would be wiped out. I was later able to increase the sum above its original figures to about fifteen hundred dollars. It was wonderful then to canvass among the people, which I did personally, and to begin on Quarry Hill, and to go to the people in the textile mills, and take five, or ten or twenty-five dollar subscriptions, and perhaps more, and then turn around and bring this list to others who little supposed these plain people could do so much. This operated to stir up those better-to-do, and soon the whole sum was pledged, and in order to avoid any possibility of forfeiting the outside aid by failing to comply with the full conditions, we began gathering the money prior to the date and when the date had arrived, the mortgage was burned.

It was in a situation like this, complicated by a matter of which I am about to speak, a condition which the clearing of the debt and the call which I received from Providence but declined, rendered the more promising and hopeful, I told the agent of the Congregational Publishing

Society that I did not want to leave Westerly as yet, and asked not to be sent to Wakefield for a second Sunday.

The personal matter to which I referred was connected with the fact that Westerly has a strong Seventh Day Baptist Church. This branch of the Seventh Day people is not of the Adventist type at all, but conscientious, faithful and hopeful Baptists. Their people keep Saturday for the Sabbath, working on the Sunday. The fine machine shop making the then Babcock Printing Press, would blow its whistle pretty close to the benediction on the Sunday forenoon at our church. Moreover, in the arrangement about my personal home life, prior to the marriage which I made, the husband in that excellent family which took me in had himself been a Seventh Day Baptist and also sheriff of Washington County in which Westerly was a part, and his sister lived next door and was a Seventh Day Baptist. The shortest way to get to our church from the home to which I have referred was through the back yard of the fine homestead of this sheriff. I would touch the clothes on the line to get through as a preliminary to the morning service, and would be in expectation of the blowing of the whistle of the Babcock Machine Shop soon after the benediction. However, it did me a world of good. It taught me not to depend so much upon the uniformity of Sabbath observance as upon the matter itself.

Now one of our church girls was sought in marriage by a young man gifted in literary lines and a poet of appreciable power, who had been bred a Seventh Day Baptist. But he felt a conscientious scruple about keeping the Seventh Day, and he had no use for Seventh Day propaganda, and desired to be a member of our church. I appreciated the situation keenly, and wrote to Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven, lecturer on Polity in our Divinity School there, and to Dr. Constantine Blodgett of the Pawtucket Congregational Church, who was the Lyman Beecher of Rhode Island. Both of these gentlemen encouraged me to favor the suggested reception of this young man to the church, but I little knew of an element in the situation of which I should have been informed. In point of fact, the

man referred to, in whose house the church was organized, and who had such close relations to the Senator's family which I have mentioned, had almost an obsession about the Seventh Day Baptist people and the Jews. Had I known this, and realized that he not only was an old man but under the strain of financial losses, I might have deemed it wise to discourage the acceptance of the young Seventh Day man to which I have referred. But I knew nothing of it. This man was received to the church. He was a worthy member. But there was another man also in that parish who came to hold various important offices in the church, but who appears to have been a man that started practically to ruin the church. An earlier resigned pastor whose wife was the author of a book entitled "Shady Side," and having to do with that side of the minister's life — this man, I so had reason to suppose, had his pastorate nearly ruined by the person to whom I have just referred.

When the standing committee had approved, and he was a member of it, of the reception of the young Seventh Day man into the church, and the meeting came, this very man got up and opposed it. It went through, but my pastorate was much darkened, as I could not help believing about this man, that he was to such an extent at least, two-faced.

Now that call that I had to Providence came at about the time that my situation was most difficult. No knowledge of it came as yet amongst the people. I fully intended to accept it. I privately consulted with three among the choicest and wisest men in the church, including the Watch Hill hotel man to whom I have referred. I preached a sermon on the text "One sinner destroyeth much good." And it was a sermon which stated the scandalous and far from agreeable occurences within the parish, including an impossible anonymous letter, with all the earmarks that looked in the direction of that man. And when the congregation appeared ready for a fight against such things, I proceeded to read my resignation in order to accept the Providence call. The disposition toward a fight dissolved itself into a tearful congregation.

It was just before Thanksgiving, and I went at last to Gloucester to spend two or three days there. When I came back I found a memorable situation both in the church and the community. This very man wrote me a letter complaining that the anonymous letter was charged to him, and I replied to the letter that it was an unfortunate element in a disagreeable situation that the innocent time and time again must suffer with the guilty when he once launches out on an unknown course. This man, at the next annual church meeting, did not receive so many offices as he had held, and oh! the tragedy connected with the whole matter.

For this man had an only son, with traits analogous to what seemed to be the trouble in the Westerly church. He grew up. His father who had been a druggist, died under suspicious circumstances, and though the son attempted to prove an alibi, in the night arriving from a distant point, he killed his mother. The family had been in Michigan, and had returned to it. That state does not include capital punishment. This young man, whose alibi broke down, was imprisoned in the state penitentiary for life, but so ingratiated himself with his keepers, that having a knowledge of drugs, he was the means of the death, as I understand, of one or more of those keepers. I am stating these facts as I understand them, and it is a sad commentary on underhand methods, however innocent and worthy the father of this young man may have been.

Now when the debt of the church had been paid, and when we had rounded this crisis in the church's life, and when the rank and file of the people had been brought to take an active part in the church's support, and I had been able at length to introduce a weekly offering system, largely started by George Harris, minister of the Central Congregational Church of Providence, afterward Professor of Theology at Andover, and president of Amherst College, after I say I had got this system well under way at the church, a system which was refused by the church at first, it can be readily seen why, with this measure of success, and with the bright prospects of the future, I had been unwilling to leave Westerly.

However, when I returned from Gloucester and learned of this state of affairs, the church desired that I should withdraw my resignation. I stated that I could not do this, but that the council to be called to act on the resignation would be made a mutual council, to which the whole subject would be referred.

It was a wonderful council. There were representatives of the Providence church and the Westerly church likewise was duly represented, in the pleading, and I was questioned carefully as to my preferences in the line, but preserved a distinctly non-personal attitude, and the council by itself recommended that I withdraw my acceptance to the Providence church and continue at Westerly.

Fortunately there was present at the council the man to whom I have referred, in whose house the church was formed, and a very tactful and able minister, who was a member of the council and he came to understand the situation and was very influential with this very man, and succeeded, through no effort on my part, in setting this man right. He had long discontinued attending church, but he was in church the next Sunday, and no longer in any sense hindered our work.

It is interesting to note, not only that thus he gave up his opposition to the Seventh Day people sufficiently to be reconciled to me for the position I had taken in approving this young man's reception to the church, but his only daughter, a rare young woman, married a Jew of Westerly.

When at a considerably later time I left Westerly to go to Wakefield, on the closing Sunday night in the Westerly church, down in the front pew was the minister of the First Baptist Church who had closed his own church in order that he and his people might be present. He himself became a successful minister in Brooklyn, if I remember, at a later time. There had come, after resistance which I may later indicate, a state of mind in the town and in the neighborhood of Westerly very helpful toward union work and devoted church life.

XVI.

WAKEFIELD

Wakefield was the heart of the originally large town of Reading. The town had been lopped off one side and another until it became oblong. There was a large hill beyond the head of the Lake Quannapowitt, at the foot of which lake stood the meeting house of the original church of Reading. As the town was lopped off it became oblong, with what is now Wakefield at one end and what retained the name of Reading at the other, and in the desperate political conditions about the time of the War of 1812, the southern part of the town would invariably be beaten in election by the northern part. This disturbed the patriotic, and in Revolutionary days, very important dwellers in the southern part of the town, and in consequence the Legislature permitted the southern part of the town to be set off as South Reading.

From South Reading on the old Boston & Maine Railroad, there ran a branch to Salem on the old Eastern Railroad (all combined into the Boston & Maine now), and this branch I suppose is well known as the South Reading Branch.

Now the Congregational Church of this part of original Reading was founded in 1644 by people from Reading, in the Thames Valley of England, and grave-stones still standing indicate that many of the earlier settlers were persons who must readily have been able to see Shakespeare as he went up and down this valley between Stratford and London.

The church had had extraordinary preachers, one of them William Hobby. He was devoted to the New England Calvinistic position, and left on his death after practically a life time as preacher, what was called and printed as a message from the grave, in which he charged the church to stand by the faith once delivered — to his mind

in the Calvinistic way — to the saints. He was followed by a wholly different type of man, Caleb Prentiss, who was a young pastor of the church when the Revolutionary War broke out, and took his musket and went to the Concord fight. When Lafayette visited this country and made his journey out of Boston as far as Brookline, Parson Sanborn, in the church at the north end of the town, in welcoming Lafayette as he passed on his way, stated that he had reason to believe that the first company of Minute Men of the Revolution was organized within the then town of Reading.

The pastorate of Parson Prentiss (related if I mistake not, to the Prentisses of Bangor) was of a type that might readily become Unitarian, but wasn't that. He was a wonderful servant of the church, and his death apparently coincided with the outbreak of the Unitarian movement. More or less people of the church felt disposed to move in a Unitarian direction, and as I have understood in the interim between the Prentiss pastorate and the next, that of Parson Reuben Emerson, there came one of those wonderful religious stirrings in the community, revitalizing in its nature, and the far sighted men of the church and parish decided that to start a separate Unitarian church was wholly unwise. It was this continuance therefore in that town of undivided groups, one of which was very liberally disposed and the other more conservatively disposed, that has been the secret of the wonderful religious life of that community.

As Dr. Richard Salter Storrs, when made president of the American Board when the denomination was shaken by religious controversy, said "flying creatures require two wings, and the denomination should have two wings, but in concord and unity," this was equally true in the case of the Wakefield church. And one of its charms lies in the fact that both types dwell admirably together, and that the town itself, as regards its southern part, never suffered itself the split which came in to so many Massachusetts churches.

It might almost be said of the true minister that he always has the best parish. When I think of Westerly, and Wakefield, Prospect Street, Cambridge, Plymouth, Minneapolis, and the First Congregational Church, Denver; when I think of the marvelous privilege of serving Bangor Theological Seminary, the fourth in age of such schools in North America, and second among such Congregational schools, and one of our noblest; and when I think of these charges which I have been permitted to serve for a considerable time in ad interim work, my heart wells up in thankfulness.

And as regards Wakefield, it is almost impossible for me to express my feeling. To begin with, our children's mother and I first set up our home in Wakefield, for a variety of circumstances had hindered our beginning housekeeping in the less than a year after our marriage that we were in Westerly. How carefully we purchased our furniture, seeking to make a little go a great way, but securing only the best, and with what delight, little by little, the house which we rented shaped itself into the condition of family use!

Then in the next place, it was an ancient church, with a wonderful history. I neglected to say earlier that such was the standing of the church that it was summoned to both of Jonathan Edwards' councils when he had difficulties at Northampton; that the whole story of the church from the establishment of the settlement between two beautiful lakes which were headwaters of the Saugus River, up which the early settlers seem to have come in finding out where they should establish themselves, has been a very noble one. My immediate predecessor was Charles R. Bliss. He was greatly loved, and discontinued by reason of impaired health. He had given the closest attention to the history of the church, and the more so, as the Hon. Lilley Eaton, historian of Reading and the towns that occupied its original territory, was a parishioner of his, and in the case of Chester W. Eaton, Esq., son of the historian, active in the church in Mr. Bliss's time, was also interested in such research.

Under the Providence of God, coupled with Mr. Bliss's rare insight, the perfect spirit and services of Mr. Bliss following his discontinuance from Wakefield, were of wonderful and holy import. Perhaps his need of rest and change had to do with what happened, but he travelled to the area of Salt Lake, and became profoundly interested in the whole intricate question connected with the Mormon system in that part of the country. He perceived that to directly assail the Mormons could do little good. He was interested in education, and so commenced the establishment of many schools in Mormon centers. The immediate and practical purpose of these schools was to provide excellent educational facilities, both of common school and high school type, and also as preparatory toward collegiate work. Since our Home Missionary Society could not wisely attempt the setting up of many churches in the area, these schools also became centers of Christian Endeavor work and the like, and little by little the whole area was permeated with the spirit that these schools, distinctly religious in their purpose, though very practical likewise, imparted. Not unduly to antagonize by too close relations between these schools and our Home Missionary Society, Mr. Bliss was the means of the organization of what was then known as the New West Educational Commission. The success which these schools rapidly won, and the response of the people, not only locally but throughout the country, to the movement, made a new day in the home missionary service of our Congregational Churches in the west.

During my Denver pastorate I twice journeyed to Salt Lake City to assist in an annual gathering, and I can never, never escape the impression I had of the immense service which Mr. Bliss was in this work. I remember saying, I think in public, that there ought to be in Salt Lake City a noble monument to Mr. Bliss, as there is to one or more famous Mormon leaders.

A period of special religious interest, considerably earlier than my going to Wakefield, had been the means of interesting particularly in the service of the church a large

number of young men and women with their little families growing up around them, as well as the more veteran portion of the congregation. This circumstance caused there to be within the church a distinctly young group and an older group, sympathetic one with the other, but needing more closely to be welded together, and one aim of my pastorate there was to unite and solidify the older and younger groups. Not that there was hostility between them, but that they needed to be made truly one.

As I have implied, I had become deeply interested in the weekly offering system of giving, which as I have said, for our denomination, was much furthered by Dr. George Harris. As my securing its introduction into the Westerly church had to wait a considerable period, I thought it would be the same at Wakefield. Not long, however, after I began there, one of the very eminent contemporaneous Home Missionary secretaries gave an address at our church which deeply stirred the people. They approached me with regard to what we could further do in the interest of missions. I replied that I had in mind a matter to propose, but that I had deemed it unwise to do so until I had become better acquainted with the situation. It was characteristic of the people to say "Speak of it now." Therefore the way at once opened for the adoption of that system, and inasmuch as the noble elderly treasurer of the church could hardly be expected to enter actively into its detail, I suggested that there be appointed an assistant to the treasurer who should take over the minutiae of the matter. The result was the elderly treasurer had the general care of the work, signed checks, and the like, but that the splendid young Boston accountant who took over the details was able to do an extraordinarily good piece of service to the church; and this might illustrate one of the methods by which the older and the younger were brought closer together.

There was nothing iconoclastic in anything which was undertaken, but we moved as one mind. The church was punctilious about paying its bills. I suppose in the sixty

monthly checks that I received during my pastorate, not five times was the check late. This brings to my mind an amusing incident in connection with it. The check chanced to be handed me, I suppose in the evening, and at night I dropped it into my shoe as I was retiring. Forgetting about it, it became pulp and a new check was issued.

At the annual meeting of the parish there would be authorization that in case of lack of funds the treasurer be empowered to borrow, and as what I have stated implies, its credit was good, its finances were always in the best of shape. Always, however, previous to this period its distinctly benevolent contributions were not commensurate with its admirable local financings. As the outcome of these weekly offerings the annual benevolences of the church greatly increased.

The church was very loyal, not only to its pastor, but to its pastor's family. The wife of my predecessor had been president of one of the important woman's organizations, and they had held the presidency of that organization open for the wife of the next minister. It was part of the insight and sagacity and effectiveness of our children's mother that in the most tactful way she expressed appreciation of the great courtesy, but referred to her youth and inexperience, and said surely it would be better for one of the older ladies to take the place, and that she would be glad to serve on the executive committee of the society, or in any other way to be of assistance. This was a new line of approach for those excellent women, and there ensued the unfolding of a system of co-operation and taking turns in holding office which greatly ministered to the effectiveness of the organization and other organizations which became infused with the same spirit. So I suppose, strictly speaking, between the pastor's zeal for furthering the benevolent work of the church and this glorious co-operation, an epoch was marked in the life of that church.

Mr. Wakefield, in whose honor, as I have said, the name of South Reading had been changed to his own name, was

ambitious, in connection with a great rattan business of which he was the head, to have the community erect commodious public buildings. He could well take this position, for he, himself, presented the citizens with a town hall. At a time considerably earlier than my coming to Wakefield, the Baptist Church, close by ours, had erected a much finer and more commodious building than ours. It had gone somewhat deeply into debt in building it. The financial embarrassment of 1873, however, had prevented the people from giving to it as it had been hoped, and that church was in effect, though through nobody's fault in particular, saddled with a heavy debt. In the midst of my pastorate a man of the name of Kimball was operating among the churches, who became known as Kimball the Debt Raiser. It was announced in a certain week that the next Sunday Mr. Kimball would appear at the Baptist Church on this errand. I chanced to be ill for a week or thereabouts at the time, but when I heard of it I was almost aghast, for the business situation in the town was not what it might be, and to undertake to raise $15,000, if that was the amount, seemed certainly ill timed. However, Mr. Kimball went on. He made his tremendous appeal. The response of the people was extraordinary, but they couldn't reach the goal. The pastor hoped on the next Sunday to close out the debt. Inasmuch as it had almost reached the point where the mortgages were being put on the property of the members of the Baptist Church to negotiate the debt, and the community was stirred up, I was called upon Saturday evening, just getting over my temporary indisposition, to see if we could not do something. We talked it over. We all felt how untimely it was. We all felt, likewise, that the situation was disturbing for the church, and as these good men of the church looked wistfully into my face, I said, "Let's get what we can. Suppose we could get $500?" Five hundred dollars, they said as if that were a drop in the bucket. But they requested me to present this subject to our congregation the next morning. Here was where newspaper service was not a hindrance. I think I was up about five o'clock in the morn-

ing. I wrote a sermon from the words, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ," and, somewhat impaired in vigor though I was, I let myself go in that sermon and service, and at the close of the meeting asked them to report the results of pledges and gifts to me. Now in the church there were some of our people a little grieved that the Baptist church was finer than ours, and not, perhaps, disposed to do the largest things in regard to this aid, and inasmuch as nobody came to report to me for considerable time, I did not know but what there had been some serious trouble following the services. At length, however, the whole matter having been counted and tabulated, the door bell rang, and it was reported to me that they had secured a little less than $1,500. It had been understood and was especially emphasized by me that not one cent should go to the Baptist treasurer except as the last payment, and that duly certified to. As was true with us, there was a morning and afternoon service at the Baptist church, and being then two o'clock, and however it came about, the Baptist people got an inkling that something was doing. It had been arranged that one of our well known and highly respected young men should enter the Baptist church comparatively early in their afternoon service, and should present to the minister our pledge and the proviso on which it was made. At the opening of our services at the same hour additional pledges were made, and at perhaps twenty minutes after the opening of both services, this man appeared, went up the broad isle, and the heads of the Baptists went down on the rail before them, in many tears. Then it was announced that the Congregational Church would pay $1,505.25, if I remember the amount, as the last payment on their — say twenty thousand dollar debt.

The effect of it all was like a revival of religion. The churches were inseparably bound together, and the spirit of unity was in a way spread through the whole community. After I had gone to my next pastorate, and when our old church had been torn down — they would not turn it into a livery stable — to make place for the new church,

the Baptist church, unwilling to accept any rental, provided through a re-arrangement of services that the Congregationalists should worship in their meeting house. Also there sprung up the custom of uniting the services of the two churches during the vacation of the pastors so that say in July the Baptist pastor would have his vacation and the union services would be in the Baptist Church, and vice versa for August. It was a new idea in the life of the community.

Not to speak at undue length of the Wakefield pastorate, let me say that it was a time of tremendous interest in Sunday School work. In fact, I suppose that the circumstance that I was making the Lesson Helps for our Publishing Society had no little to do with my being wanted as pastor at that time. The young men of the church, realizing how much strong young blood there was in the church, and that rotation in office was a good thing, came to the common understanding that if one of them was elected Sunday School superintendent he would not serve more than three years — this in distinction from a very long but highly admirable occupancy of that position lately closed. Therefore, one and another entered the work, with his own fresh ideas. Also there developed a disposition to apportion the various duties to various Sunday School officers. For example, the superintendent who was in office when I went to my next pastorate was a Boston business man, and would apportion the duties of his office to the assistant superintendent and others, and time and again, with his wife, would take the five o'clock Saturday afternoon train for New York, lodge at a hotel, and put in the Sunday visiting such outstanding metropolitan Sunday Schools as he could cover during the Sunday. This would not only be for his advantage, but by the division of labor it was arranged that his absence would make no difference in the efficiency of the Sunday School session on that particular date.

Our first little one came on the thirteenth of December, 1880, when we had been in Wakefield only a little more

than a year. He was called by the maiden surname of our children's mother, Tappan, but did not stay. It was no fault of his or of his mother. There were no kodaks then, but we had an admirable photographer in the church who took a picture of the little one, dark complected, dark hair, — one would think him three months old. Our second child and only daughter came to us on the sixteenth of July, 1882. The great heartbreak of the preceding interval was relieved, and that happy, beautiful child went with us into our next parish, to make friends, not only for herself, but for us and our work.

Within a few weeks of this writing there has been unveiled a tablet in the Wakefield church recording the names and durations of the pastorates of all its ministers thus far. I was asked to send to them, on the occasion of the unveiling, some little expression of my thought and feeling, and I could only record in the words that I sent my sense of eternal obligation for what the Wakefield church was to me and the gratitude of my heart for having had the privilege of ministering to some extent in the service to the community and to God which had marked it since its organization in 1644.

XVII.

PROSPECT STREET CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE.

I now come to my long pastorate, beginning December 1, 1884 and ending March 16, 1896, well on into its twelfth year, and my longest consecutive period of Christian service excepting the eighteen years at the Seminary.

The church to which I went was historic. It was known as the First Evangelical Congregational Church of Cambridgeport. Its first building had been on Norfolk Street, not far away, but comparatively early it built and moved to the second structure on Prospect Street. This was of brick, in the Norman style of architecture, with massive Norman tower at its front, and similar in architecture to the meeting house of the First Church of Charlestown, the predecessor of which in the period of the Revolution had been burned by the enemy, but it was of far finer and juster Norman proportions.

To illustrate, let me set down this fact in substantiation of the statement that this church was historic. The foremost minister in the history of the church was William A. Stearns, afterwards a distinguished president of Amherst College, near of kin to the beloved and honored president of Phillips Academy of Andover. Early in his service to the church, the walk from the street to the church porch he would find sprinkled with sulphur as he would go to his Sunday morning service, this in intimation that the community desired no second Brimstone Corner, the euphonious synonym at that time, of the Park Street Church of Boston, famed for its orthodoxy. On the other hand trying to reach the entire community, he freely made acquaintance with many Unitarian people of the neighborhood, and would be taken to task by the more stringently orthodox of his own people for such familiarity. It was a situation between the devil and the deep sea, with not a little of the devil in it, but Doctor Stearns went steadily on his way, and con-

tinued to be helpful to all men, and in due time won the affection of the entire community. He was the First Trinitarian Congregationalist to be elected to the Board of Overseers of Harvard College after the great religious controversy that had swept and imbittered Eastern New England. In fact the long title of the church given above was a memorial of that struggle — "First Evangelical Congregational Church of Cambridgeport."

To explain the "Cambridgeport." Early in that century, in the area along the Charles River opposite Boston a real estate promotion campaign began, with the view to bringing much shipping to that side of the Charles River, and, in fact, of making it a port of entry like Boston. That ambition, in the nature of the case, fell through, but it gave that portion of the city the title indicated. In fact the city had several districts, more emphasized in my time probably than now, that in the neighborhood of Harvard College known as Cambridge, then Cambridgeport, then East Cambridge, then North Cambridge. In fact, Dr. Alexander McKenzie, pastor of the Congregational Church near the College, in giving me the charge at my installation, said that we were very good and kindly people in the city, but much divided by these terms and expressed the hope that I might do something toward eliminating the objectionable aspects of the situation. I think I may modestly and justly say, by God's grace, something of what he thus hoped for came to pass.

Returning, however, to the pastorate at Cambridge, Rev. Asa Bullard, founder of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and of the Sunday School paper known as the Wellspring, etc., to which I have already referred, was an octogenarian active in the life of Prospect Street Church, and when pneumonia suddenly took him in the early days of my Cambridge pastorate his list of Sunday engagements ran long ahead. He appeared at our Wakefield home by the first train out of Boston on a certain morning in the autumn of 1888, and entering the house, said that I had, the night before, been unanimously called

to the pastorate of his church, and that he had wanted to be the first one to tell me. To this statement there was much. I had been approached by him in the previous summer with the statement that it was a long while since he had presented the Sunday School cause to the Wakefield Church, and would I be good enough, as he was at the time responsible for the Prospect Street Church, to put him in my pulpit and appear at Prospect Street. A minister's Sundays vary. Sometimes they are such as to make the succeeding day or days almost an inferno in his mind. At other times he can look back to them with sweet content. That Sunday at Prospect Street was a Sunday of the latter type. But nobody said anything. I was mystified by what had occurred, but did not suppose there was any special significance to what had happened. I suppose it was the summer season and they didn't deem it advisable to act until well on in the autumn season when the congregation would be more nearly normal.

As at Westerly, I was reluctant to leave, so it was at Wakefield, with this difference, that my foremost men wholly loyal to the pastor, took the stand that I had no right to decline an opening that had thus come to me. As I thought it over I felt that they were right. Gratefully the call was accepted, and I began at Cambridge on the first of December. Curiously enough it happened, and I must have furthered it in detail, that I began at Wakefield Monday, the first of December and was installed there on Thursday, the fourth of December, 1879, and that on Monday, the first of December, 1884, I began at Cambridge, and was installed there on Thursday, the fourth of December. That is, the Wakefield pastorate was exactly five years in duration, and with the two leap years that had intervened, the days of the week had come exactly to match.

At the ordaining council President Porter of Yale preached the sermon. The council was very representative and the examination for installation seems to have attracted rather special attention. Theologically, at that time, I was pretty conservative, but with, I trust, a broad minded out-

look, and when I asked Charles F. Thwing, pastor of what was then known as the North Avenue Congregational Church, who was a friend of mine, after the examination, whether I was sound, he replied in the friendliest way, "Bless you, Beach, you leaned over backward." In those days he himself, soon to become the pastor of Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, and soon then again to become president of Western Reserve University, was deemed an eminently "safe" man in the theological controversies then seething in the denomination.

I can only imperfectly express the sense of responsibility which came upon me as I went to Prospect Street. George A. Gordon, of Old South Church, Boston, had gone out in April of the same year that I went to Prospect Church. He was then unmarried. He had installed in the Old South Parsonage Dr. and Mrs. Angier, who in his first years in America had been as his pastor and pastor's wife most helpful to him, and in honor of whom, I suppose it was, he appears to have added the initial "A" to his name. A warm friendship soon sprung up between Mr. Gordon and me. He had a long vacation and went every summer to Aberdeen to visit his mother. As the summer of 1888 was drawing on, he said to me, "You preach two Sundays in Old South, which will help out your purse and let's cross the ocean and have some general travel together, and when your six weeks are up I will go and visit my mother, and you return to America." More of this memorable journey later, but it illustrates the relation in which we stood.

It was my fear that he would give himself to this celibate life, but not long after we returned from that journey, he sent me a note to say that he wanted me to know, prior to its announcement, he was to marry Miss Manning, daughter of his predecessor in Old South Church, and a marriage of wonderful sympathy, beauty and helpfulness has that marriage proved. I remember that when I read the letter I wept for sheer joy that that man of genius was not to miss the blessing of a married life.

I indicated how "safe" a man I was theologically when I went to Cambridge, but a series of experiences very early in the pastorate gave me great searchings of heart. One of these was the reaction of a certain sermon of mine. It was carefully prepared. It was on the nature of Jesus' work. I think it was on the whole broad-minded, but it was pre-eminently safe, and I would say that this sermon had almost no pulpit appeal. I noted that some people were not very pleased with the sermon, and, in fact I could not blame them, for I grew myself not to be very pleased with it. Also perhaps it was in some play on the past of the great mystic that I had brought profoundly to my mind the legend of St. Christopher. Here was this consecrated servant by the river side, whose duty it was, whatever the condition of the river, to help passengers across. He performed this duty for a child who grew heavier and heavier until he found it was the Lord Himself, whom he was carrying.

Then, too, if I mistake not, the conversation of one or more persons of profoundly religious insight still further shook me. The result of it was that I made a careful restudy of the doctrine of what is spoken of as the doctrine of the atonement, and there came in a way my emancipation into what I deem the larger appreciation of the gospel. I was then early in my pastorate, but all my thought of the Saviour's work had so changed from that given in my statement for installation, that I felt that I ought to speak to my people afresh on the subject. Consequently I preached in the evening, when the congregation was smaller, making the act less conspicuous, two sermons which at once attracted so much attention and resulted in so many conflicting statements that I printed them in a small book entitled, "Plain Words on Our Lord's Work." I supplemented the sermons by ample notes, and I soon found what it was to undertake to waken the minds of other people out of what a great religious leader called "one's dogmatic slumber." It was years before I heard the last of it. I got plenty of publicity.

During the winter in which this sort of thing was on Miss Augusta Dodge of Hamilton, Mass., who had formerly taught in Cambridge, and who had been a Prospect Street woman, spent the winter in the city. She was sister to a famous woman of the times, Miss Abigail Dodge, who combined a part of her Christian name with the name of her town, in the pen name of Gail Hamilton. She was a writer of no uncommon strength and pungency and was known to James G. Blaine of Maine, distinguished in our political annals, and was of no little assistance to him through her literary gifts. As the struggle with my theological obsession drew towards its climax, she came to me and inquired what should be her position in the matter, and in our talk she said that attending Prospect Street Sunday after Sunday now for a considerable time, she had never heard the Lord Jesus held up to Christian people as she had during these Sundays. When the matter had reached such a stage that it seemed wise, and it was at the edge of the Easter season, I stated at a Sunday morning service that I should not use the subject that had been announced, but should employ the scripture words, "Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you," and in the sermon I drew attention to the approval with which my statement for installation had been received. I, however, thought there was much discussion of me as a religious leader and if I followed my inclination I should ask to be released from the pastorate. I said, however, that I felt that this was due to a mistake and that I had not departed from my early position, except in the matter of detailed explanation of the Saviour's work, that I profoundly held to the substance of the Trinitarian position, and that my interpretation of His work was less dogmatic than it had been, that I felt that I had hardly begun as yet to fathom its deep meaning, and such obsessions as I had were not uncommon among ministers of undoubted evangelical standing and church usefulness. I said, further, that while I would not resign, I did make a request; that the Friday evening prayer meeting of that week would be competent for the taking up of such a subject finally, and that I should

be very glad if at that meeting there would be a "yes" or "no" vote whether it would be desirable that I discontinue. I asked to be excused from discussing the subject in the meanwhile and hoped they themselves would not give it undue attention but that they would faithfully record by ballot their true feeling. I added that should any appreciable number of people desire me to withdraw I certainly should do so.

The meeting came. At the proper stage of it the moderator was named and the matter was stated and there were two addresses, both by elderly men. It had been hinted in the discussion that I was a Unitarian, and one of these men, who had no measurable sense of speaking slightingly of the pastorate said if I was a Unitarian, it was what they wanted. The other man whose convictions were known to be very strongly conservative, said that he had been very much misunderstood if any one supposed that he wished the pastor to withdraw and he put in strongly his plea for "being sound in the faith." A ballot was then taken. I suggested that there be two colors in the ballot, one for those who were members of the church and one for those who were not, but who were supporters of it. If I rightly recall, one hundred and twenty-four ballots were cast, with about one third of them colored ballots, that is ballots of non-member church supporters, and the result was one hundred and twenty-one "Yes," one "No," and two blanks. It was afterwards explained, whether in public or not, I am not sure, that the person who had cast the "No" had done so inadvertently through a mistake. If that might have been so counted it would be one hundred and twenty-two "Yes," and two blanks. It would be not impossible that these then were dropped in unwittingly in casting the regular ballot. Great was the joy of the meeting and one of our most faithful church officers said to me, "You have found a way out of this mire when none of the rest of us seemed to know how," and added that it had been talked on the street corners and everywhere and that how to get

at the bottom of it consistently with the facts and feelings of the people had been, up to that point, an insoluble problem.

At about this time the greatly loved and revered Dr. George W. Briggs, minister of the Unitarian Church in Cambridgeport, one of the evangelical type of Unitarians and father of the renowned Dean Briggs of Harvard College, wrote me a letter to say that he knew nothing about the merits of the discussion that was on, but he could only be grateful that amidst a controversy of this sort such a spirit could be manifested.

It was because so much publicity had been given to the matter that I decided to print the little book "Plain Words on Our Lord's Work."

When later I was called, at a very much larger salary than Prospect Street paid, to the First Congregational Church of St. Louis, to succeed the celebrated Dr. Post of that church who had been one of the saviours of Missouri to the Union during the Civil War, and I declined the call, it was renewed, and great pressure was brought to bear upon me to accept, one of the reasons why I declined in both instances was the fact that the church had stood so loyally by me, together also with the fact that with the exception of the single pastorate of Dr. Stearns who was with the church twenty-three years, the average length of the pastorates had been perhaps four years. I had myself been only five years at Wakefield. I was unwilling to continue being in a way a rolling stone, and especially was I unwilling that the church should itself establish yet further the precedent of a church's being known to be one given to short pastorates.

Excellent men followed me with far briefer stays, until the present pastorate began with the Mr. McNair, who has been there longer than I was, and who is doing for the church and the city a wonderful work, and who, I hope, may continue long to do so.

During my well on toward twelve years of service many were the issues, locally, moral and theological, but the

absorbing issue I must speak of briefly. Cambridge had splendid ideals in local politics. It believed in virtually abolishing party lines in municipal matters. The Republicans would nominate a good Democrat, or vice versa, worthy men who were willing to undertake the office of mayoralty, but a time had arrived when the saloons dominated the city. This was aggravated by the growing "No License" sentiment of Massachusetts. Somerville, the city adjoining, was of the "No" order, with only an arbitrary boundary between the two cities. If a "No" vote excluded the saloon on a "Yes" and "No" vote, the saloon migrated over the Somerville line. A particularly aggravated occurrence was the behavior of one saloon man who erected a cheap and showy building near that beautiful part of the city known as "Norton's Woods," the property of the eminent Professor Charles Eliot Norton, friend and biographer of Lowell. Being inquired by friends what he was building it for, he replied that he was building it for a saloon. This word of his was scoffed at, "Could he get a saloon and sell in that part of the city?" When the question of granting that license did come up Harvard College was out in force opposing it and the whole city was indignant that the license was granted. This insured, in the great struggle which ensued, wonderful help in the great moral movement from the leaders of our great University.

Massachusetts was under mandatory local option. No city or town could hold its annual election without putting on the ballot "Shall licenses for selling intoxicating liquors be granted in this city or town?"

The situation was made more urgent by the fact that there had been one or two outrageous manslaughter cases connected with a saloon, one of which occurred on Saturday night, and not very far from the church, and one of our members, a very able physician, had been summoned to help out the poor man who became the victim. The annual state election was the second Monday in November, and the annual municipal election the first Monday in December. Prior to the latter we organized thoroughly by

precinct in the city, and made the first campaign that became successful. When the ballots had been counted the saloons had been excluded by a majority of 566.

The town elections in Massachusetts were in the late winter or early spring, and the city elections late in the year, as was ours, When, however, the vote was "No license," the first of May was the date on which the prior vote should take effect. So confident were the saloon men that they would beat us the next year, that without exception they held on to their license, saying they could sell until the first of May, and take their chance at it for the remainder of the time until the next city election. There was organized forthwith the Law Enforcement Association, of which one of the principles was that it was not its duty to enforce the law. It had a wonderful executive. A poor woman in East Cambridge whose home was crushed by drink would inform one of our friends that there was a kitchen bar room in such and such a place. This woman would inform me. I would inform our executive. The first step woud be to investigate and find if it was true. The next step would be to see the chief of police and to have it brought up that he had suspicions that liquor was being sold at such and such a place. That would be looked up and the man would be summarily dealt with.

But within a month after the first of May when the liquor licenses expired and were not renewed, better and better results were being attained but the interest concentrated on the next election. When the day ended and the ballots were counted, it was found that the vote of the city had been increased, if I recollect, by 2300, but the result was exactly the same, 566. Some of us wondered if that figure in the Apocalypse — 666 — had not been tampered with, and might have been 566 in the original manuscript. A tribute ought here to be paid to perhaps at the time the youngest mayor of any Massachusetts city, Mr. William E. Russell. He did not believe in "no license" nor in trying to exclude liquor from the town. Somebody went to him, after the first victory, and inquired what would be his atti-

tude. He replied that the law should be enforced if it took all his own time and all the time of all the police and all of the time of all of the extra police that could be hired. He stood faithfully by enforcement, and as soon as it was known that he himself doubted the wisdom of it, the course that he took had a greater moral effect.

Absence of the saloon began at once to effect vitally everything for good in the city. After four or five years, the campaign always successful, a comparison was instituted between the last five years of the saloon and the first five years without it, with results like this:

The last year of the saloon, $240,000 new deposits in the Cambridge Savings Bank; the first year without them $580,000. The last five years of the saloon, the increase in valuation at a certain percentage so that on the same basis in the first five years without saloons should be ————————, whereas it was in point of fact $6,000,000 more. Our tax rate at that time was about $15 on the thousand, and that meant $90,000 clean money coming in, in room of say ———————— each year as proceeds of liquor licenses. The percentage of the increase of pupils going from the grade schools into the English High or the Latin High was very large, although I cannot recall the figures.

When it came to visiting the factories and inquiring about results, the uniform testimony was to the far larger efficiency of the employees. There was one exception, the Boston Rubber Co., the plant of which was not far from the Boston line. They could not see any particular difference but within a year or two they did, and when it was in the field to appoint from that precinct a new member of the license committee, one of the foremen was glad to accept the position, being thoroughly converted to the benefits of No License.

But that sort of thing dies hard, and for nine consecutive years on a polling list of perhaps twelve thousand, our outside limits of margins were 486 and 843, with an average of about 600.

We used to say that it was a rope pull with the knot

say two inches and a quarter over the line, and giving little by little, a half inch more or less, and that sometimes we were pulling them, and sometimes they were pulling us. At the tenth annual triumph we pulled them, the margin being 1,503. On the occasion of the last election before the Prohibition Amendment had been passed, the Associated Press showed in the papers at Bangor that the margin was some 3,300, and remembering the old struggles, I could have almost wept that we didn't have that spare 300 back in the days of that struggle.

The methods employed were heroic. The entire voting list would be canvassed once in two or three years and any amendment or new voters canvassed. A red mark would be put against those for No License. Workers at the polls carefully checked all these red inked names, and it was seen to that many of those called at the polls. An all day prayer meeting was held at the Young Men's Christian Association from nine o'clock until the polls closed, with a different leader for each hour, with the understanding that no one should be at it who could work at the polls, unless for a brief rest.

The day of the voting had been prepared for by engaging the largest hall in town a year in advance. The Ruggles Street Quartette of male voices, was also engaged in advance, and on the day before the election there would be huge rallies filling two halls, addresses by foremost citizens, and someone at times from Boston, with short speeches. Also on the Sunday before election there would be sermons in the pulpits in the morning, and perhaps twenty churches would unite in the evening in four or five local union services. Naturally we would bring into the town as eminent an advocate of what we were aiming to do as could be secured. Catholics and Protestants worked together. Father Thomas Scully, chaplain of the famous Fighting Irish Ninth in the Civil War, and whose church was very near to our own church, with his associated clergy, would be foremost in the work. He came to be sent far and wide to help out in No License campaigns,

and it was memorable to hear him describe a St. Patrick's Day parade. First, he said, would come in carriages, in good carriages, not funeral hacks, the wholesalers. These he said would be followed by men on horse back. They were the retailers. Then would follow the straggling line in the mud, their victims. And it was enlightening to hear him say that when the saloon was here the effect of it was to keep everybody by the ear. The Catholics didn't love us Protestants and we Protestants didn't love them as Catholics. But now, he said, the saloon has gone and we all love one another and help one another. And one of his associates, Father Mundy, would describe their parochial school. In the winter time he would go out, he said, into the school yard, and find Johnnie hanging around, and he would send him home to dinner. Going out again, very soon, he would find the same boy there and chide him for not obeying, and the little sleeve would go up to the tearful eyes, and he would say, "Father Mundy, there's no dinner at our house today." The children were ill clad, but he said now this was all changed. I remember afterwards some such statement as this, of his passing by these school children out at recess, and standing like millinery or clothing dummies in a shop window, turning around and around to inspect the hat or fabric, and seeing these rosy faces of well dressed children, and the wonderfully happy time they would be having would of itself be a tremendous temperance appeal.

As the election would have been thus prepared for, there would be a great gathering at the city hall in the evening to hear the returns. The mayoralty and license votes would be telephoned in first, precinct after precinct would be heard from, and when enough had been heard from to make it sure that we had won, Father Scully or Father Mundy would hook his arm with some Protestant clergyman. They would start to go down the city hall steps, a procession was formed, and they would proceed to such a point as might be the natural destination of the procession. One group would go to St. Mary's, another to the Austin Street Unitarian and another to Prospect Street Trini-

tarian. Most likely St. Mary's bell would begin to ring, and the Unitarian bell would follow, and the Trinitarian bell would follow that, and these bells would be tumbling in the steeples and the whole city would be rejoicing. Most likely also there would be held a meeting in the centrally located Y. M. C. A. hall. I remember well the meeting on the occasion of our first victory. The Hon. Frank A. Allen, of the Oriental Tea Co., with the Copper Tea Kettle always emitting steam in front of their store at Scollay Square, was called on early in the meeting. He was a man not given to many words, but he said, "Ten years ago tonight I was elected mayor of Cambridge at a time of crisis in the city, and the joy I had that night was nothing beside the joy of this victory." And he added, "It was my duty to sign liquor licenses, but I wrote my name as nearly microscopic as I could and keep inside the law."

A peculiarity of our campaign was that there was very little hot air. It would be merchants, teachers, charity workers amongst the poor, and earnest minded ministers, saying concisely what the absence of the saloon was doing for their Christian work. In fact, with the great amount of prayer, as well as hard work, when one of these campaigns was ended, it would be very much as if the city had passed through a wholesome series of revival meetings. An unforeseen result was the outgrowth of a great civic spirit. Men were always talking about the Cambridge idea. No one could define what that idea was. In fact it was an ideal. The population of the city was growing much faster since the disappearance of the saloon, and a movement was on foot to acquire more or less vacant land and turn it into parks, and everybody was in favor of it because it was the "Cambridge idea."

Another unforeseen result was the demand through the winter and early spring of men familiar with the Cambridge story to go into this town, and that, and the other before the annual town meeting, and in the autumn to go into this city and that and the other before the city elections, to assist them in their campaign, for every large place began to catch the spirit of what Cambridge was

doing. Some of us had to go much. I remember pulling out of the South Station, Boston, in a sleeper at midnight one night to go to Ithaca, New York. My work was taxing. I was weary and I asked myself, "Why ever do you take this tedious journey?" I arrived. I think I spoke in one of the Ithaca churches in the morning and at night I addressed a great mass meeting. It was enthusiastic as it heard the Cambridge story, with its wit and humor, as well as its inspiring facts, and I was besought to return the next Sunday, with the promise that they would fill that auditorium in the morning. I could not be away the second Sunday, but another of our earnest workers, who was an effective speaker, went, and found that they had fulfilled their promise.

But I must not linger over these details. It was a great and triumphant movement, and it could not help being because there are always in every community more people who want the right thing than who want the wrong thing, provided you can bring it to their attention in a simple, unmistakable form, and can give them the facts and assure them of results. To this end, in all our campaigns, we were wholly non-partisan. There were people who wanted one man elected mayor or another, who wanted one policy or another followed in the city. We had only one issue. Disassociated from personalities, that was "Get the city clean." The city was not kept clean, but it was transformed, and what was later accomplished as regards liquor, impressive and invaluable though it was, was hardly so important as the new spirit that soon came to pervade the city, and caused its tremendous uplift, and what a wonderful thing it was because that city was the home of our wealthiest and one of our greatest universities, and from the president down, Harvard University was doing its part.

At Cambridge I came into six weeks vacation rather than the four weeks as heretofore. I had been opposed to European journeys unless one had ample means and time. In the spring, after my beginning at Cambridge, I said to myself, "I do not impose these conditions on many of the things that benefit me, like taking a quiet journey in this

country, and why should the European pilgrimage stand on any other basis."

Consequently that summer I crossed the sea, spending comparatively little money, and making the journey as helpful as it might be. When it became known that I was going, like a rolling snowball, one after another added himself to our party until there were six of us. What that journey meant, with comparatively little time taken for it and comparatively little money spent, with the noble group of men that joined with me in it, was measureless. Consequently in 1885, in 1888, in 1892, if I remember, and in 1894, that is on an average of about one year in three, I had this enriching and invaluable experience, and there would be one and another and another, invariably, who wanted to go. With me this was not a money making proposition. I liked to get others into the trans-Atlantic habit. Our own country is simply wonderful, but it has not the milleniums of history back of it which the older continents have, and, furthermore, we are so immersed in our American life and tend to be so conceited about it, that there is the greatest value in doing this sort of thing. I would be asked, over and over again, to give a lecture or talk, and it would very often have for its subject these trans-Atlantic lands. I would be inquired of if I was bringing lantern slides, and I would say "No," but I tried so to picture what I had seen and felt in these journeys that I remember well how I would hear, — "You don't need any slides." So went on, year after year, those toilful and joyous Cambridge days.

A shadow in 1895 crept over our home. It was urged that the devoted mother go to Colorado. At Colorado Springs was that wonderful college of which a friend of hers was the head. Our only daughter, between Grammar School and High, was having a year's respite, not for needs as regards health, but for the accomplishing of various things desirable to be accomplished between Grammar and High School, and she and her mother went to the city in the shadow of Pike's Peak. An expert said to me that it would be wise for me to keep her from the seaboard, if it

came right, and here was another of those Providences of God.

It was the habit of Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, to bring from the east a vacation preacher, and its vacation was six weeks as it was at Prospect Street. Moreover, my excellent friend to whom I have referred earlier, President Thwing of the Western Reserve University, coming himself to Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, I suppose was the occasion of my being summoned to supply that church for six weeks. The outcome of that was an unexpected call to the large and very desirable other Congregational church in Minneapolis, that of Park Avenue. It was no seeking of mine, and I declined it, feeling that my work was still in Cambridge. On a later summer vacation an invitation to the same church came, which it was my privilege to accept. The minister at that time was an able, devoted, and widely known man whose health was failing, and by the turn of the year it had been necessary for him to resign. Plymouth Church then, with no seeking of mine, extended me a call, and it seemed an unforeseen answer to prayer, and I consequently discontinued from service at Prospect Street, as I have indicated, at the middle of March, 1896.

When the proposed change was to be made known, the mother and our daughter being, as I have stated, in Colorado, I got our oldest boy, John, then in his tenth year, into bed with me one morning, and divulged the matter as tactfully and helpfully as I was able.

The previous summer he had been with his mother in the White Mountains, and he was much impressed by natural scenery. When I put the subject before him, he said most wistfully, "But I want to go again to my mountains." Dear Dorothea and dear John! On the older of whom came so early almost a mother's responsibility, and the younger of whom, though still so much a child was so noble and such a comfort to us all in those days. I should add that the two younger sons have proved of the same strong and inspiring helpfulness. But as I recall that they, as well as I, are ministers, and one of them in effect a foreign mis-

sionary, their oldest brother has never failed to be, as a layman, fully commensurate with anything that may have appeared in us, upon whom the ordaining hands have been placed. The quaint phrase in the Old Testament that such and such a king reigned and did his work through the prophesying of this or that seer has, in our family, been reversed, in the sense that we who have been permitted a sacred office have been sustained and inspired in it by the example of Dorothea and John.

The leave taking at Cambridge was incredible. The poignancy of the grief of parting for both the people and me was ameliorated by the clear conviction that it was no seeking of mine but was God's way in which to walk. I was asked to hold a date, and notwithstanding that it was a stormy night, a large company gathered in our principal hall at which a kind of public farewell was taken and an address adopted by a representative and distinguished committee, and this address, through the desire of the citizens, was not only signed by the committee but by hundreds of the Cambridge people. It was handsomely bound in heavy morocco, and on a single page, which I suppose had been reserved for the purpose, there were more than a score of autographs of persons known and honored throughout the world.

In addition to this it chanced that the city was within some three months to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation as a city, and I had been on the committee to arrange for that celebration. The Mayor of the City, the Hon. William A. Bancroft, took the matter in hand, and declared that I should return for the anniversary at the city's charge, and it was arranged that in connection with the civic celebration a banquet should be tendered me.

As the churches in the No License campaign had held special services in view of the election, so it was expected that on the Sunday of the week of this same centennial celebration there would be sermons in the several churches on the history and significance of the city, and it fell to me to perform that duty at Prospect Street. Then, on Mon-

day night, at the Hotel Vendome, in Boston, sat down a great company of Cambridge men, some of them distinguished, some of them plain, all earnest workers for the city's good, and the banquet was crowned by a series of addresses, that move one yet when he will let himself think of them. There had also been appointed a committee to provide a testimonial. I learned that the first thought had been a gift of money, but that they said that wasn't what Mr. Beach would choose, but something to last. Consequently a bronze statue of David with his sling, going forth to meet the champion of his country's enemies, splendidly mounted on a marble pedestal, able to be freely turned in any direction, was evolved and presented. The Hon. Samuel B. Capen, of one of the great business houses of Boston, a resident of Jamaica Plain, and a President of the American Board, has said to me, for we were deeply interested in the same causes — "No man ever went out of New England the way you are going out."

How was one to stand up under that kind of thing? I used a humble figure but a sincere one. "I," I said, "was the hat tree on which were hung what belonged to multitudes of people. I had simply furnished an occasion on which the heart of our metropolitan district might manifest itself, but I had only been a humble instrument in helping bring forward something which had been worth while."

Note: The inscription on the bronze statue was as follows:— "To David Nelson Beach from citizens of Cambridge in grateful recognition of faithful and effective service toward a more excellent civic life."

XVIII.

MINNEAPOLIS AND DENVER.

After addressing a largely attended meeting of the Congregational Ministers of Boston and its neighborhood in Pilgrim Hall I set out for Minneapolis by way of Colorado Springs. The so-called stateroom on a sleeper had been arranged for by friends, and as the train pulled out of the station I found within it many evidences of the affection of friends as I was departing from them. It had been their desire that I should have a brief respite after what I had gone through, and I spent with the mother and our daughter more or less of a week amidst the majestic mountains of the plateau on which the city of Colorado Springs is built. Then in turn I made my way to Minneapolis, where I received a hearty welcome, and as had been arranged our children's mother joined us after the summer vacation.

I have neglected to speak about the migration of the boys into the West. Through the kindness of friends it was possible that they should remain in Cambridge, the older ones continuing their school, until my return to the Semi-Centennial Celebration of the incorporation of the city, to which I have referred, and which came at about the time of the closing of the Cambridge Schools for the summer. A very dear friend of our children's mother, and of us all, Mrs. Butler W. Firman, of Wakefield, consented to take David into her own home, the more readily, perhaps, because their first little one, named for me, had passed away. I can never be grateful enough that David, going on two years of age that summer, had such generous and devoted care.

The Semi-Centennial then being done, on a memorable forenoon, a through sleeper for Minneapolis, via Sault Ste. Marie, pulled out of the North Station in Boston, with the little family ensconced in the state room, and the almost baby furnished forth with certain foods and a schedule of

feeding, so that he might be correctly cared for by his father on the journey. Mrs. Firman had been that kind, the more readily because of her bereavement to which I have referred, but it had been a reason why, on the other hand, she greatly hesitated, for she dreaded the pain of parting which she knew would follow her having had charge of our little boy for so long a time. She kept up a brave courage, but the strain upon her under the circumstances must have been great.

How interested the boys were in the details of the journey, and how well the little fellow stood up under its discomforts, we who shared the experience will not forget.

When the family then arrived in Minneapolis and were joined by the mother and sister it was a wonderful family reunion.

As regards the two pastorates, those of Minneapolis and Denver, I look back on them with strangely mingled feelings. I was in Minneapolis from the spring of 1896 to the fall of 1898, and on the transfer to Denver I took a much needed rest of some weeks. This I did the more freely because the Minneapolis people, who had treated me very generously as I left, had expressed the hope that I should do so before I began my next ministerial service.

I began that pastorate on the first Sunday of 1899, and continued in it until the mother had passed away on June 30, 1902. Her dear form returned to her home in Gloucester, and I asked our Denver people to release me from the pastorate simultaneously, so it was necessary for me to return to Denver and dismantle our home and close out varied matters. This, as it turned out, was my last regular pastorate, though, as will appear. I have sustained pastoral relations with various churches for appreciable lengths of time.

Why did I say above that I looked back to the pastorates at Minneapolis and Denver "with strangely mingled feelings"? Both of these churches, I ought to say, were young enough to have members still in them who could recall their very beginnings, and in the case of some of

these perhaps they were persons of excellent judgment and profound religious feeling. It is then an interesting circumstance and of much comfort to me that, as I closed each of these brief pastorates, I was told by such persons that, according to their remembrance, the respective churches had never been in so good spiritual condition as that in which I left them. On the other hand, here was I permitted to take the headship of two of the great Congregational churches of the United States, this being particularly true of Plymouth, Minneapolis.

What a privilege was given me in both instances! What possibilities of larger accomplishment stretched out before me! How responsible to God and to these churches I was to make the most of my opportunity! In the charges which I had previously served, I think it may justly be said that I had in some measure made the most of my opportunity. I never, however, can feel that I did any kind of justice to either of these churches.

There were extenuating circumstances. For the first time I was without the active support of a wonderful minister's wife. Also I was burdened with anxiety regarding her and with responsibility regarding our growing children. Likewise these cities were so large. There was a variety of lines of approach to the constructive work, and there was so much needing to be done, that somehow I do not feel that I measured up to the possibilities that were in my hands. Therefore it is that my feelings were so mingled. God forgive wherein I fell short, and God be praised for any service which I was able to render.

Plymouth Church had in it a remarkable group of men and women. They were intelligent, devoted to the church, engaged in large activities of the church and ready to sustain their minister in any way possible. Plymouth carried forward two missions, one of which in my time began to become, as it needed to, a social settlement as well as a church, and the other of which was in the process of doing almost the same thing as I left. The first of these was the Bethel Mission and the second was East

Side Mission, or Drummond Hall, or Henry Drummond Hall.

One of the pleasantest things about my adieu, as I was leaving Minneapolis, was the fact that in connection with that gathering arrangements were made and funds practically in sight for the transition referred to at Drummond Hall. How well I remember at the good-by gathering Father Clary of St. Charles Roman Catholic Church joining with his Protestant brethren in appreciation of what Plymouth had stood for in my time.

One of the most interesting things in connection with Plymouth was a group of young and youngish men who were active in the so-called Six o'Clock Club of Minneapolis. Minneapolis was tremendously busy. Everybody was full of engagements. But everyone was wanting to do almost more than they should. Now the peculiarity of the club was that it met once in so often at six o'clock in a pleasant down town eating place, and began immediately to eat, and forthwith would its guest of the evening get up and begin immediately to talk. He talked and they ate, and then he ate and they talked, discussing the live topics having to do with the welfare of the city, and the issues then on, whether material, political or moral. A man who could go into that place, with a chance to talk to those voracious eaters, and then have them talk to him while he also voraciously ate, and not talk well and eat well, had something the matter with him. Oh, the pleasant memories of these Six o'Clock Club gatherings, which were promptly dispersed at eight o'clock that each man might proceed to fill his evening engagement.

There was on at this time a very difficult situation as regards the schools, into the details of which I will not go, but that was one of the not a few subjects that this club would discuss, and I felt it a special privilege to be permitted as a minister to be one of its members.

On the occasion in question, with that school complication, there gathered a group of men of the city in the parish house part of Plymouth Church for an earnest and stren-

uous discussion. I had the curiosity to make a kind of census, in my mind's eye, of who was present. Very considerable of a majority of those there were Plymouth Church men, and they were meeting under a Plymouth Church roof, yet nobody thought that they were in Plymouth Church, or that the majority were Plymouth Church men, nor was any non-Plymouth Church man jealous of them of the church, nor was there anything of a denominational aspect, but there were men of the city, planning out things for the good of the city, and doing it religiously, for many of them were deeply religious persons.

I remember being asked, in my Minneapolis days, what my feelings were toward both the East and the West, and I was inquired of so seriously and by someone so thoughtful, that I went into the matter earnestly. I frankly confessed my fondness for the Atlantic Seaboard, and especially for New England, and my sense still that that portion of the United States was invaluable to the nation. I added, if I remember, also that there are crudenesses and limitations in the West as there are in the East, and I entered thereupon enthusiastically into an encomium upon the temper of the West which was challenging and of measureless portent for the future as well as for the present.

And I am frank to say, as I leave this part of the subject, that I count it one of the most gracious dealings of God with me and with my children that I have been permitted, and along with me that it has been permitted to the children to have had touch with the great Northwestern Plateau of America, the Great Rocky Mountain Plateau. How can the American people ever sufficiently bless God for such an imperial domain, and bless God likewise for the frictions and complications of a union inevitable to such a situation, and boundlessly fruitful for a nation, if the nation measures up to the intrinsic unity possible from so wide a domain and to people of such different outlooks in life.

Let me add, in this connection, though Denver is yet to be spoken of, that the city of Denver itself is an illustra-

tion of what I am saying. Denver is situated on Cherry Creek. In the sands of that water-way was found gold. It was the gold that brought the first settlers to the city. It turned out that there was no great amount of it there. But these men had arrived. To the right eighty miles away, was Pike's Peak. To the left sixty miles away, was Long's Peak. Each of them exceeded in altitude 14,000 feet. Back of them were the Rockies. Back of Denver was the Rocky country, with its incomparable mineral wealth and agricultural possibilities as well. But those first comers to Denver would not budge. The Union Pacific went through at Cheyenne, Wyoming, ninety-eight miles to the north, and they put up the money to build a railroad to Cheyenne. Soon there was going through, nearly as far to the south as the Union Pacific was to the north, the Denver & Rio Grande Western. And possibly that road would not have cared to go near Denver, but the enterprise of the Denver men in building to Cheyenne compelled it to do so. It was, in point of fact, a case of compelling the mountain to come to Mohammed, inasmuch as there was no natural pass through the Rockies nearer than that used by the Union Pacific to the North and then the pass at Colorado Springs some seventy-five miles to the south. Already in my time in Colorado the great Moffat Tunnel, to open up directly western business for Denver, was under advisement, and it is now in progress of construction. But tunnel or no tunnel, no one could budge these Denver men from staying with their task.

Our children's mother came to Minneapolis in the autumn after my beginning in the spring. The next winter was an amazement to the people of Minnesota in its large amount of storm and overcast sky, for in general it is a sunny land. Moreover, the possibilities of Minneapolis and the firm family friendship which existed for her in it, due to a precious friendship which had its beginning when, in almost her girlhood, she was physical director at Vassar College, imparted so much of interest and activity that she overdid. Consequently before the second following winter

it became advisable for her to return to Colorado Springs, and as her companion in that second isolation went eight year old Joe, and it was his mother's testimony that during virtually a year in which she and he were there, no daughter could have been more devoted to her, or helpful, according to a child's possibilities.

As regards the Denver pastorate, first of all let me say that I here first came in contact with Woman's Suffrage. Colorado had gone that way somewhat earlier. I confess that at that period I had much sympathy with the extraordinary essay of Horace Bushnell's, who had a genius for forming titles, and who called his piece "Woman's Suffrage, the Reform Against Nature." I, therefore watched the situation with more or less critical eye. I could not escape a strong impression of the vigor and effectiveness of the Denver women in connection with civic affairs. This will grow clearer in a special direction of which I am about to speak. At the same time there was another side to the Denver life, the shadier parts of the city and aspects of its on-going, and I more or less continued to doubt within myself the wisdom of that which was going on. In the First Church were men and women deeply devoted to the Temperance Reform not only, but to other forward looking causes. Their zeal, their consecration and their joy that I was sympathetic with much that they stood for were inspiring. At that stage there was a strong movement toward better enforcement of the liquor laws, and public meetings that were held and the deep subjects which were discussed caused me to realize that the city itself was in the beginning of a forward step in these directions. It was my privilege to do something in the furtherance of these matters. With the progressive spirit of that Rocky Mountain metropolis there were large possibilities in the group of earnest ministers who were pastors of the churches of the city and vicinity, and their weekly ministerial meetings were an inspiration. I was early given a place on the committee to arrange for these meetings, and the avidity with which certain suggestions which I was able to offer were carried out

was an inspiration to me, and I am confident that the ministerial fellowship at that time in the city, seemingly furthered by what I referred to, was invaluable for the city. Then at about that time the Triennial International Sunday School Convention was about to be held in Denver, and it had been my privilege to have some hand in that. It was tragic, however, that as the convention came on, the mother passed, and the assurance of prayerful and helpful sympathy that came from the convention was, of itself, a great comfort.

The First Church had had as pastor a minister of extraordinary gifts, but of eccentricities, with regard to whom, as was doubtless better for all concerned, there had come a separation. He, however, was carrying on well attended services, not under the auspices of First Church, in a theatre of the city. The church had then had the sagacity to call to it a Dr. Coyle of North Adams, Mass., whose relations to the industrial situation of North Adams and its neighborhood had been most wise and successful, and who had gone a long way in that region toward a more permanent establishment of a just industrial business. This sort of thing was especially needed in Colorado, in view of such a corporation as the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co., and had Dr. Coyle been able, in his pastorate of First Church, to carry out what he had so effectively wrought in Massachusetts it is doubtful if some of the very unfortunate developments in connection with that company and its enterprises in Colorado would ever have occurred. But Denver was a mile high, and Dr. Coyle was worn out in breaking away from North Adams, and alas he passed away untimely. He had been followed by a minister of high repute in his eastern career, and whom it would be a privilege for any church to have as its pastor, but his health was hardly adequate to the task that he assumed at First Church, and he having resigned, I came into his place. As I looked over the church, as I realized these experiences that it had had, and as I saw the people rising to the emergency that was upon it, and doing their best, an inspiration was given

to me that I can hardly express, and yet a sense of difficulty, and in my own case of not as yet being able to bring the things to pass that I had hoped to have done. But I wish to pay my tribute to that church, to its history, to the way it did meet its emergency, and to what it is doing now, removing from down town to a more comfortable neighborhood of the city.

One of the peculiarities of our church situation was its proximity to the Great Brown Palace Hotel. It was a convenient resting place on a trans-continental journey, and there dropped into our church from time to time outstanding persons. On a day my attention was drawn to a man in the congregation who proved to be a distinguished clergyman from Queensland, Australia. He was on his way to our Congregational Council and combined with it a great Christian Endeavor Convention held that year, if I remember, at Cincinnati. I brought him to the house, and had in an hour one of the experiences of a lifetime. He had been a young Congregational minister in England in our Civil War, and had thereupon gone to his far away life work in the regions indicated. Because he had lived at just such a time his memories of England were very fresh, and he described to me one of the series of addresses which Henry Ward Beecher made in England amidst our Civil War which were the means of a turning point in the attitude of the British government toward our struggle. It is fair play in England to break up a meeting if it can be done by cat-calling. Two hundred Yorkshire men marched into a gallery of the great auditorium for this purpose. They were called Yorkshire Lambs. Their weapon was to put all their lung power into imitating the bleating of sheep. Mr. Beecher was equal to the emergency. When the uproar would become too great he would talk to the stenographers. Something he would say would cause the bleating to stop, and there would be a sentence or two, and then it would begin again. But Mr. Beecher was so tactful and understood so well how to meet the situation, that little by little the spirit of the meeting, which at the begin-

ning may have been hostile, began to turn in his favor. Seizing, therefore, upon exactly the right moment, he said — it was before the buffalo were nearly extinct — "I have listened to the bellowing of vast herds of buffalo on the North American plains, and do you suppose I am to be put down by a few lambs?" It should be explained that there were building in the River Mersey two rams, as iron-clads were then called, which everybody knew were going out to prey on our commerce, after the manner of the Alabama, and the whole matter was a sore point with those who stood for fair play as between nations.

That was the end of the trouble, too, in that meeting. It had happened that a little telegraph boy ran up the stair of the platform and handed a telegram to the chairman, and the chairman read and handed it to Mr. Beecher. What Mr. Beecher read was, "Lord John Russell has this day ordered double anchor put on those hulls in the Mersey." This meant the acknowledgment by the government that these rams were admiralty property, and it would have been impossible, therefore, for them ever to go forth to do what the Alabama had done. "You," said my guest, "in America know, and I know in my own land about what heights a deeply moved and enthusiastic audience will go. But remember," he said, "that this was staid England," and he added that the effect was tremendous. The audience nearly went to pieces. It was some while before Mr. Beecher could get much of any attention again, such was the enthusiasm of the whole audience who knew that the equivocal position of the whole government had been changed.

I sent to the Zion's Herald an account of this interview, and it appeared in the issue of June 27, 1923, with a picture of Mr. Beecher, and I shall never be grateful enough for having had that word picture from an outstanding member of the British Commonwealth of that turning point in the relations between the United States and its mother country.

During my Denver pastorate I had occasion to cross

the Divide by the Union Pacific and come upon water flowing southwest into the Gulf of California, to cross the subdivide and come upon water flowing into the Columbia River, and then recross the Continental Divide and come upon water flowing into the Yellowstone, thus getting finally into the Mississippi, even as the Platte River and the Colorado, which I had left, flowed southeast into that same river. It was a journey around the roof of the continent which I shall not forget, nor the welcome which I received in Montana, in one of their great Christian Endeavor gatherings.

I referred, in connection with the service to the church and to our country of my predecessor at Wakefield, in the matter of the New West Educational Commission, to two journeys which I made into Utah. It was one of the privileges of that pastorate thus to come in contact with such representative areas of our continent as these were.

Our children's mother did not come to Denver when I began my work, for the reason that it was mid-winter, but she joined me in the following autumn. Colorado was a resort for many suffering from tuberculosis, and the medical profession of that neighborhood was expert in treating that trouble. We were fortunate in our Denver physician and the dear mother completely healed the tubercular wounds. Our physician said, "You will be a well woman." Our joy was great, but just about that time she unfortunately encountered typhoid fever in a suburb of the city, and had a terrific run of it, with the result that the tubercular wounds were reopened. She fought bravely on, but at length lost the struggle. With what fortitude she met that whole situation, and how bravely and how beautifully she passed on, with never-to-be-forgotten counsel to the children, are moving parts of our family history.

Professor Parsons, of Colorado College, now president of Marietta College, Ohio, who, with his family, had been most hospitable and gracious to her in her Colorado Springs life, came to Denver for the services, and with the hands of her nearest ones on her casket handles, including Joe

and David, John being absent in the east, we bore her from the loved home, and Joe and I started on the eastward journey, while Dorothea and David remained with their Aunt Ida Tappan, who had providentially come to the Sunday School convention and was with us, and maintained the home until I could return.

XIX.

THE TRANSITION YEAR.

There hinges a tale with the matter of John being east. As my Cambridge pastorate was drawing toward its close, I was solicited by an invitation to preach at Binghamton, New York. The Honorable David C. Bell, a prominent layman of the northwest, and influential in the Plymouth Church, had been interested in my vacation preaching there and had passed the word along to Mr. Charles Lee of Binghamton, who was some connection of his. What Mr. Bell had said to Mr. Lee had led to this Binghamton invitation. Binghamton is in an extraordinarily rich agricultural section of New York State at about as far west in that state as Scranton is in Pennsylvania. There was a noble group of laymen in the Binghamton church who were very cordial to me, and as I was farm bred, and had hoped that each of my sons might have something of the farm life, I asked one of these men, Mr. Julius Rogers, if I might not send one of my boys for a summer on his farm. He met the inquiry very cordially, and John's mother and I, with the boy himself, had carefully planned the matter out, and he had gone on to Binghamton, old enough with such directions as we gave him, to manage the journey. It was there that he was when the mother passed. I sent him a telegram to meet Joe and me at Syracuse, as our train would be passing through, and I shall never forget the prompt appearance of the boy as our train rolled into the great Syracuse station, nor the manfulness of his behavior as he joined Joe and me and proceeded to Gloucester.

In the winter preceding we had been reading Pickwick at the table between courses and otherwise, and we had all reveled in the wonder of that extraordinary piece of literature. It pleased and touched me greatly to have John shyly say to me, not so very long after he had joined us, "Do you know, father, what I did when I got the telegram? I read Pickwick." There were two reasons why he read

Pickwick, — the one that the mother loved it and we had these beautiful hours reading it, and the other that the child was beginning to be a man, and had the sure instinct that it was well to divert, in an innocent manner, his mind from the strain which he was undergoing.

I came to understand, however, a thing about the cordiality of Mr. Rogers in welcoming John to his home, which, had I known, I should never have made the request. The neighborhood of Binghamton was adept in the producing of beet sugar. Mr. Rogers was president of a local company which raised and reduced the product. He had a fine country farm house, and I came to know that in the time when the output was being reduced he had to have chemical experts and needed to lodge them in his home. I could readily see, though he gave no intimation, that under such circumstances it might be not the most convenient thing in the world to have an additional member of the family, and I succeeded in a way satisfactory to us both to solve the difficulty of withdrawing John.

The question was what to do. From our life in Cambridge John and Joe were in a boyish feud, John, a Harvard man, having been born in Cambridge, and Joe, a Yale man, which was my college. Feeling that it was wise for the boys to have their share in the choice to be made, I took up the question of what to do with John, in the changed circumstances. He was very fond of history. I took occasion, in the little vacation which I took to see that he saw Lexington and Concord, and in connection with his Uncle Harlan's being at Silver Bay, that he saw Ticonderoga, and I undertook to capitalize his historical interest in connection with our new problem. I had gone to Plymouth and had there conferred with Dean Briggs, and had been advised by him to put John with Dr. Gallagher, the principal of the Thayer Academy. I told John there was an old church down the Old Colony Line under which were buried two presidents. I took him first to Quincy, and we saw the historic church, beneath the dome of which lie the forms of John and John Quincy Adams, and pro-

ceeded to South Braintree and showed him the grounds of the Academy. He was much interested in all this, and it now being the end of vacation and the buildings and grounds solitary, we sat on the academy steps, and I broached the proposition to John, telling of the reasons why he was not at Binghamton, as it was planned and had been planned at the beginning of the year, and under the changed circumstances, and especially looking toward Harvard, suggested that he undertake the school life there. The suggestion, I could see, was far from acceptable to John. He, in a gentle way, reminded me that mother's plan had been different, and that we had planned to have him out of school a year. Then I said, "Well, let's leave the question undecided, and let's go in and see Dr. Gallagher." Now that school master was one who understood boys. I said, "Maybe John is coming to you, and maybe not. It is a complicated situation, but let's talk about the school." And so we talked and left him. And John went down, as it was expected he should, to the old Gloucester home, where he was for the time staying. I, on the other hand, was living in Boston and seeing The Annie Laurie Mine through the press. The telephone in my room rang. To my surprise John was at the other end of the line, and, boylike, he inquired, "Where shall I send my trunk?" I supposed he was in Gloucester. I said, "Where are you?" and he replied, "At the North Station." Good for John! If he declined to go, I knew what step I should next take, a tenative one to which he could not object, but the boy had settled it for himself. He was on his way to Braintree, and wanted to know what to do next. Bless his heart! How quickly thereupon I shifted my residence from the Hotel Bellevue, where one in those days could get a room at a not prohibitive price, and shared with him a quiet home in Braintree, for Thayer Academy was not a dormitory school. Oh, the blessing of father and son being together in these first academy days of his!

As I said, I was putting through the press The Annie Laurie Mine. At that time the Anti-Saloon League was active in Massachusetts, and I was in constant demand to

speak for the League, in connection with the city elections in December and the annual town meetings early in the next year, on special occasions, and the like. It happened, also, that the pastor of the North Church, St. Johnsbury, Vermont, wishing to be abroad, asked me to take care of his pulpit for a number of months. It was this sort of work that I hoped would come until I received definite settlement. At about this time, however, I was privately approached about taking the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology at Bangor Theological Seminary, it becoming vacant at the end of that academic year, to which it was proposed to add the revival of the office of president, so that I should have both professorial and executive relation to that institution. Inasmuch, however, as the Board of Trustees would not meet until May, it was desired that the matter should be held confidential. We had been solicitous lest possibly David, Junior, who was very young when his mother passed, might have tendencies in the direction which had affected her, and it was a notable leading of Providence that enabled Dorothea and him to be at Bennington with Auntie Lyman for a year, while John would be at Thayer Academy, Braintree, and Joe would be with his grandmother at Gloucester, beginning High School.

Those were very happy weeks at St. Johnsbury, where it was a noble church with a noble record. The way seemed definitely opening for us all, and I was made wonderfully at home amongst the people I served and in the neighborhood. When the St. Johnsbury invitation came I went there to live for a time, and curiously enough there were some outstanding Bangor Seminary men in and near St. Johnsbury, The Bangor Trustees met at that very time, and a telegram announcing the fact reached me at a meeting of the Congregational ministers of the neighborhood while they were in session. It was a very pleasant introduction to the new work to find them enthusiastic about my appointment.

By one of those curious coincidences of which life is full, just at about this time there was some suggestion of a very desirable church in the Berkshires, and also another

possibility in the middle west, either of which was attractive, but especially that in the Berkshires, for the same reasons as regards the family that made it fine for Dorothea and David to be in Bennington. I was, however, with regard to the first, and perhaps also with regard to the second, obliged to say that there were reasons confidential why I could not entertain these possibilities.

The St. Johnsbury engagement ended just about in time for me to go to Bennington for the summer, where already Dorothea and David were, and where the other children joined us.

The Old Home Week was much a feature in Vermont in those days, and occurred during our stay in Bennington, while at the same time the Anniversary of the Battle of Bennington, August 16, 1777, was especially marked by union services at the Old First Church, which I had attended while living there for about two years while a boy attending school. I was asked to preach the sermon on the Sunday evening of that occasion. There was a large attendance, I made considerable research in preparation, and the sermon, amplified by notes, was handsomely printed in pamphlet form with excellent illustrations.

But meantime, Bangor drew on, and the early autumn found the family there, and me undertaking the new and untried duties and responsibilities of the presidency and the professorship in that ancient institution.

XX.

BANGOR.

Our earlier American colleges were established especially in order to furnish the churches of the colonies with learned and competent ministers, and right well they discharged their task. In the more immediate neighborhood of Boston were ministers who had been trained in Cambridge University, England, and Cambridge, which set out to be Newtown, was, I suppose, lighted upon to be the site of a college because Thomas Shepard was minister of Newtown, a most extraordinary man. John Harvard, himself, was one of those Cambridge University men, whose name, blessed be God, came to our oldest university, and one has only to know the outstanding ministers of New England and of our Colonies in general in that seventeenth century, and that extraordinary group of theologians and ministers connected in the eighteenth with the great awakening which paved the way for the American Revolution, and the masterful place the ministers of the churches held during the Revolution and the first decades of the American Commonwealth, to see how manifestly these colleges did their duty.

Nevertheless, it was not until Harvard College had existed one hundred and forty-seven years and Yale eighty-one years that the first theological school proper was set up.

New Amsterdam, which became New York, and its neighborhood were settled by the Dutch who represented, in distinction from the European group of Lutheran churches, the European group of Reformed churches, and true to form, at New Brunswick, New Jersey, in the year the Revolution closed, 1783, the Reformed churches set up the first distinctly theological school on the North American continent. Twenty-five years later, in 1808, the Congregationalists followed at Andover. Four years later than this, in 1812, the Presbyterians set up at Princeton, New Jersey, in distinction from Princeton College, a theo-

logical seminary. And next in the glorious procession, in 1816, came Bangor, three years at Hampden, just south of Bangor, but in 1819 removed to its present location. To me thus came the high privilege of the presidency and professorship of that noble and ancient institution, in which position I continued eighteen years, until 1921.

This period is well within the memory of all of the Beach children, at whose desire I am preparing these memorials, and at the outset I am venturing to speak somewhat summarily about what Bangor during that period meant to me and mine.

In the spring in which I was elected the faculty determined to introduce the annual opening address, beginning with the fall next following. It asked me to give that address. I based the address on the words, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." In that address, for substance, I set forth as an ideal for the Seminary that we should seek to make it as nearly as might be the kind of a theological school that the Apostle Paul would set up, were that responsibility laid upon him at that time. That is, first things first: the Christian life, the ardent Christian faith and the practicable serviceableness that ought to be in such a school. I think that that ideal ruled the eighteen years that I was with the Seminary.

The Seminary admitted non-college men. This meant that some students would not, as yet, have had Greek. The custom had been to teach elementary Greek through some competent student who might help earn his way thereby and yet do the work well, and the problem, year by year, was to secure a student who would be thoroughly competent for that work. Before I had discontinued from the service of the Seminary an able teacher of the Bangor High School did that work and did it in an admirable way consecutively for a number of years. When that teacher became head of the Bangor Public Library the work was taken over by a regular member of the faculty. But this circumstance of the student teacher, curiously enough, brought forward at once on my taking up the work the

question of empowering the Seminary to grant degrees in theology, a function which it had never performed. A choice student in that year would be glad to take up the work, but not unless on his graduating from Bangor he might receive the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. The faculty came to the provisional decision to apply forthwith for the power and it was granted, and Bangor can now grant any theological degree. In view, however, of our taking students who had not had college, and would not, therefore, average to get out of the first years of the course as much as if they had, we determined that our B.D. should not in any way be cheapened, therefore, required work additional to what would be necessary to receive the Bangor diploma, and that, moreover, no one might receive it who had not first earned his first or Bachelor's degree. Such, in fact, was our high purpose respecting the quality of that particular degree that in my judgment it averages to be harder for a man at Bangor to win a degree than it averages to be for a man in more or less of our other institutions — which is mentioned in no unfavorable contrast to other institutions which require a Bachelor's degree for entrance, but only to show how conscientiously and scrupulously Bangor acquired the right to grant the degree.

With no disrespect to the wonderful years which had preceded 1903 when I began, it ought in justice to be stated that the relation of the Board of Trustees and of the faculty was hardly that of the fullest team work. For instance, when I succeeded to the two chairs which had been wonderfully filled by my predecessor, and to that was added the executive position, the faculty had very little to do with it. Every professor appointed since has come into his position through the initiative of president and faculty conferring with the trustees and bringing recommendations to it. In fact, the relations between the governing board and the faculty was more nearly like that of the employer and a hired man, than, to say the least, would have been desirable. This statement is made with no reflection on the board. That had been presumably for life

the traditional attitude, and it was not wholly easy to change it. But when the next president came into office, faculty and governing board kept step, and acted each within its range, as one man.

It grew obvious, as I got to know the situation, that Bangor, in admitting non-college men under the limitations and provisos which it set up, was opening a legitimate opportunity to many, many choice men to prepare for the ministry who could not otherwise do so, and able to make, in its results, a record thoroughly justifying this course.

I have spoken first of the apostolic ideal for the seminary, secondly of the empowerment of the Seminary to grant degrees in theology in a way not to cheapen the value of the degrees, and thirdly of the relations between governing board and faculty that made them each, in their way, a unit. I next mention a matter which had taken effect before my presidency. It had been determined that each member of the faculty appointed should be on a three years' probation. This was not intended in any way to interfere with the independence and freedom of each appointee, but it was subject to revision and confirmation when three years had expired. Consequently I was not formally inducted into office until after three years. I did not become a member of the board of trustees until after three years. My successor in the presidency, for whom neither I nor the Seminary ought ever to cease to thank God, although he had brilliantly served the institution for sixteen years as head of the department of New Testament, in turn was not inducted into the president's office until three years had expired. The Professor of History was the first to come under this rule, and I the second. He was an admirable man. He had a noble Christian character. He had a beautiful family. There were reasons, in no way detracting from the high qualities in the man, why he could not be confirmed. That delicate matter was in the hands of the then president of the board, Professor Henry L. Chapman of Bowdoin College, and me, president of the faculty. Between the Wednesday noon of

graduation week of 1905, and the end of that week that professor's home was left motherless, a noble woman and beautiful character snatched suddenly away. The empowered committee continued that professor for the ensuing year, and afterward, in a fine spirit on all sides, he withdrew. Now this I am saying is key to the point I now make with regard to the administration of the Seminary in my time. We tried to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. We tried to do our straight and honest duty. We passed through hard, painful experiences as what has been mentioned may suggest, but we tried to speak the truth in love, and in all issues, whether in the trustees, in faculty, in the student life, in cases of discipline, or what not, to walk "in His steps." I am fully persuaded that while none of us was immune from possible mistakes of judgment, or even of temper, the Seminary had the benefit, through those transition years, of a loyal spirit brooding over us, as the annual opening address of 1903 had maintained should be the case, "not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

When after my appointment I visited the Seminary, coming one night and returning the next, and began to realize something of what the position would mean, especially for one wholly untried in such work, I not only had the solemnest thoughts and anxieties and burdens of mind, but I took account of stock. What was the best thing in my Divinity course? None of it could have been wisely left out. All of it was of value. But the Lyman Beecher lectures on preaching had given wings to the whole course. A parishioner of Henry Ward Beecher had given ten thousand dollars to establish a lectureship, and it had been named in honor of Mr. Beecher's most extraordinary father, and the proviso had been that the lecturer on the foundation should be Mr. Beecher so long as he cared to do the work, and that afterward the faculty should appoint. The first year of the lectureship was my senior year at college, and the second year I was on the New York Tribune, the third year I was junior in the Seminary. Mr. Beecher gave the lectures these three years, of which I heard as

college senior the first, and as Divinity School junior the third. In my middle year Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, gave the lectures. In my senior year, Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, gave them. When Mr. Beecher gave his third course his tribulations in Brooklyn, which had not then become public, and as regards which I profoundly believe he was an innocent man, were at their height and certainly an angel from heaven could hardly exceed the quality of this lecturer. Dr. John Hall was magnificent. Dr. Taylor brought the traditions and experiences of the Scottish pulpit for centuries with him for a blessing.

We must have something like that, I said. But I said, why preaching. Dr. Gladden's book, Applied Christianity, gave a perfect title for a course of lectures that ought to exist. And as Dr. Harris, twelve years at Bangor, then four years as President at Bowdoin and on the way to become a great college president, but feeling the call of theology at Yale Divinity his duty, and lecturing there in my time, was always illuminating his propositions by choice extracts from the best of literature, why should there not be a course that we could arrange in which the poetry and marvel and wonderland of imagination might find its place? What better than to call it Literature and Life? And inasmuch as the Lyman Beecher lectures came in the middle term of the Seminary year, why not have another of them in the fall term, and another in the spring? But where was the money to pay for them? And where were the men to fill them? In God's providence I had friends eminent in the ministry and in literature. For hardly more than a nominal compensation some of them began to undertake the work.

Meantime, under Dr. Emrich, head of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, at Andover, had begun a series of what Dr. Emrich playfully called the "Mud Time" school. That is to say, the members of the Andover faculty, assisted by some outside persons of distinction, would carry on, say for ten days, lectures and addresses of an uplift type, and

the secretary of the Maine Missionary Society would be advised that they could entertain so many — say ten Maine ministers at this school, and the secretary would proceed to gather funds for them to attend. But somebody would say to him, "Why not give more money and have more come to Bangor?" So it was he suggesting what happened and I approving that led, all undesignedly, to the institution of Convocation Week. This had been promised in the year 1905-06, which was the first year both of Professor Lyman and Professor Moulton at Bangor. Mr. Harbutt was dining at our house. I said to him, "Professor Lyman and Professor Moulton are working very hard in the first year of their professorship, and to have them do as the Andover professors are doing in Dr. Emrich's Assembly would be unjust to them." Then bespoke the lady who for nineteen years had done superlative educational work at Hampton Institute, "Why not the 'supplementary lectures' ?" which was what we called this course. The secretary and I adjourned after dinner, blocked it out and announced to her the plan of what we were doing, all to be accomplished within one week, when she exclaimed, "But they will die of mental and spiritual indigestion." Nevertheless we won out. It was a marvelous week. We had not thought of the Quiet Hour except to be led as a devotional service by attending ministers, but we subsequently found that that was as important as the other three. We named it "Convocation Week," rather than "Convocation" as in some higher institutions "Convocation" has a distinct academic function. In fact, at the last evening of our first Convocation Week, when we journeyed from church to church evenings, and were that evening at Central Church, its pastor, Dr. Moore, in some pleasant closing words said that he doubted if any city in New England had had anywhere within such a space of time such a blessing as Bangor had received, and stated his confidence that this Convocation should become permanent. And the speaker that evening, Dr. Philip Stafford Moxom, of South Church, Springfield, Massachusetts, had himself said that he had come to Bangor ill, but was going away well, and that he did not

call Bangor Seminary an institution of learning, but a fountain of life. So was born, not designedly at all, what has become famous since, and has been imitated elsewhere, including amongst the imitators Yale Divinity School, and what to Maine, and Northern New England was an invaluable gift. The war years interrupted it but it came back with power, and perhaps none in the now lengthening series has surpassed that of the year of this present writing, namely 1926.

APPENDIX

MOTHER.

By HARLAN PAGE BEACH

Mary Angeline Walkley came to her New Jersey home from Connecticut. While the new home was, like her early one, a place where strong Christian principles prevailed, she, nevertheless, found many conditions that were new and not easily assimilated. New Jersey in our section of it was a legacy from the Dutch, so that our verandah or piazza was a stoop, the level piece of road between our garden and Uncle Newton Crowell's property a plat or flat, and words had a decidedly flat pronunciation, psalm being pronounced Sam, calm, cam, etc. Compared with the blue laws of Connecticut the house laws of the South Orange home were even more strict. Grandma Beach did not permit us children to "walk abroad" on Sunday, nor to whistle on that holy day. Father religiously shaved on Saturday afternoon that he might not break the Fourth Commandment, and that necessary labor might be reduced to a minimum, he himself did the barn and farm work on that day, so that his sons might not break into its solemn program. We could go to church and to the summer sessions of the Sunday School, held in the old brick school house, with Father as its superintendent. By-words were tabu, and when our feelings were unduly wrought up, we could express ourselves in "I do declare" as our "darn it," or some more profane equivalent. Any Connecticut innovations in cooking were looked upon as a heresy in the culinary world. In general any slight adoption of ways of doing things not strictly indigenous was opposed by Grandma, and Mother was so anxious not to displease, that she always yielded her point.

As wife, Mother was never expected to show any sort of sentiment in the presence, or with the knowledge, of others. I do not recall any kisses between them except when she

went to Connecticut and returned from that far-away country. Yet I never saw any exhibition of anger or of reproof when any difference of opinion arose from some infraction of family rules, or variant views between the two. I do not recall a single case of quarreling among the older members of the family, nor any semblance of scolding, though occasionally Mother would strongly reprove us children. Father and Mother evidently had a principle of never talking over before the children the harder things of a family with very limited resources and of necessitated economies. I am almost certain that Father was often in dire straits financially, but that was never talked about while we were present. Occasionally one or the other of them was in great bodily pain; but neither expressed much concern, nor voiced sympathy for the other, though each, doubtless, really felt that sympathy.

Mother's relation to Grandma must have been trying in her later days — the only years when I knew Grandma. She had a leg that was afflicted with a raw sore which needed to be dressed daily by Mother for years. Then in her last years she could not walk, but was lifted from bed to a low rocking chair which served as a sled upon which she was drawn into the living room. There she remained all day, most of the time with a square frame around her, the top of which was padded, so that at any time she could bow her head upon it and sleep. Exacting as this care for her was, I never heard a single word of impatience from Mother, as she tenderly cared for her. I know that what was her hardest trial was Grandma's treatment of all things having to do with Connecticut as being decidedly inferior; and I think she regarded Mother as also being part and parcel of an alien country.

I have often thought of Mother's relation to us children as almost ideal. Her care for our physical needs was as generous as poverty would permit. She was always anxious for us to have little delicacies, and made special cakes for us, and brought home from the fairy land of Newark little surprises which probably did not cost as much as a dime but which were treasured by us; and if the gift was con-

fectionery, David excelled us all in keeping his in some out of the way corner until long after our portion was merely a sweet memory, when his would appear as a rebuke for our inability to restrain our appetites. If the gift was an orange, and if by chance each had a whole orange, that was a bonanza indeed. David again taught us how to economize, as after separating out one of the large lobes, he would still further prolong the life of the orange by separating the various small tiny lobes, about the size of a grain of wheat, and then slowly eat them.

Of course, our clothes were a very real problem. Mother would use Father's trousers — what there was left of them, to make small editions of them for us boys. Sometimes this process was shortened by cutting off the legs, taking in a reef at the waist, and then overhanding them so that the edges would not ravel. I remember that once her ingenuity enabled her to supply me with boots — top boots of some adult relative who had worn real calf-skin boots instead of cowhides. This gay pair of boots she took and stuffed the toes full of cotton, so that they became two or three inches shorter, and so could be worn by me. What she really wished me to have was a nice pair of cowhide boots with lovely tops of red leather; which were a perfect joy until I appeared in them with my trousers tucked inside the tops, only to have my school-mates gather around and baptize them with all the spittle that each could produce. David had grown beyond that stage when I appeared on the scene; but my feelings of sorrow when my nice, shiny boots appeared in that slimy condition, were near to a heart-break.

Motherly discipline was not hard to bear because it had been imposed upon us from our earliest recollection. Untruthfulness and disobedience were prime sins, and had we ever used anything approaching oaths, that would undoubtedly have been severely atoned for. Occasionally Mother used a small switch to emphasize her words, but that was only very rarely done. "Mother told you not to do so," was a rod of reproof that usually sufficed to keep us within bounds. And then her face showed us how it

had hurt her that we should have disobeyed. Though she was so very busy, often until nearly ten at night, she delighted to call our attention to animals, as she showed us how a mother snake would have within her a quantity of small ones which had run into this place of refuge when threatened by man. Or she would tell us what in her girlhood she had enjoyed so much, seeing how very cunning little rats were when playing together, — more so than kittens she told us. Then when Venus was nearest the earth, she would roll up paper into a tube and have us look at it at midday through it. When the great comet of 1859 — perhaps — came with its awe inspiring fan tail, she took us out to show it to us. On rare occasions she would cover all windows of a room, leaving open only a tiny hole and then have one of us go outside the house and run about, thus giving us on the opposite wall of the room a camera obscura picture of what was going on outside. She liked to have us tame birds and squirrels, by feeding them and bringing them near us so that we could touch them.

My recollection of Sundays was especially vivid, as related to Mother. On that day all cooking was reduced to the minimum, so that usually we never had any cooked dinner, as we never had griddle cakes Sunday morning, because that caused extra work. All the children must be prepared for church with verses learned and the Sunday School Question book ready for reciting. After returning from church and Sunday School and lunch was over, Mother would take the most interesting Sunday School library book that any of us had gotten and read that to us by the hour. When that was over she would tell us Bible stories from the Old Testament. Then Grandma would have her innings. First David would be asked the 107 questions of the Westminster Shorter Catechism; next Lucy went as far as she had committed the questions and answers. (Of course, Grandma never needed any book.) Then I came, but I had not gone far when Grandma became too old to ask the questions; so to Father's great disgust he learned after my graduations at Yale, that I had not memorized the catechism. Sister Anna had learned it for the sake of

winning a beautiful copy of the Bible promised all children who would memorize it. After the "Catechizing" was over we had our simple supper almost always consisting of fried slices of smoked cow's liver, bread and butter and cake. Then Mother would go upstairs and put us to bed as a great treat. I think that Grandma taught us "Now I lay me down to sleep," but after tucking us up and hearing us say that prayer, Mother prayed with us a prayer of her own which was very helpful. No, we prayed first, and then were tucked in by her.

Whenever we were injured physically, we all rushed to Mother, and when she had kissed the injured spot and said "Mother is so sorry," we felt able to endure our pain much better. Later as our poverty often caused us growing boys and girls to feel our inferiority to others, in the mattter of clothes mainly and as we were subject to teasing on account of it, we would go to her for some comforting words of cheer. She was always optimistic in talking with us, and so we could not be pessimists. When on one occasion in each of our lives we went to Connecticut with her, she was in Paradise and wanted us to see all the places at South End where she used to play, and to know all the surviving relatives as well. I have spent three and a half years traveling over the world and have lived six years in China, but no travel has ever equaled the experience of my childhood in Southington and Plantsville.

In her relation to our relatives in South Orange she was always most hospitable, and after Grandma's death would often go to visit them, and have them come to see us. I recall how full of reminiscence those visits were, and how much they meant to her and to her visitors. As Grandma was the only survivor of that generation, Thanksgiving Dinner was our right and all the relatives, old and young, came to the home. Uncle Lewis Pierson supplied the turkey and we added sundry hens and roosters, as well as all the kinds of pies that were in vogue at that time. All the tables that we could muster were put together in a row and after the prolonged dinner was over for the older ones, we children came in for our share. After the dishes were

washed and the boys and men had come back from playing ball on the plat, we children and the older ones were led in our frolic indoors by Mother and Martha Taylor, a cousin. Blindman's buff and many other games were duly played and then the other families went home at seven o'clock or thereabout. Mother was the soul of that wonderful festival always. But it was a great physical strain for a week, more or less, to prepare and clear up after it.

Mother was also the patron of Christmas; and though without any money to buy us gifts, she would make some trifling ones for each of us. We had Christmas trees at Sunday School and with the gifts from that source we were able to enjoy Christmas eve and Christmas morning as fully as children of today with their many gifts. She usually repeated the old Christmas rhyme, " 'Twas the night before Christmas when all in the house, Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse," etc. Mother also remembered a few people who were not likely to have any Christmas gifts and would send to these relatives remembrances, often made by her own hands.

What she was to her relatives, she also was to our neighbors. She rarely had any time to visit them; but after church was over and at spare moments she would have some kind and cheery word for them. If any were sick she would visit them and do something to make their homes bright and the sick ones comfortable and hopeful.

The Church was much to her, both on Sundays and as a force in her life. Its ministry was a sacred one, and its ministers were prophets. In one case, the pastor was a man who knew little of his Bible; and when he displayed his ignorance of it, it so decreased her interest in him that finally she left the old church — Father was no longer living — and united with similarly minded persons in forming Trinity Church, to which she was devoted. This brought to them a number of prominent men as supplies who were more liberally minded than the old-time ministers. Gradually her own mind was broadened and she began to believe some of the modern views of theology.

When she found that Uncle Stephen Walkley had become liberalized, she was emboldened to use her own reason, instead of following the old time views slavishly. Yet she was not a modernist in the sense of departing from the Bible.

The minister who had most influence with her was Dr. Worcester, who was later called to a Chicago Presbyterian Church, and after some years to the Faculty of Union Seminary. He always preached written sermons which had been prepared with the utmost care. Compared with him, his successor was so ignorant of the Bible, that she could not endure him, as I have just said. In Trinity, after they had a permanent minister, they had another man who satisfied her much, now Professor Nichols of Auburn Seminary. In this relative ecclesiastical instability, Mother was simply returning to her ancestral rights of personal opinion, as found in the Congregational Church of her youth, as compared with the highly orthodox and unchanging Presbyterianism of the South Orange of those days. Drs. Worcester and Nichols had led her to a thoughtful view of religion, rather than regarding it as loyalty to a creed and an unchangeable view of God and the Bible. And Mother also delighted in prayer meetings. For many years we had a neighborhood prayer meeting, usually held at Uncle John Crowell's on Friday evenings, which she almost invariably attended. In her later life under Dr. Worcester's ministry she attended the mid-week meeting in South Orange with great profit to herself. Her religious life as thus nourished was dominated by a profound faith that God was in His world and would always care for His own. Duty was a word that had rather a harsh meaning for her, but that was always dominant in her life. She would do her duty at any cost, and as children we were trained to be obedient to God's will as taught in the Bible and emphasized in what she regarded as *good* sermons. Some non-biblical ideas she often impressed upon us, one of the most often mentioned being, "All pride is sinful."

Our home had few books, though we always had Sunday School library books, which as stated were read to us by

her. A few religious and devotional volumes were always about and she knew them well. Then she delighted in those wall rolls of religious and scriptural quotations, which she had hanging in her bedroom and which meant much to her without doubt. Though we had few books of poetry, she and some of our women relatives used to write poems and interchange them. As I recall some of hers which I have seen, they seem above the ordinary in sentiment and in form. I have often thought that David's poetical mind owed much to Mother. When he was chosen class poet at Yale, it gave her great satisfaction, though, as "all pride was sinful," she could not indulge herself in expressing her gratification because of that honor. I think that she was also grateful that I was asked to teach at Phillips, Andover, but her principle prevented her expressing any interest in that work of one of her sons.

Mother was always interested in Foreign Missions. Father's relative, Henry Lyman, — or rather a relative by Aunty Lyman's marriage, — had been martyred and eaten in Sumatra; and another family connection, John Freeman, had been a missionary in India where he and his wife were slain in the Sepoy Mutiny. The latter had sent to us many water colors of Indian life, and they and a few other curios, including an idol that had been cast out by its owner because it gave him no luck in fishing had impressed her; and so her interest in missionary meetings was always very keen. When I decided to go as a missionary, Father was much opposed but Mother was glad to have me go. When the hour of parting from her came and I was broken down and in tears, she said cheerfully to me, "Never mind, Harlan, you are going back to Andover," — a place which she knew I loved more than any other spot. In the first discouraging months in China, before I had enough Chinese to do any regular work, I used to go out on moonlight nights and look up to the moon, knowing that she had as usual looked up at it perhaps within a few hours, and that was a point of physical connection between us; while I was certain that she was always praying for us and our work.

As I have often thought of Mother, I have wondered

what she might have become had she had opportunities to study in one of our modern colleges for women. I am sure that she would have made good use of its privileges and would have been a great force in her world. Her faith and her keen sense of duty and of responsibility for others would have made her a woman of great power. Yet she certainly was a good Mother to us.

THE HOME AT SOUTH END.

Written January, 1877, by Mary A. Beach, wife of Joseph Wickliff Beach, daughter of Stephen and Olive Walkley of Southington, Connecticut.

All through the year 1876, being the Centennial year of our nation's history I have thought to note down some things as far back as I can remember so that if this paper shall fall in the hands of my children or grandchildren there may be a few facts of the olden time. I was born February 15th, 1824, so that in a few days I shall be 53. Now I gladly look back to the house where nine of us children were born. It had never been painted. Father built it a short time before his marriage in 1811. It was a story and a half with lean-to with a large chimney in the center around which were three fire places and several cupboards and closets. It fronted the west. Such was my house, humble, unpretending, full of love. Puritan parents, with good judgment, with no narrow view of life, charitable and respected by all their neighbors. Father was poor in worldly goods, his father having had a seafaring life and enfeebled his constitution by exposure. His mother, an active energetic woman, who made stays and went out to sewing to eke out a living. After father's marriage he studied surveying and was appointed County surveyor, so that with his small, poor farm and surveying we lived comfortably by close earning. In those days, people spun and wove their own cloth, knit their own stockings and when I think of mother's cares and labors for her family, I am astonished. She never had a servant. Father's sister Rebecca, lived with us and worked at tailoring. When out of work for neighboring families, she did our household sewing, made the men's wear and our dresses, hoods, etc. Mother knit for all her family till her girls were able to knit for themselves. Very frequently she took her knitting work in the evening and ran into the neighbors. Her advice was often sought for the sick and

often, very often, she watched by sick beds all night, came home, prepared breakfast for her own family, worked all day without a moment's rest with all the composure and quietness of a good night's rest. As far back as I remember, there were no carpets in the house. Very soon, however, mother herself cut flags in the marshy places and having colored linen yarn blue, red, yellow, for warp, wove some homemade matting. This was for the best room, which was the north front room, the place for company. I will describe it as I first remember. In the northeast corner stood the best bed with curtains of calico, the ground red with vines running over it of horsechestnut blossoms and leaves; a spread of brown figured with pink and dark brown, with a fringe network very wide, some of mother's own work. There were six wooden chairs painted red with bunches of grapes and grape leaves on the top slat of the back. There was a rocking chair to match with a cushion covered with some of the calico like bed curtains. There was a small green rocking chair without arms, very uncomfortable to sit in as it threw anyone forward. A looking glass between the two west windows, a plain cherry table under the looking glass without a cover, with a few books on it. The mantle had two brass candlesticks, a snuffers-tray and snuffers, and occasionally we children had some little toy that might find a place there. There were a brass handled shovel and tongs, a pair of brass andirons, all the brass as bright as gold. It was *grand* we children thought and we were never allowed to go there alone lest we should disarrange the high feather bed or rub our little damp hands on the brass. The south front room was our living room, a very pleasant room so far ahead of the neighbors as to have an open Franklin stove a little out in the room, thereby making two nice corners for us children to place our one little chair and crickets, to sit and smother our merriment when a neighbor dropped in or the grown people talked or read, for in those days children were expected to "be seen and not heard." There was always a little wooden cradle there painted red, one of father's own make and a baby. When the baby was young in the winter

mother had his bed in this room in the northwest corner all made up nice as soon as possible in the morning. The little chairs, the crickets and cradle lasted for the whole nine. When I was four years old, I think, mother spun and wove some linen cloth and had it nailed to the side of the barn and painted it herself for oil cloth. It did not cover the south room entirely but did nearly and saved scrubbing. When I was about seven, I think, or before, mother made a thick slade stripe carpet for the best room, and, as about that time the chambers had been done off (before that we had blankets hung to make rooms), she took the bed from the best room and the matting and furnished her best spare room, the south chamber. Soon after we had a carpet made for south room and afterward for kitchen a rag carpet, but not till after I was sixteen did we begin to live in the kitchen in the winter.

Our living was plain, rye bread mostly. Almost always bread and milk for supper for the children. We had pies instead of cake for tea. Made butter and cheese. Usually had five cows. Raised two pigs and put down corned beef for winter. Always had enough to eat, though not much variety. In the fall when the winter pears were gathered, all, old and young, were enlisted to cut pears and apples. Mother boiled down sweet cider till it became a syrup and then boiled the pears and sweet apples in two immense kettles and made a half barrel of sauce for our every day use. It usually lasted nearly all winter and we had a few rich preserves for extra occasions and nice cake very seldom. Mother made doughnuts all through the winter, and gingercake in the summer for common use, and school childrens' dinners. We had a horse and green sleigh with a high back. Were obliged to go to school every day. If the going was too bad, had to be carried and church going was a habit. No one must stay at home if it was possible to carry them. The sleigh would be loaded in winter and the large wagon in summer. There were no springs to the wagons in those days, but father contrived a spring seat. I think this church going habit commenced when we were so young has had a beautiful influence over us all our

lives. When I first went to church the house was not heated. Mother and Aunt Rebecca had each a little tin foot stove. A box of tin with holes punctured in it and placed in a wooden frame with a little door to open and put in a sheet iron pan filled with wood coals covered with ashes, with a wire handle which was like a kettle. We had no instrumental music in church. Mother left spinning linen and bought cotton for underwear when I was quite young. She made table cloths and towels some time after this. We are all scattered now and growing old very fast (four of the nine children dead), and all have had our parents in blessed remembrance. I have written many unimportant things as I expected and left out the more interesting. If my mother had written what she had known fifty years before, it would be very pleasant to me. She *did* tell me that their lives were much more simple. In her early childhood, they used wooden trenchers for plates and used no tablecloths and when they had hash or beans no plates were set, only knives and bread laid for each one, each using their knives to eat from the large dish.

THREE POEMS

Cherry Valley, Nov. 30th, 1848

'Tis morning, yet in that dear home scarce shines the light of day,
How gladly would my footsteps roam, within those walls to stray;
Methinks I'd go from room to room and give to each a kiss;
Then hasten to another couch to drop some happy wish.
But hark! upon the kitchen floor I hear that well known tread,
The spacious table now is out, the clean white cloth is spread
And mother in her snowy cap, is hastening to prepare
The morning meal at early dawn, for 'tis *Thanksgiving* there.
And now I see them, one by one, till all at length appear,
Refreshed with sleep, with glowing cheeks unspotted by a tear,
And soon I see them gathering round, the breakfast now is o'er,
While in the broad stone oven's mouth the brilliant fire doth roar.
The meat was yesterday prepared, the chicken pie was made;
The largest, fairest fowl was stuffed and in the pantry laid,
And Mother now is stepping fast, her pudding to prepare;
Her daughters, too, are hurrying on, arranging all with care.
'Tis half past ten — they're ready now, the horse is at the door,
Again the oven lid is down and Mother looks once more,
And now I see them jogging on, anon, I hear the bell,
Its very sound breathes thankfulness, there's music in its spell.
'Tis eleven. Within that Bethel's Walls methinks they're seated now;

I see our pastor's smiling face, his broad expansive brow
And then I see him spread his hands, and hear him slowly pray
That God would send his presence down, and bless them through the day.
How sweetly would I join those songs or mingle in that prayer,
How gladly would I hear that text if I were only there —
But soon, too soon, the service o'er, they homeward plod their way,
Where little ones impatient wait, and wonder why they stay.
And then they hurry to and fro their supper to prepare,
And soon their table waiting stands for *one* who is not there;
At length he comes, they're seated now, God's blessing they implore
While grateful hearts send up their thanks to Him whom they adore.
I wonder if those bright tin pails (soon as the feast is o'er)
Are brought and filled with pleasant things to carry to the poor.
I wonder who the bearers are, and if they feel that joy
That I have felt in other years while in the same employ.
'Tis half past five, they sing a hymn, and then they kneel in prayer,
How rich the offering of thanks that flows so freely there;
And Oh, how earnestly they plead with holy trembling fear
That God would spare their precious lives throughout another year.
Of those who dwelt in early days within that household spot,
There, three of us are far away, and one, alas! is not;
E'en in his lisping infancy, he took his flight to Heaven,
Yet *parents*, brothers, sisters then, the number now is seven;
Of children's children, four are there with hearts so free and light,
They scarcely can contain their joy, Oh what a happy sight.

But one (the little Olive bud) that just a year before
Shared more attention than they all, alas! she is no more.
Another, too, a much loved friend, was there a year ago,
Whose form we ne'er again shall meet while traveling here below.
I know our cup of thankfulness is full and running o'er,
Yet sorrow mingles in its draught to teach our thoughts to soar,
And Oh, be this our earnest prayer that round God's throne in heaven
Of those who dwelt beneath that roof we then may number eleven.

MARY.

This poem was written by Mary A. Beach, in South Orange, New Jersey, on Thanksgiving Day, November 30th, 1848. She had then been married about a year and a half and wrote this poem to describe the Thanksgiving Days of her girlhood in the Walkley home at South End, Southington, Connecticut.

On the same day this poem was written, her first child, David N. Beach, was born.

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

They tell me that my childhood home,
  That cot beneath the hill,
Has passed from hands that builded it,
  A *stranger's* hands to fill.
O! how my yearning heart looks back,
  As oft it has before,
To rest among the bygone days,
  That ne'er will greet me more.

I love to think of all those scenes
  Around that fireside hearth;
The filial love to parents dear,
  The sweet and joyous mirth.
I love to call those faces back,
  And view them o'er and o'er —
Remembering well the pleasant words
  Of those who speak *no more.*

I think, too, of the mother's love,
  Her burdens and her tears,
Her patience and her humble lot
  Through long remembered years.
When sickness came (as sickness must)
  With what untiring tread
And calm and soothing tenderness
  She watched around our bed.

Yet death came not in long, long years,
  Within that cottage home;
But there were births and marriages
  And festive days to come —
The daughters left the sheltering roof,
  The sons were scattered wide,
Two sped them at their country's call,
  One a brave soldier died.

His aged sire with twofold grief,
Feels that his prop is gone;
His son has gained the heavenly rest,
While he has lost a home,
The place he fondly hoped to rest
His few short years to come,
And now he finds it hard to say,
"Father, thy will be done."

Farewell old roof, thou dear old roof,
I ne'er must love thee more —
"A stranger's hand is on the latch,
His step is on the floor."
Yet tell me will the childish voice
Ring out in merry glee?
And filial love shine forth as bright
As when it sheltered me?

O! tell me will those little rooms
Witness the voice of prayer?
Will loving hearts lie down to rest
In sweet contentment there?
O! tell me will some kindly hand
Those broken walls repair?
And prune the trees and train the vine
With tenderness and care?

Farewell again my precious home
Where first I saw the light,
Thy days of darkness and of joy,
How rapid was their flight:
And now they teach the weary heart
One painful lesson more —
"To leave the things that are behind
Press on to those before."

South Orange. —Mrs. J. W. B.

RETROSPECTION.

There comes a hush, an awe of soul
That I so soon have reached the goal,
Have reached the "three score years and ten"
Which marks the boundary of men.
Here let me pause, retrace the way
Which "God hath led me to this day."
A quiet peaceful infancy,
A happy childhood planned for me
A pride in those whose names I bore,
A love, a reverence, and more
A lifelong sense of gratitude
To the great Giver of all good
Who gave me birth in such a spot,
Who marked my path, and chose my lot
Where Nature with a lavish hand
Taught lessons I could understand.
Where honest labor, thrifty care
Became apparent everywhere.
Here in a cottage so complete
Was heard the tramp of many feet,
While children's voices rent the air,
Yet with judicious, constant care
A peace and harmony was wrought,
And moral lessons daily taught.
School days, glad days, too soon were past
And womanhood came on at last;
Both faith and hope were clothed in light,
Life's pathway seemed exceeding bright.
With daring I became a wife
(The great event which crowned my life).
Another home, another nest,
With more of labor than of rest;
Yet he who chose me for his bride
A stalwart man, walked by my side.
Strong was his arm, and strong his will
His every duty to fulfill.
Though many leaned on him for care

He proved most faithful even there.
To us were precious treasures given,
Immortal souls to train for heaven
To watch, to guard, to keep, to guide,
And every needful want provide.
The joy which should have crowned those days
Was almost lost within the maze
Of labor and incessant care,
Yet fanned and kept alive by prayer.
I knew not that with tongue and pen
My sons would reach the hearts of men,
Yet when I held them on my knee
There oft arose *this* earnest plea,
That they might live to man's estate,
And God would make them *good,* not great.
Cease O, my soul, was it for pride
Within this heart, that He denied
My fond desires for those I love
And sent his chastening from above?
I cannot *see,* but I can rest
On this one thought that "God knows best,"
And though he led through waters deep
His loving hand my soul did keep.
I cannot tell the where, nor when,
Beyond these "three score years and ten,"
Yet with a quiet, and content,
At eventide I pitch my tent,
And gather gladness in the gloam
That I am one day nearer home.
And O, the thought is wondrous sweet
My blessed Savior there to meet
Within "My Father's house" at last
Where every sorrow will be past,
With precious loved ones, gone before
To meet, and dwell forevermore.

MARY A. BEACH, February 15, 1894

This poem was written on her 70th birthday.

SABBATHS IN SOUTHINGTON SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Written in 1897 by Mary A. Beach

At that time the Sabbath proper commenced at sundown, and when the sun disappeared behind the mountains on Saturday evening, all sewing and mending was laid aside, supper prepared, a stillness enjoined, and all merriment suppressed; but it was not considered a breach of the holy day to wash and get into clean underclothes four or five young children and get them tucked nicely in bed by eight o'clock, when the older ones of the family had time for a little preparation for the day of rest to follow. All rose early, in order to get ready for church service. Barn chores, house duties, chamber work, milk skimming and numerous other household demands followed breakfast, and lunches for all the household except the one who stayed at home with the baby, were prepared for those who attended church. I recall the large green velvet bag with a brass clasp and chain which held lunches for the mother and her younger children; father's was wrapped in a paper and placed in his great coat pocket; and the older children who sat in the gallery and singer's seats, each took charge of their own. Next (in winter) there was brought in a peck basket of corn cobs and thrown on the fire. When these were burned to a bright red coal, the footstoves were brought, and the small sheet iron pans were drawn out, and a layer of ashes placed in the bottom; then the red cob coals were shoveled in to nearly the top of the pan and covered with more ashes. These were deposited within the small tin stoves latticed with wood, and the little tin door of the footstove was clasped. If the snow was very deep I have seen large ox sleds drawn by oxen furnished for those too poor to own conveyances of their own. When all was ready, an hour after the first bell, people were seen coming in capacious sleighs, with heavy brass bells on their horses, from North End, South End, East Street, and West Street, from Flanders and the Corners, Union District, Clark Farms and other roads which led "up town." What

a multitude it seemed as each load drew up in front of those stone steps of the First Congregational Church and deposited its burden. On the north side of the church was a row of sheds beginning near the sidewalk and running east, then taking a turn and running south, which would contain space, if I remember right for seventy-five or more teams. Then on the sunny side of the church, were more hitching posts with railings for tying horses. Imagine people of all ages entering that large fireless room. It is true when the days were bright the sun made it more comfortable as it shone through the curtainless windows.

Here let me tell how people were dressed to enable them to endure the chill which came from many of the uncushioned pews. Men wore "great coats;" and great coats they were, most of them made of homespun cloth, dyed and fulled at some nearby fulling mill. They reached nearly to the ankles, and had a standing collar which reached up and partly covered the ears, and most of them had a cluster of circular collars falling a little below the shoulders. Those with cowhide boots and mittens kept them warm. The ladies wore large poke bonnets, usually made of different colors of silk, lined with some bright pink, blue, or green, with ribbon trimmings to match, and cloaks, usually merino, lined and wadded. These were as long as their dresses. Children were clothed equally warm, with mittens and hoods. Still I call to mind how the vapor arose from the nostrils of the assembled people as they breathed, which in my childish ignorance I considered a part of the worship.

The bell ceased its tolling as soon as Mr. Ogden had come up a flight of stairs and closed the door of the pulpit. I remember distinctly how the tall spare man looked — the tones of his voice, his earnestness, his gestures as he spread his thin white hands toward heaven, or lovingly down, and up, and sideways over his people. There are two passages of scripture which he often repeated in prayer: one was that "the earth might be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." The other, "From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised." I enjoyed all the services except the

sermon. It was so long, and I could not understand anything, but watching the firstly, secondly, till it sometimes reached seventhly, and often he said "finally and lastly my brethren." The afternoon service commenced after an hour's intermission (if there was a Sabbath school service I do not remember it).

Just south of the church on the same side of the street, was a small unpainted house, where, as you went up a clean-swept walk, was a well and tin cup for the accommodation of the worshippers. In this house lived a Mrs. Hall and her daughter Lucy, whose names should be perpetuated on account of their unfailing kindness. Children as young as I was, are often weary and the long preaching of the afternoon service of Mr. Ogden made one feel indignant when people from the Baptist Church rode by, and Mr. Ogden was still expounding the scriptures. But all things come to an end sometime; and to crowd eight persons in a sleigh and wrap up in buffalo "skins" and ride behind a slow-going horse, and hear those bells cling, clang, cling, clang, all the way over two miles was a luxury indeed. A generous meal was prepared usually between three and four o'clock. The remainder of the day seemed long to the younger portion of the family, who watched for the going down of the sun when the Sabbath stillness would be over, and a new week day begun. This was the evening when young gentlemen went a "courting." Knitting was resumed and a call on the neighbors was not amiss.

As I look back over sixty years I am greatly impressed with the fitness and heartiness which was manifested in church going. People were then seated by their ages. In the two front pews in the middle between the two aisles, sat usually only about three quite infirm persons in each seat. The two behind them were also filled with hoary heads. The next four behind them were aged men and women who evidently enjoyed life, and who stood erect and were social. In the two adjoining pews next were seated those sprinkled with gray, who had children old enough to sit in the gallery, and others so young as to need their

parents' attention. In the south side seats it was my privilege to sit with my parents and a widow lady.

The pulpit was in the west end of the church, and the singers' seats directly behind it in the gallery. In the aisle between these two rows of seats sat Mr. Salmon Clark, Sr., who played upon a bass viol. I cannot remember whether Mr. Charles Robinson was chorister or Mr. Selah Lewis, but think Mr. Lewis. Among the male singers were the Hobarts, the Lewises, the Clarks, Woodruffs, and others. Among the younger ones were Mr. Dwight Twichell, Allen, Barnes, and Levi Norton. In the front seat on the ladies' side stood Miss Vesta Potter and Miss Nancy Barnes, as leaders. Miss Potter afterwards became Mrs. John Hobart, Miss Barnes, Mrs. Isaac Burritt. The Clarks, Carters, Cowleses, Hitchcocks, and too many others to mention, filled the seats, and were all nice looking ladies, well trained in singing. Most of them have long since gone to sing in the upper sanctuary.

The body of the church was well filled with the younger portion on the back seats and side pews. There were often notices like the following read:

NOTICE.

"Mr. and Mrs. C———— having lately been bereaved by the death of a child, desire the prayers of this church that this event may be sanctified to them for their spiritual and everlasting good."

Or, NOTICE.

"Mrs. P. L. being dangerously ill, desires the prayers of this church that she may recover; or if it is otherwise ordained that she may be prepared for the great and last change."

Or, NOTICE.

"Mr. and Mrs. G. desire to render thanks publicly for the restoration to health of their family, and praise God for his great blessing."

One more peculiarity I recall, which was that meetings held in the different school houses, were appointed at "early candle light" and the villagers carried the best candlesticks with candles ready to light.

REMINISCENCES AND TRADITIONS.

By STEPHEN WALKLEY, JR.

My children have asked me to set down in writing some things which I have told them of my early years. If I had dramatic talent, it seems to me it would be an interesting story. As it is I fear it will be prosy, but whether or not it interests my readers, it will interest me, and help to while away many leisure hours.

I was born at about eight o'clock, P. M., June 27th, 1832, in the house shown in the accompanying photograph. That house was built about 1810, and when I was a boy was unpainted, according to the usual custom of a hundred years ago. The tree shattered and killed by lightning in front of the house, was then a young and graceful maple. The other tree shown was a horse chestnut, the body about as large as my arm. Between the maple and the house was a white pine tree through which the winds sighed in winter, and from which we children made chains in summer.

I was the youngest of nine children, five boys and four girls. One of the boys, the first Jonathan, died at the age of two years. The rest of the children were all at home. I am told that the girls thought me a very pretty baby, but it is said that when I was shown to my brother Jonathan, three years older than I, he said, "Why he looks like Uncle Austin." To appreciate the remark, you should be told that Uncle Austin was a peddler, quite old, with a red face, very much wrinkled, and without teeth. He was an original character; indeed, all whom I recollect in my early boyhood, possessed the merit of originality in a marked degree as compared with our conventional age. I remember well how I welcomed the periodical visits of Uncle Austin, a few years later. Perhaps one reason was, that he sold "Jackson Balls" — balls of sugar about an inch in diameter. In making change, he would usually contrive to owe one cent more than he could find in his canvass bag of change, and in lieu of the missing cent would throw in

a Jackson Ball. This was turned over to me, and as it was too hard to bite in two, my only way to dispose of it was to let it dissolve in my mouth. That made it possible for me to eat it all myself without compunctions of conscience for not sharing it with my brother Jonny. Sometimes, when I had carried it in my mouth until my cheek ached, I would give it to him after it was about the size of a large pea. He always rinsed it in water before putting it into his mouth, which I thought wasteful. Uncle Austin sold essences (peppermint and wintergreen), and when his stock was reduced to about two ounces of one kind would refuse to sell more, because he said he did not want to break his assortment. He carried his goods in two tin trunks, hung to his shoulders by a kind of harness of stout webbing. He was quite round shouldered, which I thought was what qualified him for his office of peddler. One time after he had finished trading and Mother had given him the exact change, I stood by him rather disconsolate. He said, "Is there any thing that you want, my little man?" I pulled out of my pocket a bunch of dirty tangled strings, and asked, "Have you got any clean new strings?" He said, "Yes," but mother would not buy them for me.

When I was four years old, my brother Jonathan (nicknamed Jonny), was seven; old enough to do light work on the farm, and I was left to the care of my sisters. They have said that I was always a good boy, but that does not agree with my earliest recollections. On the contrary, I must have been a torment, and with that kind provision of nature which makes us forget disagreeable and remember agreeable things, time has cast a glamour over my behavior. I wanted a share in all their sports, and wherever they went I tagged behind. If my memory is to be trusted, whenever they went into the fields they kept going too fast, and my principal occupation at that age was to run after them crying and calling, "Wait! Wait!"

But childhood had its joys as well as sorrows. On a side hill back of the barn was a large white oak tree under the shade of which they built their playhouses, composed of shingles laid on stones. When they had me to care for this

was their favorite resort, especially after acorns began to ripen. They made me useful by sending me to the sand-bank after pretty pebbles with which to make stone walls around their play houses. In return they made me toys of the acorns. Sister Mary, especially, who was the artist of the family, would make tea sets of the acorns and their cups, using herdsgrass stalks for handles and spouts. If I handled them so carelessly as to break them, which was often the case, she never scolded me, but sweetly made more, a little better than the first. Our toys were never made for us but if we had any, we made them ourselves. I am inclined to think we enjoyed them all the more on that account. I think pantry shelves made of old shingles set with pieces of broken crockery, were finer to us than the beautiful toy sets bought from the store for my children. Be that as it may, the habits of our time made us resourceful. I have in recent years seen children whose stockings had been crammed with beautiful toys at Christmas, tire of them in a month, and ask, "Mama, what can I do?" We never asked that. Each of us had some duty to perform, adapted to our attainments, and when they were done and we were permitted to do as we pleased, all we asked was to be let alone. It is true all through that "A man's life consists not in the abundance of things which he possesseth." What luscious banquets we had from raspberries and currants with the seeds of dwarf mallows for bread and cheese, and sorrel for salad!

I am afraid young parents sometimes take too much care of their children. Parents could not make that mistake when I was a boy. Taking care of ourselves accomplished two objects. While the younger girls were caring for me and keeping us all out of mischief, Mother and the older girls had an uninterrupted chance for work. And looking back, it seems to me that there was an enormous amount of work done. Not only was the ordinary work of the household to be performed, but all our food and most of our clothing was the product of the farm and both men and women had part in its preparation.

First came soap making: all the soap grease which had

accumulated during the winter was gathered, and boiled in lye in a brass kettle as large as a wash tub, or in a pot-ash kettle, a large iron kettle of about the same size. The lye was made by pouring water through wood ashes placed in a large wooden vat made for the purpose. Soap making occupied parts of two days, and when it was finished we had a small barrel of soft soap which would last all summer. This was used not only for washing clothes, but for the hands and face. In the guest chamber we had a cake of scented castile soap; aside from that I do not remember the use of any thing but soft soap until I was more than twelve years old.

Our only lights were tallow candles, and they, too, were made at home. Once or twice a year Father would butcher a cow or steer. All the tallow was tried out and melted in the big brass kettle, and then the process of dipping candles began. Pieces of candle wicking about twice the length of a candle were doubled over wooden candle rods about one-fourth inch in diameter and twisted. These were laid by the kettle of hot tallow, and after all things were ready Mother would take a rod full of wicks and dip into the melted tallow and lay it on a frame to cool, then dip another rod full of wicks and so on until the frame was full. By this time, the rod first dipped was cool and the process was repeated. To make two or three hundred candles in this way was a slow process. Since it had to be done in a cold room, Mother was bundled up in shawls and when candle making was over was greatly relieved.

After soap and candle making was over house cleaning commenced, and it was considered a disgrace if that was not out of the way before Election day; that was the first Wednesday in May. We had only one carpet, that in the parlor. That must be taken up and whipped, all the oak floors were scrubbed, the pantry shelves scoured with rushes (horse tail sedge), all the tin ware scoured with soap and sand and all the dirt got out of the house, from garret to cellar. Much of the work was simple enough for children to do, so Mother, four girls and two boys worked together. I remember that Mother and the girls used to

get very tired. I thought that strange. House cleaning was great fun to Jonny and me, except whipping carpets, lugging all the chairs out in the sun and then back again, and cleaning the cellar. Jonny and I thought we had the hardest part of the job, and we were as fresh as daisies when it was over. I have revised my opinion since then. When we whipped carpets or cleaned cellar we had to work alone and it was dull business, but when we helped the girls in the house, the jokes and good nature that always prevailed when there were six of us children together made work seem like play to us boys. I can see now that the girls had another point of view. They were doing such work every day, and to us it had the novelty of play. They tried to make it pleasant to us, praised us when we did well (which we had to do when we were under Mother's eye), though I suspect that we bothered them about as much as we helped them, and after we had done what they gave us to do and had gone out to play, they had everything to put in its place, clean up after us and get the supper and wash the dishes.

Another thing which made house cleaning attractive to us boys was that we had Election to look forward to. Prior to 1876, the Legislature met on the first Wednesday in May, and if a governor had not been chosen by the people at the April election, he was then chosen by the Legislature. For that reason the first Wednesday in May was called Election (abbreviated to "Lection"). That was a general holiday. Mother used to make up a plentiful supply of Election cake, which I am told was made of biscuit dough, sweetened with molasses, and seasoned liberally with allspice. We boys always had a holiday, and in the middle of the forenoon could invite any boys who might be playing with us into the house, and Mother would give to each a large piece of "Lection cake." After I was married, my sister gave my wife mother's receipt for "Lection cake" and she made some, but it did not taste like that eaten in my boyhood. There was a great game of ball played on that day somewhere in town, usually at the Center or South End. Wicket ball was the variety chosen. Sides were chosen, and any one who

happened to play on the winning side was a hero all that year. Jonny and I used to go up to Clark Farms and Avery and Frederic Bradley would go to the top of the mountain with us. On Lection day I felt abused if I was not permitted to commence going barefoot. I was often abused in this way, but never felt hard toward Mother, but laid all the blame on the weather. That home at Clark Farms was an ideal place for us boys. Uncle Avery, who seemed to me not very fond of boys ordinarily, was always kind "Lection days," and when we went into the house, Eliza or Emily would go down cellar and get two large, smooth Fallawalder apples for each of us. That variety of apple has degenerated since that time as much as "Lection Cake." After "Lection" was over we had nothing to look forward to but Thanksgiving. The Fourth of July came in haying time, so none but very small boys could celebrate it and they were not allowed to burn themselves with firecrackers. The only amusement for small boys was to organize a parade with paper caps, tin pans and Pumpkin squawkers. We sometimes tried to get up a sham fight between the Continentals and Britishers, but it was only fifty years after the close of the Revolutionary War, and no one could be induced to personate the British.

But I must come back to the stern realities of common life. During the summer, there was butter making, cheese making, spinning and weaving. After all the cows began to wean their calves and fill their udders with sweet milk made of June grass, cheese making commenced. We kept five cows and Grandfather Newell four, so we would join, we adding their milk to ours one day, and giving ours to them on alternate days. The milk from nine cows would make a cheese about eight inches in diameter and four inches high. I think Mother used to make ten or fifteen cheeses every year.

For meat, a beef when butchered was cut up, a barrel full salted down, the proper parts pickled and hung up to dry, and if we could not eat the rest fresh it was loaned to a neighbor. We also raised two hogs that would dress off about 225 pounds each, and they were made into hams and

salt pork for a year's supply. Our bread was of rye raised on the farm, we raised half an acre of potatoes each year which gave us a year's supply, then through the season a sheep or lamb was sometimes killed, and in the Spring some one of the neighbors would drive down to the Connecticut river in May, and bring up a load of shad, from which Father would buy two or three dozen and salt them down. Occasionally also, some one would come along with a load of alewives or porgies. We raised four acres of corn, and used considerable Indian meal in the form of johnny cake or hominy, hasty pudding and either boiled or baked Indian pudding. So for food I do not suppose we paid out more than ten or fifteen dollars per year, all the rest being home raised.

At my earliest recollection, our clothing as well as food was the product of the farm. We raised flax, which after being rotted, broken, swincheled and hetcheled, became flax with a residue of tow. The flax was spun on a Dutch wheel, woven by mother and bleached, for sheets and handkerchiefs. After the cotton gin was invented, about 1820, we bought cotton cloth for shirting and gave up the raising of flax, but there was still left in the house some flax and tow, which was spun and woven within my remembrance. We kept about thirty sheep, and all our winter underclothing was made of wool, spun by the girls and woven by Mother. My wife has a blanket made in that way. I remember that Mother made a blanket shawl, which took a prize at a fair in Farmington. It was all spun by the girls and dyed and woven by Mother. All our stockings were knit of yarn spun by the girls. Woolen yarn was spun on a large wheel, and in spinning it the spinner used a spinning boy. When a girl had worn out a spinning boy she was entitled to a silk dress. My sister Lucy Ann was the only one who wore out a spinning boy, and she had a silk dress for her wedding. By the time the other three girls were ready to marry, the pecuniary circumstances of the family were so improved that they did not have to earn their wedding dresses in that way. Mother used to dye the flannel for our winter shirts a bright yellow with peach

leaves. She also made some cloth for our pantaloons and jackets. This, after being woven by mother was taken to a fulling mill and there dyed and shrunk and a nap combed up with teazle, making what was called fulled cloth, somewhat like the cloth much used for men's clothes nowadays. After carpets came into fashion Mother and the girls made some very durable rag carpets. I sometimes wonder how time was found to do all the work in those days, what with spinning, weaving, soap, butter and cheese making, with all the other work involved in caring for a family of eight or ten.

Up to the time when I was five years old, my maiden Aunt Rebeckah lived with us, and made and mended all the clothing. After her marriage, there were only the four girls, and Lucy Ann having married three years later, only three girls were left to help Mother. Two of them were either attending or teaching school much of the time. Beside this, if a family had severe illness so as to require outside help, Mother would lend one of her girls until the stress was over. Indeed, Mother seems to me to have been a sort of Lady Bountiful to the whole neighborhood. She officiated at the birth of all the babies, helped to lay out all the women who died, and whenever any great distress or sorrow overtook any one, Mother was sent for, if she had not heard of the trouble, and ministered to it voluntarily. Trained nurses were unknown. If any one was sick enough to require care night and day the neighbors were asked to furnish watchers. Mother or one of the girls often acted in that capacity, and if anyone had a severe illness Mother sometimes lent one of her girls for one or two weeks. Such ministrations were customary in South End, and no one ever thought of taking pay for their services. The attic was hung around with medicinal herbs, and Mother was skilled in the administration of various cures for light diseases. During the early married life of my parents, grandfather was a paralytic, and Mother and Aunt Phebe had him to care for. Five children were born within nine years, three of them boys, and I imagine that life was never what people would call easy nowadays, but I never heard

any of the family speak as if they had a hard lot, but on the contrary home life was spoken of as always having been a joy. I remember that one year it seemed to me that we had nothing to eat but toast and cider (rye bread toast at that). I learned in after years that just as the rye was cradled and in the stacks there came a long rainy spell, so that before the rye was dry enough to get in it sprouted and the bread made from it was salvy, as they called it, and was not palatable except after being toasted. That year Father was at work on the locks for the Farmington canal, and much of his pay was held up until the contract was completed, so the milk was made into butter and sold, and when we children got sick of dry rye toast, mother let us crumb it into cider, of which we had six barrels in the cellar. The girls say that toast and cider was not our regular diet that year, but we had lots of johnny cake, hominy and hasty pudding. I was a small boy, and as I did not like cider I suppose that remained in my memory when more agreeable food was forgotten.

Most of my early remembrances of home life are pleasant. My tastes were rather finical, I would not eat salt pork, and did not like salt beef. But when we had pot-luck, as a dinner of salt beef and potatoes was called, I could have bread and milk, and sometimes was permitted to put molasses in the milk. Sometimes, too, we were permitted to soak our bread in the pot liquor in which the beef had been boiled, a dish which I think delicious unto this day. The pot skimmings, however, were used for frying griddle cakes or doughnuts and in winter we were not often indulged in that luxury. Every Sunday morning Mother fried a tin pan full of doughnuts made of wheat flour. We made our breakfast of these crumbed in tea, which for us boys was hot water and milk. Even then there would be doughnuts enough left for our school lunches. We lived half a mile from the school house, and in bad weather carried our dinners to school.

I wonder why it is that some of the most delightful memories of my very earliest years are connected with the good things we had to eat. Our food was simple, but I

rarely eat anything now which tastes as good as most of my food did then. Perhaps one reason why the housework went smoothly was that there was not so much done as now. We rarely had side dishes, unless it was a dish of sauce or pickles, and when we had meat, had just meat and potato or sometimes turnips. When we had boiled corned beef, which was frequently, we had a vinegar cruet or mustard pot on the table, which was passed to those who used those relishes. Sometimes an Indian pudding was put in the pot in a tin case and the whole boiled together. As sauce for the pudding, a bowl of pure cream sweetened with molasses was set on, to which each helped himself. If we had company, the cream was sweetened with brown sugar instead of molasses. Breakfast was usually some fried meat (ham or sausage, or fresh meat of some kind when we had it). The morning after we had pot-luck it was corned beef hash. For supper we had bread and butter or bread and milk, with cheese, dried beef, or some kind of sauce, usually apple or pear sauce. Perhaps to most of you young folks this might have seemed poor fare. I am convinced that the difference between necessities and luxuries is artificial. I know a young man who thinks the greatest treat he can give his fiancée is a six course dinner at the Waldorf, but I have partaken of a banquet at Sherry's at five dollars per plate, which really did not taste so good as a dinner of old fashioned home raised corned beef with boiled Indian pudding with cream sauce for dessert. You can see that old fashioned meals did not cost half the time to cook, set the table and wash the dishes as most of our meals do nowadays. Pies then were eaten at supper, and the size of the piece depended on the number at the table. When four girls and two boys were at home, a pie was cut into eight pieces which I thought rather small, but no one ever thought of cutting another pie.

The great feast of the year was Thanksgiving. Even then, the menu was roast spareribs, baked chicken and chicken pie, with baked Indian pudding and two small pieces of mince and pumpkin pie to top off on. Of course, we ate immoderately, but that did not spoil our appetites for the

left overs on which we feasted the rest of the week. The feast had a far more religious tone than it does now. The dinner was partly prepared the night before, a rousing fire built in the big stone oven early in the morning, and after the oven was piping hot and the ashes swept out, the dinner was put in, the iron door fastened to its place, and all the family went to church. Mr. Jones laid himself out for an extraordinary good sermon, usually of a patriotic nature, the choir gave us their best music, usually one or two new anthems appropriate to the occasion, and the congregation was larger than usual. After reaching home, the women set the long table, we usually had fourteen or fifteen at table. The dinner had cooked to a turn while we were at meeting and we boys built fires in the North room (parlor), the South room (sitting room), and the guests visited until dinner was ready. By three P. M. dinner was over and cleared away and the dishes washed. Then the fun commenced. The grown ups visited in the North room, the young men and women in the South room, and the children were turned loose in the kitchen. Dancing was a little off color, but blind man's buff, puss in the corner, guessing riddles or conundrums and various other games were enjoyed. I do not recall a lunch later; if we had one my indulgence at dinner prevented its making a lasting impression.

I do not know why the festival seemed so much more a religious festival than now. Perhaps it proceeded from the morning service, or it may be that the spirit inherited from our puritan and pilgrim ancestors still remained in our sub-conscious minds. On further thought I am inclined to think it is the spirit of the age in which we live. The lack of the old reverence for the Sabbath, the liberal tendencies (so called) of religious thought now, as contrasted with the somewhat bigoted views of our fathers, the habit of making Sunday a day of pleasure instead of worship, with all the changes it has wrought in social life, have as it seems to me spoiled Thanksgiving day as well as many other good things which old people look back to with fondness. As the pendulum swings back and forth between regard for God and regard for man, I am inclined to think

it has swung too far, not toward the humanitarian side, but too far from God. It seems strange that in all ages Christians have been inclined to consider the love of God and the love of man as separate almost antagonistic to each other. John, the disciple, who understood best the heart of Jesus did not make that mistake. He alone told of the marriage at Cana of Galilee, and in the apocalypse in his vision of the new heavens and the new earth "heard a great voice out of the throne saying, 'Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them and they shall be his peoples and God himself shall be with them and be their God.' " I cannot believe we ought to put the love of God in one pigeon hole and the love of man in another. I believe He is as truly interested in our merry makings as in our worship, and I should not dare say that He is more interested in the one than the other. I wonder how He would feel if we deliberately took care to invite all our nearest earthly relatives to Thanksgiving and left out our Heavenly Father. We should never do that deliberately, but it may be that being cumbered with much serving we do it unconsciously. Whatever may be the reason, it seems to me that as I said my prayers Thanksgiving night seventy-five years ago the feeling of love to my cousins was mingled with thanks to God as truly as now, when I see more proof of His love than I understood then.

SCHOOL LIFE.

The changes which a hundred years have brought in our country are great in the matters of education. In the matter of school houses, textbooks and methods of teaching, there have been stupendous improvements.

My grandfather never went to school a day in his life, but he attended evening schools long enough to learn to read, write and cipher. My father went to school from the age of six to eight, summer and winter and from then to the age of thirteen attended school winters and worked on the farm summers. I attended school from four to nine, then only winters till I was fourteen, and from the age of fourteen till seventeen, attended the Sally Lewis Academy.

Yet I am not sure that I was really better educated than my father and grandfather. Grandfather had a love for mathematics. With no books except a torn copy of Daboll's arithmetic he became a good arithmetician by studying at home. In later life he was cooper on board a merchant vessel, and in the Revolutionary war enlisted on board a privateer. He studied navigation on board ship, and the tradition is that in one of his voyages, the captain being sick, he laid the course of the vessel. I have a manuscript copy of the book used by him, also some old traverse tables. Father studied geometry and land surveying at home, and became a far better mathematician than I ever did. He had a contempt for algebra. When I was trying to fit for college he permitted me to study it because it was a part of the curriculum, but considered it a waste of time. He said it was a device to shirk thinking: that when a problem was stated, the rest of the solution was as easy as a game of three men morris. When I carried home any problem to have him help me he would never show me how to do it. He would give me a searching examination on what I had learned and set me to studying over what I had not learned thoroughly, then say, "Now use your brains and not mine. You do not go to school to be told things, but to learn them." My education was superficial as compared with his, but far less so than it would have been but for his precepts and practice when I was in the district school.

I commenced attending school at the age of four years. As primary schools were taught then, I think that was too early. Perhaps an exception was made in my case because of peculiar circumstances. My sister Lucy Ann was the teacher, there were then five of us children, all at school, and it is quite likely that Mother having all the work to do thought I should be better cared for at school than at home. The first thing taught was the alphabet. The A, B, C class was called up to the teacher, who held the spelling book in her lap, and pointed out one letter after another, making each pupil repeat its name. This was done twice a day. After the lesson was over, we were sent to our seat which was a chestnut slab with the flat side up

and legs in the lower side and no back. First we had to fold our hands, but teachers were sensible enough to relax when we had reached the limit of endurance. We were then permitted to whisper or lounge. Now and then in a hot day a child would get to sleep and then the teacher would lay him down on the slab until his nap was over. As the infant class was kept in school as long as the older ones, it will be seen that to sit moderately still on a hard slab about five and a half hours per day was rather hard for an active child of from four to six. By the time I was ten years old, discipline was so far relaxed that the A, B, C class was given two recesses each half day. The first time I was punished I did not feel myself to blame. Back of the seat on which the little ones sat was another row of slabs on which the larger pupils sat, and behind them a flat elm counter which they used as desks, swinging their feet over to the desk when studying, or facing the center of the room for recitation. A big boy who sat behind me fixed a pin in the toe of his shoe and prodded me with it. I turned around and shook my fist at him. Lucy Ann told me to turn around which, of course, I did. Soon he prodded me gently again. I turned around and tried to strike him. By the time Lucy Ann saw my belligerent action he was studiously engaged with his book. She came to me and told me to hold out my hand, which I did and she hit it two or three light blows with a ferrule, then said, "Now will you keep your eyes this way?" She had not hurt me much, and as she was always kind at home I thought it a good chance to show my bravery and said, "No." She took my hand again and gave me so sharp a ferruling that I cried and said, "Oh yes, I will, I will." I was very angry with her and nursed my wrath until I got home, then went into the house crying. Mother inquired what the matter was and I told her "Lucy Ann whipped me awful." She discerned the fact that my crying was put on for effect, and said, "Stop crying now, I am afraid you was not a good boy, we will see about it when Lucy Ann gets home." When Lucy Ann came in she called us to her, and asked me to tell the whole story. Then she said, "Lucy Ann did

right. She is your teacher and when you are in school you must mind her and be as respectful as you are to me. You disobeyed her and was very saucy to her. You never would have spoken to me in that way. I am ashamed that one of my children should behave in that way in school. I want you should show the other little boys how well you can behave: I am afraid they will think I do not bring up my children well." "But," said I, "Albert Bradley was naughtier than I was, she ought to have whipped him instead of me." "No," she said, "she did not know what he had done. When the big boys bother you get out of their way if you can, and if you cannot, call the teacher's attention to what they do." "But then they will call me a tell-tale." "Well, that will not hurt you, you spoke saucily to your teacher to show how brave you was. It would have been a great deal braver to bear the pricking patiently. If the big boys torment you do not fight back, but keep good natured and get out of the way. If you are always kind to the rest of the boys, they will like you and not try to bother you. It may be that bad boys will sometimes abuse you but the Savior has showed us how to treat them." She then opened the large coarse print testament which she kept on the stand and read the sixty-third, sixty-fourth and sixty-fifth verses of the twenty-second chapter of Luke, and the thirty-fourth verse of the twenty-third chapter. Of course, speaking from memory seventy-six years later, I cannot pretend that I have quoted her remarks verbatim, nor that I have given the precise verses that she read, but the substance of the conversation remains vividly in my memory. That gives me a hint as to Mother's claim that the moral training of children should commence as soon as they were old enough to show anger. I am not sure that even she was wise enough to realize the importance of that incident. Few parents would expect a child of four to be permanently affected by that talk, even if he understood it, but it was a sermon that affected all the rest of my life, and nipped in the bud any tendency I may have had to disobedience, or even disrespect to teachers. It seems to me to have been an inspiration. I do not think that idea

fanciful. Jesus told his disciples that when they were brought before kings for his sake it should be given them in that hour what to speak. I believe that if parents feel that they are called to train their children for the Kingdom of Heaven, and try in faith to do it they will be guided by the Holy Spirit. It is only thus that I can account for the success which so many Christian parents have in bringing up their children. No two children are alike, and it is hard to understand the heart of a child so as to adapt our training to its native characteristics.

When I reached the age of fourteen I commenced attending the Sally Lewis Academy under the tuition of Henry D. Smith. My parents designed to give me a collegiate education and I commenced on a classical course. It seems to me that Latin was taught in a very inefficient way. I first commenced with Andrews' Latin Lessons, and learned all the declensions and conjugations before I construed a line. Then I took up Andrews' Latin Reader and grammar. I reviewed the declensions and conjugations in the grammar, and after skimming them over began to learn the rules and to read and translate the fables and other easy exercises in the reader. When through with the Reader we were put into Virgil's Aeneid. Though I studied Latin for three years I really knew less Latin at the end of three year's study than my grandson Raymond did at the end of one, except, perhaps as to the vocabulary, yet I kept up with my class, and I think it was due less to my stupidity than to wrong methods of teaching. In my seventeenth year my father lost all his property through a land speculation in Dalton, Ga. The firm of White Brothers of New York City bought up land enough to make a township, laid it off into lots, with the expectation that it would be a prominent station on a railroad which had been projected. The location was a good one and the scheme a rosy one on paper. But the projected railroad hung fire, and when at last it was begun, the route was changed, leaving Chattanooga as its terminus instead of Dalton. Many people who thought Father a shrewd investor were glad to lend him money, and for some years it was hoped that the rail-

road would go through to Atlanta. As is frequently the case in land speculations there was constant call for more money in order to finance the scheme, and when at last it collapsed the Whites failed carrying Father with them. He assigned his property to his creditors, but the losses always incident to the settlement of a bankrupt estate, so reduced the value of his assets, that he lost not only all his own money but about forty percent of what he had borrowed. The creditors were kind, and after so much of the assets as could be realized on had been distributed, most of them gave him a release. When his sister Rebecca died, she left him a small legacy. This he divided pro rata among his remaining creditors, who released their claims, so that three years before he died he had no legal obligations outstanding.

I had then to take my choice between giving up my studies and trying to work my way through college. Jane's husband, Deacon Edward Twichell, knowing how desirous Mother was that I should be a minister of the gospel offered to help me through college and the seminary if I wanted to adopt that profession. I did not feel that I was called to that sacred office, and it was only Mother's known desire that made me entertain the thought for a moment. While I was considering it, as I was on my way home, Mr. Enos Stow came along and asked me to ride with him. I told him how I was situated and asked his advice. His reply was, substantially, "That is a question that must lie between you and God. I should be afraid to advise you, but I can give you the reasons on both sides of the question as they lie in my mind. As to the question of what the world needs, as much can be said on one side as the other. A good minister can do a great deal of good and so can a good layman. If you feel called to the ministry, that is a good reason why you should choose that profession. If, on the other hand, you feel that you could enjoy and live the life of an upright, devoted, Christian layman more successfully than that of a minister, I should think you are called to be a layman. Then again the fact that your education must be gained at Deacon Twichell's expense

must be considered. You will feel, and ought to feel that you should economize. There are so many good things for which a student can spend money, that it will be a constant question as to what you must have and what you can do without. If you scrimp too much, you will suffer either in health, as my brother did, or in equipment for your work. If, on the other hand you spend too liberally it will be a wrong to Deacon Twichell, and you will not be so good a man as if you had used the money unselfishly for only what was necessary. For a young man to work his way through college, a great deal of self denial is required. That kind of life we are called to, but not for our own sakes, that is, not for the sake of our own self-development but for the sake of God's cause, and that we can better serve our fellow men. If you choose a layman's work, it will save to the world the three thousand dollars that it would cost to go through the college and seminary. If that money is spent so as to make a good minister, it is the best use it can be put to. If it spoils a good business man and makes a poor minister it is a dead waste. If you really want to do what God wants you to rather than what is pleasanter for yourself, I think He will help you to decide aright. When you have made your choice, let me know what it is." After thinking and praying over it a great deal I was more and more convinced that I was not called to the ministry. I told him so, and he and his brother Orson gave me work at their shop. I remained with them and their successors in business fifty-five years and though I never asked for advancement or an increase of salary, they always gave me as good a place as I felt competent to fill, and made my salary all that I thought I earned. That, which seemed to be a chance interview, shaped the general course of my life, and I have always felt that it was a leading of God.

MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

That expression is not used as much now as it was sixty years ago. At Methodist class meetings, when one applied for admission to the church, or was a candidate for ordination or installation as a minister of the gospel, he was expected to give his "religious experience." The idea seemed to be, that our religious life and our secular life are so distinct one from the other that we can describe each by itself. If I were to use the old term I should say that my earlier life especially was like a sandwich in which thin slices of religious experience alternated with thick slices of irreligious experience. From my earliest recollection I was taught that I was a sinner, I expected some day to be converted and born again. The two things were a puzzle to me. Calvinism and Arminianism were each set off against each other, and held to be antagonistic. My father was the only man whom I heard express the idea that both were true. Methodists said I must be converted, Congregationalists said I must be born again. I knew that conversion was my part of the process and being born again God's part, and strict Calvinism was pressed upon me so constantly that I comforted myself with the idea that until God did his part it was useless for me to attempt to do mine. In the meantime I thought that to be a good boy was all that was expected of me. I went to church and the Sunday School, a chapter in the New Testament was read each morning in the day school, and from these various sources I made up my practical theology, which was a hodge podge if not a paradox. Religious growth if it came, may be illustrated by an incident which occurred when I was eight years old. Being too young to be worth much on the farm, I attended school summers, my only duty being to drive the cows home from the pasture and do other chores. One day Elisha Newell, Sidney Matthews and I stopped at Spring brook on our way home from school to catch bullfrogs. One of the boys saw a young trout dodge under a log. I had my dinner basket with me so

I put it into a narrow place in the stream and stood with my legs on either side of it while the boys went up stream and punched with sticks to drive him down into the basket. I felt little fishes bump against my legs and on pulling up the basket found not only the little trout but other small fish in it. We then made a small pond in the soft boggy ground into which we put our fish, and then fished the whole length of the stream in like manner. Time flew so rapidly that ere we were aware of it the sun set. I was expected to get the cows home by sunset, so I started home on a run. Just as I was opening the cowhouse door I met father and Jonny coming home from work. Father asked in a severe tone "Why haven't you got the cows home?" I was frightened and said, "I guess they've got out, I have been clear through the land and can't find them." He looked at me with displeasure and disgust in his face and said "Don't lie! Go and bring them home as soon as you can." I had sometimes before lied myself out of a scrape successfully, but this was the first time I knew I had been caught at it and the way he said "Don't lie" cut my pride as much as it awakened my conscience to the despicable nature of my sin. Our farm was a mile long, with a lane running through the middle. On each side of the lane were fields used sometimes for crops and when used for pasture the bars leading to them were let down. I started through the lane searching each field where the bars were down. At the upper end of the lane was a large field given up to pasture and bushes, and at the upper end was about five acres of cedars with merely a foot path on either side, while at its extreme end was an open space where was a spring around which sweet grass grew. By the time I reached this field it had grown somewhat dark. I was timid in the dark and I have since faced a battery with no more trepidation than I faced those gloomy cedars. I went on till I reached the northern side where for a short space the woods were thin and listening heard nothing. I stopped for a moment to decide what to do. My first thought was that I would go home and report that I had

been clear through the pasture and the cows were not to be found. But my newly awakened conscience pressed the weight of my lie upon me with such force that I felt that I could not add another. So I resorted to prayer. I had always said my prayers night and morning, and felt that it was not safe to go to sleep without doing so, but they were always formal prayers, "Now I lay me down to sleep" at night and the Lord's prayer in the morning. Now the thought that I had sinned against the God to whom I must look for help filled me with awe. I knelt beside a rock, and told the Lord in as plain and simple words as I could that I knew I had sinned against Him and did not deserve His care, but that I was really sorry and would never try to lie out of a scrape again, and asked that He would help me start in the right place, and if I must go through the cedars would keep me safe from dogs or bogies or drunken men. I then rose from my knees and ran to the south side of the woods where they were the thickest. Just as I was stooping to go under the cedars I heard a sound. I drew back, and the five cows filed out from the cedars and started for home. The thought came to me with overwhelming force, The Bible is true. God is good and is ready to answer the prayers of even wicked boys when they come to Him. Philosophers may say, that was due to natural causes. It was time for the cows to be milked and their full udders sent them home. While that may be true, there was a spiritual answer to my prayer in that event of far greater importance than the mere easing of my fears. An inward conviction of God's nearness and love came to me that I have never lost. Revelations from God cannot come to us through mere words. They must be fixed in our souls by the Holy Spirit. Such a revelation came to me at that hour. My conviction of sin and my feeling of a need of God made me ready, and I cannot doubt that God took advantage of that fact to reveal Himself to me. During the 73 years since, I have held and abandoned various theories as to prayer. I have often asked specific things from God. Very few of them have been granted, and I have seen that some of them if granted

would not have been blessings, but those which have been granted have come along in accordance with natural laws. The result of all my experience taken together has made me feel that as the atmosphere is always around me and within me, so God's spirit is always present when I really need Him and want Him and am ready to obey Him.

Convictions of religious truth have come to me at various times and in various ways. Sometimes the engrossments of business or pleasure have made them seem dim and unattractive, then at other times I have been brought as it seemed to me into the full light of God's countenance. On the whole my Christian life has been a record of falling and rising again, and it has been but in the last few years that faith, hope and love have been consciously present all the time.

In relating our experiences, there is temptation to overstate our best and understate our worst. I have tried to resist this temptation; I am afraid not very successfully. I hope no one who reads this will suppose that my religious experiences have been model, or even normal ones. I do not think any two persons have like experiences. Since some people have praised my life as an exemplary one, I ought to say that if they were sincere, it is because they do not know me. Not to put on a show of modesty which does not exist, I will admit that so far as outward acts are concerned, and judged by human standards my life has never been a vicious one, but judged by God's standard, that is by the desires and wishes of the soul, I have been a great sinner, how great it would do no one any good to know. As I look back on my life, it seems to me that what has been good in it has been due to training and environment. With such a home, and such religious influences as have always surrounded me, no one could easily go far wrong. Though I have not been so good a man as I ought to have been, I have not been as bad a man as I am sure I should have been without those restraining influences. And I want to testify to a belief that the hope of the world lies in the revelation of God in

Jesus Christ supplemented by faithful Christian training and example.

I have been told that when Aaron C. Beach asked my father's permission to marry his daughter Lucy Ann, his reply was "Ask her and not me. We have tried to bring up our daughters so that they will not want to marry any except good men. If they do that, and suit themselves, they will suit us." That was true eugenics. Each one of his four daughters married a man who was or afterward became either a minister or deacon.

DR. BEACH'S SERVICE TO BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

By WARREN J. MOULTON.

Dr. Beach came to Bangor in the full vigor of his manhood at the age of fifty-five, and after more than twenty-five years of experience in the active ministry. He had served large metropolitan churches in Massachusetts, in Minnesota and in Colorado, and was widely acquainted with the influential leaders and the great movements of his day. It should likewise be added that from early years he had been profoundly interested in the advancement of God's Kingdom in the foreign field as well as in the homeland. His younger brother, Dr. Harlan Page Beach, was a distinguished missionary of the American Board. That under such circumstances the elder brother should undertake the new work at Bangor in a broad spirit of Christian statesmanship was to be expected.

It was not altogether easy for him to turn aside from the intense and eventful life of a city pastorate to the duties of a teacher and to the administrative responsibilities of an educational institution, particularly when the work of that institution was very seriously handicapped by utterly inadequate material resources. Dr. Beach took the step with not a little reluctance, and so strong and so fully developed was his pastoral instinct that during the early years of his presidency he could hardly repress a yearning to be back once again with the churches at his accustomed post of duty. On one occasion in particular I recall his hesitation and the struggle that it cost him to refuse an invitation from an important church. But a longer and more intimate acquaintance with Maine and with the other parts of New England brought to him a realization of the supreme importance of the work of the Seminary, and when once the vision of its high mission had possessed his soul it never faded. Forever thereafter he gave to the in-

stitution his full and unwavering devotion. This he did with enthusiasm because he was convinced that in no other way he could thus serve the rural churches of New England and the cause of Christ so effectively.

None knew, better than he the difficulties that beset the task to which he had put his hand but so confident was he of the greater future of Bangor Seminary that he never doubted that the day would come when it would be adequately equipped for its important work. This was the faith that he continued to cherish to the very end of his life.

Dr. Beach came to the Seminary without any considerable technical preparation as an educator, but he did not come without an exalted conception of the office of the Christian minister. While he was still a pastor in Cambridge this had come to expression in an article entitled "Primary Qualifications for the Ministry," published in the Andover Review. This article was written primarily in the interest of a greater freedom in religious thinking, and as a protest against the narrow dogmatism that was menacing the spiritual life of the day, but to us now it is particularly interesting and illuminating as a revelation of his high ideal for a Christian minister. In the earlier part of his discussion he deplores the exaggerated emphasis upon emotionalism on the part of some of the great religious leaders of his time, and thereupon he goes on to enumerate four inner spiritual qualifications for the ministry which he judged to be fundamental.

The first was *An infinite hunger after truth and righteousness*, "the openness and hunger of one's mind toward truth, the valorous exercise of one's life toward applying truth in righteous feeling, thinking, speaking and acting, are not only logical exemplary first steps but needful intrinsic preparations toward finding God and mediating between Him and men." He pictures one upon such a quest as following Christ with ardor, open eyed, open minded, teachable, ever learning, free from prejudice, catholic,

fearless, and at the same time living the truth and transmuting it into life.

As a second requirement for the ministry he put "*A divine passion for men;*" no mere enthusiasm for humanity but a "sturdy, virile, discerning, undeceived, loving and on the basis of an intrinsic interest, seeing the angel in the marble, the divine in sinning man."

As a third fundamental quality he names *Vision*, the ability to see more than is seen, to hear more than is audible, not a matter of mood and phantasy but rather an ever present vision.

> "to be confident that upon the seen world an unseen world impinges; to have faith that, by the help of the seen, the unseen may be interpreted; to grasp this unity as the Savior did, so that everything to Him was full of meaning, of eloquence and of pathos; and to transmute one's grasp on this unity, as He translated it, into confidence, hope, plans, reasonable life, right conduct, true thinking, noble aspirings, divine hungerings, satisfyings, and peace."

"This" wrote Dr. Beach, "is the seer's office, the priest's place."

The fourth primary qualification for the ministry was given as *Prayer*, "communion with God in the full and true sense of the word; prayer as the mother tongue of one who feels an infinite hunger after truth and righteousness, who has a divine passion for men and the open vision of the true seer; prayer not as a psychic exercise, but as a part of one's being, with words sometimes, oftener without them."

Thus did he portray the ideal minister, while yet he was in the active pastorate, and without any thought whatsoever of his future work in Bangor. His discussion closes with an exhortation to his brethren to have no peace until their lives should become some humble contribution to the broadening, clarifying and elevating of men's conception of the ministry, seeing that "it can never rise higher

than its ideal, and that that ideal as commonly received is vastly inadequate."

Dr. Beach also came to the Seminary with high ideals of scholarship. Though he had been compelled by the force of circumstances to spend much of his energy in the administrative work of large parishes, he had a full appreciation of the importance of an educated ministry. Any other conception would have been to him entirely unthinkable. It could hardly be otherwise in the case of one who had been trained by Timothy Dwight, Samuel Harris, George P. Fisher, and Leonard Bacon, men who held foremost places among the greatest theological teachers of earlier days. His oft repeated maxim in seeking candidates for appointments for the Seminary was "none but the best will do for Bangor."

He gave to his colleagues full freedom of initiative in their work, as well as hearty support and encouragement in their endeavor to increase the usefulness of the several departments of instruction. His attitude is reflected in the fourth stanza of the hymn that he composed for our Centennial Commemoration. In speaking of the founders of the Seminary he there says:

"They felt for truth no cringing fears;
They made their teachers nobly free;
Thou gav'st them thus a line of seers
Who kept the faith through liberty."

Convocation Week had its real beginning in his desire to enrich and broaden the seminary curriculum. The catalogue carrying the first announcement of his appointment to the presidency contains also a new paragraph regarding three courses of supplemental lectures. These bear names and follow a sequence that have long since become familiar to us—the Enoch Pond Lectures on Applied Christianity, the George Shepard Lectures on Preaching, the Samuel Harris Lectures on Literature and Life.

The now famous Lyman Beecher Lectureship at Yale Divinity School was established during Dr. Beach's senior year in college. He had heard Henry Ward Beecher give the

opening course, indeed he was privileged during his student days in New Haven to hear four out of the first five courses. They seemed to him to supplement most helpfully the very high quality of the instruction that was given at Yale. He tells us that as a student he had felt that two things were lacking in the curriculum, first "wings, exaltation of spirit and enthusiasm"; and secondly "a steady deepening of the spiritual life." It was the first need in particular, and in some measure the second, that were met by the Lyman Beecher Lectures. He was tremendously impressed by them. Years afterwards he said: "They did measureless things for me. I never got away from them. Wings indeed they put into our school and into our lives." Such testimony is not surprising when we learn that the lecturers were Henry Ward Beecher, John Hall of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and William M. Taylor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York.

Convocation Week thus goes back to Dr. Beach's endeavor to give to the Seminary in Bangor that which had brought him such a large measure of help and inspiration at Yale. He aspired even to improve upon this important service. There seemed to him in after years a degree of narrowness in concentrating so exclusively on the theme of preaching. Why not provide in other fields analogous lectures that should be given by equally great and inspiring interpreters of truth? This was the plan that he was desirous of putting into execution at Bangor.

Our time does not suffice to trace all the stages of its development, and to point out how by a providential unfolding it came to include not only the Seminary students and our rural pastors and teachers, but finally our whole community and state, and how with the addition of the Quiet Hour as a crowning development we have come to have what Dr. Beach termed "a veritable intellectual and spiritual quadrilateral, the Practical, the Prophetic, the Literary and Imaginative, and the Devotional." Convocation Week owes its success to many devoted friends and generous supporters, but they have all builded on the abiding

Christian foundation of true service that was laid by Dr. Beach.

We may not at this time recall all his contributions to the life and work of the Seminary, and all that he did through it to the upbuilding of the State. Much of his work was that of a pioneer who opens up new paths. He was called upon to revive, or more properly to institute the office of president. I quote from his own words as embodied in a private communication:

"There existed no statutes or recognized rules for the government of the President, or for his direction in his duties. Everything had to be wrought out experimentally. Perhaps, in the circumstances, it was as well that that was the case, because it was possible, with hearty Faculty co-operation, to work out little by little a series of usages and precedents that had the advantage of not being abstract or theoretic but the result of experienced needs. This, however, did not at the first make the situation easier or less embarrassing."

So wisely did Dr. Beach meet the situation and so carefully did he formulate his policies that the helpful traditions of his administration promise to endure.

In connection with Dr. Moore's noble and most fitting tribute to him as a churchman and the servant of all churches, it may well be borne in mind that one of his great services to the Seminary was to relate it in a new and vital way to the work of all the churches. He encouraged his associates to co-operate in this state-wide service so far as their primary teaching obligations, their time and their strength permitted, and it should be added that on their part such co-operation has always been a joyous privilege.

One other contribution of supreme importance there is, one without which no account of Dr. Beach's work would be complete. I refer to his profound concern for the growth and deepening of the spiritual life of the Seminary.

No one of his students can ever forget his large hearted fatherly interest, his forbearance in love, his unwavering faith that in every one of their number there were latent

capacities that were waiting for release, and above all his constant prayer that each might attain unto a full grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

Through him an atmosphere of prayerful and devoted endeavor came to pervade the whole institution. He knew full well that all attainments would be vain without a growing knowledge and experience of the love of God as it was revealed in Christ.

The Seminary that was so inexpressibly blessed by his fruitful labor and self-forgetting devotion will continue to be blessed by the memory of him as a man of faith and prayer and love, who was ever pressing forward, if so be that he might apprehend that for which also he was apprehended of Christ Jesus.

DAVID NELSON BEACH THE CHURCHMAN

By CHARLES A. MOORE.

Gathered in a church in the quiet of a Sunday afternoon we inevitably think of a side of our friend's character and of certain aspects of his career, not wholly covered by consideration of the teaching and administrative offices with which he crowned his life's work. Here where he loved to worship with the congregation, 'he and his house,' before the days of scattering came; here where he preached full often, and helped in the administration of the Blessed Sacrament, there rises up before us another David Nelson Beach who was something more to us than professor and president and father to the sons of the prophets. You would agree with me that there is no particular gain in separating the elements in a great composite portrait. The whole man is in every activity and function and interest; you cannot see him as one thing and not the other; when we remember one aspect of a friend's life we always carry over impressions of what he was in other relations and scenes; upon the picture of the man as we saw him here yesterday is superimposed the picture still living in our heart of what he was another day somewhere else; and we are richer for the softly blurred image. That is one of the blessed things about the visions we have of our sainted dead, that memory and love refuse to analyze and classify. When we say that we are thinking of our friend as the churchman we only mean that for the moment we see him drawing near to the great sources of all his life's activities and sharing in the distinctive work of the institution ordained by God to bring the sacred truth home to the heart of the multitudes. Any of you who ever heard Dr. Beach speak of his boyhood need not be told what church life meant to him, the part it played in the moulding of his character and in determining his career; nor need you be informed of the affection with which he recalled a family worshipping together, and the estimate which he placed on

such observances. To his dying day the church was revered as the spring of individual character, the safe-guard of all family life, and the strongest hope of society. To it he came for rest and comfort himself when the manifold burdens of a most active life were more than he could bear alone; in it he supplemented most scrupulously, and lovingly, and wisely, the training of those who were to him dearer than life itself; and through it, as the surest and most natural avenue of approach, he sought all his life to bring to other hearts and other homes and to society at large the guiding, healing power of faith. Sabbath worship was to him an axiom of all good living; its cessation unthinkable.

Dr. Beach never felt too big for a prayer meeting. Worn and tired he would come to find himself, week after week with utmost regularity, and to give to others in that simpler interchange of Christian thought and common prayer. He had a true vision as to the task of the united churches; was fidelity itself in attendance upon councils and conferences; and often his wisdom and great-heartedness opened the way for constructive things. He was a born leader, but it was the leadership of love. His courtesy and consideration for men of different opinion separated him a whole diameter from the ways of the ecclesiastic. No gathering of the churches at which he was present ever broke up without the impression that it had been a religious occasion. Strong in his insistence upon Congregational forms, his purpose was not that system should be glorified but that things be done "decently and in order." Preaching was the breath of life to Dr. Beach. As was said of Savonarola, without it he could not live; but, as was also said about Savanarola, it was a life which shattered him. The intensity of his feeling and manner took "virtue" out of him; nothing but an iron constitution could have withstood the strain to almost fourscore years. Only last August, already sick in body, he traveled hundreds of miles to keep a preaching appointment. He was welcomed for years in churches, little and big, all over this state; no parish was too small, no week too full, but that he rejoiced to bring the sacred message to those who were hungering for it. And you who have

often heard him will agree with me that he could say truly with John Wesley when a hard Sabbath was done: "I gave them Christ."

Concern for truth was with him, as with Brooks and Maurice and others of great name whom he revered, fused in a great and consuming concern for men. The dual role of preacher and seminary president had no conflicts in it for him. He never saw the school over against the church. He might have said in his own inaugural what Dr. Arthur McGiffert said in his, at Union Seminary,—"A theological institution has a two-fold function: to train Christian ministers and to promote theological science." And, mind you, Dr. Beach would have put them in that same order.

To give men the right thing to give the churches: that was the unwritten first article in the constitution of the seminary he tried to build. He grieved justly at the treason of like schools which seemed to him to remember only the science and to forget the other thing. Our friend honored scholarship; he gave the scholars in his faculty the utmost academic freedom.

When a chair in his institution was to be filled he went looking for a man of learning. But he did not make scholarship the sole requirement. The man of his choice must have also the credentials of personal piety and of genuine interest in the preaching and pastoral functions of the ministry and be ready to take an honest participation in the life of some one church and the churches in general. And it must be said in this regard his instinct was unerring in the men he chose. Maine and all our part of New England will profit for long years to come by reason of the conviction firmly rooted in one great heart that in an institution of sacred learning academic fame will never atone for the failure to set men and churches on the road to a deeper religious life. How did he follow his former students out into their fields, entering into all the problems of the pastoral work, giving advice and guidance out of his own rich experience as pastor and preacher. An ordination was for him a solemn and important occasion; he would travel

far,—all too often at his own charges,—to take part in such a service for one of his boys, and to do what he could to start the young man on a fruitful ministry; as also to become friend of the church officers and members who were to be ministered unto. He had a bishop's heart, and a bishop's watchfulness and wisdom,—without the title.

How tenderly he cherished the memory of his own setting apart to the gospel ministry is witnessed by that touching service last June, when, in his son's church in Pawtucket, Rhode Island,—with his other minister son present and participating,— he kept the fiftieth anniversary of that ordination. It was as though he had a premonition that the seal was soon to be set to his earthly ministry. The following week he preached in the Westerly church, his first charge; and from that parish, as from other congregations to which he had ministered, there were present representatives at the funeral service in Southington, Connecticut, on that glorious autumn afternoon, October 21st.

One scene, in my own study in the year 1906, fixes itself indelibly in my memory. Dr. Beach had been three years in the presidency of the Seminary. There had come a call from his old church in Wakefield, which he had left in 1884, to return and become its pastor. He was torn between the sense of obligation to the men whom he had gathered about him here and to the work just fairly opening up, and the preacher's and pastor's instinct to get close to a specific congregation; to do the thing rather than to instruct and guide others to its doing. The faculty and friends of the Seminary were unanimous in feeling that he must stay by the present important task. I was commissioned to try and break down his gathering purpose to go back to the old calling. I often wonder if it was a kind thing to do. The end you know; he resolutely closed the door on the work he loved best to do, and went on for fifteen years in his appointed path; but with ever the longing in his heart to be on the firing-line rather than with the general staff.

Let me recall to you one other scene, and then I am done.

It was on October 18th, 1918,—just eight years to the day before he received himself the "Grand Ordination,"—that here in this house, and at such an hour as this,—our friend experienced one of the deepest joys which can ever come to a minister and a father. Here two sons together were set apart to the gospel ministry by the laying on of hands,—his hand among them. I think that he could scarce see to read the hymn which was sung that day — sung with touching and peculiar appropriateness,—"God of the prophets! bless the prophets' sons."

George Matheson wrote a pastor who had greatly influenced his own preaching and life: "To light one torch which itself is destined to be a torch to others, is as much as any minister can desire." That day our friend knew that he had lighted two. And how many more, who shall say?

BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY

DAVID NELSON BEACH

1848	Born November 30, at South Orange, N. J., son of Joseph Wickliff and Mary Angeline (Walkley) Beach.
1863–65	Mt. Anthony Academy, Bennington, Vt.
1865–68	Golden Hill Institute, Bridgeport, Conn.
1868–72	Yale University, B.A. 1872. Class Poet. New Haven Correspondent, New York Tribune, 1870–71.
1872–73	Assistant city editor, New York Tribune.
1873–76	Yale Divinity School. B.D. 1881. Managing editor, Yale Courant, 1873. Literary and night editor, New Haven Palladium, 1874. Summer staff of Independent. Helped reorganize Sunday School Times. 1875.
1876	Ordained to Congregational Ministry, June 15 at Westerly, R. I.
1876–79	Pastor of Pawcatuck Congregational Church, Westerly, R. I.
1879–84	Pastor of Congregational Church, Wakefield, Mass.
1884–96	Pastor of Prospect Street Church, Cambridge, Mass.
1896	D. D. Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.
1896–98	Pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, Minneapolis, Minn.
1899–1902	Pastor of First Congregational Church, Denver, Colo.
1903–21	President and Professor Sacred Rhetoric, Bangor Theological Seminary.

1921–26 Pastor-at-large, residing at Guilford (1921-23) and Southington, Conn. (1923-26). Stated supply at Branford, Plainfield, Putnam and Guilford, Conn. Acting pastor of Park Place Church, Pawtucket, R. I. for eight months in 1923–24 and at Beneficent Church, Providence, for three months in 1924.

1926 Died October 18, at Southington, Conn. Buried in South End Cemetery there.

AUTHOR

1872 College Rhymes

1874 'Old Portfolio' Rhymes

1879 Senior Question Book, Pilgrim Quarterly

1884 Historical Value of the First Eleven Chapters of Genesis, With Some Discussion of the New Criticism

1886 Plain Words on Our Lord's Work

1893 The Newer Religious Thinking

1895 How We Rose (A Resurrection Parable)

1896 The Intent of Jesus

1897 Statement of Belief

1903 The Annie Laurie Mine

1903 Meanings of the Battle of Bennington

1917 Handbook of Homiletics

Contributed articles to *New England Magazine, Journal New England Water Works Association, New World, Advance, Congregationalist, Zion's Herald, Christian Century* and other periodicals; published a poem entitled "Yale Bicentennial Portraits" in the *Outlook* for Oct. 26, 1901 and another "The Yale Bicentennial" in the *Advance* for Oct. 31, 1901.

Was prominent in the work of ridding the city of Cambridge of saloons and also in local option and civic work in Massachusetts; active

in work for church unity, a founder of the League of Catholic Unity, and prominent in the Catholic Unity Circle of New York in 1894–95.

A portrait of him, painted by Charles D. Hubbard of Guilford, Conn., for the Alumni of Bangor Theological Seminary was given by them in 1922, to the Seminary where it hangs in the chapel.

FAMILY

1878 Married (1) December 31 in Gloucester, Mass., Lilian, daughter of John Somes and Hannah Maynard (Shaw) Tappan. Children: Tappan (died in infancy); Dorothea, a non-graduate member of the Class of 1905, Colorado College, B. S. Simmons College, 1917, M.A. Teachers College, Columbia, 1921; John Tappan, B.A. Harvard, 1909; Joseph Wickliff, B.A. Yale, 1911, B.D. Bangor Theological Seminary, 1917; and David Nelson, Jr., B.A. Yale, 1916, B.D. Yale, 1922, B.D. Bangor Theological Seminary, 1927.
Mrs. Beach died June 30, 1902.

1903 Married (2) December 18, in Wakefield, Mass., Dora Freeman, B.A. Wellesley, 1880, daughter of Captain Benjamin and Eliza (Clark) Freeman. She died March 14, 1915.

1916 Married (3) October 20 in Southington, Conn., Ellen Olive, (his cousin), daughter of Stephen Walkley, Jr., and Ellen Augusta (Hobart) Walkley. No children by second or third marriages.